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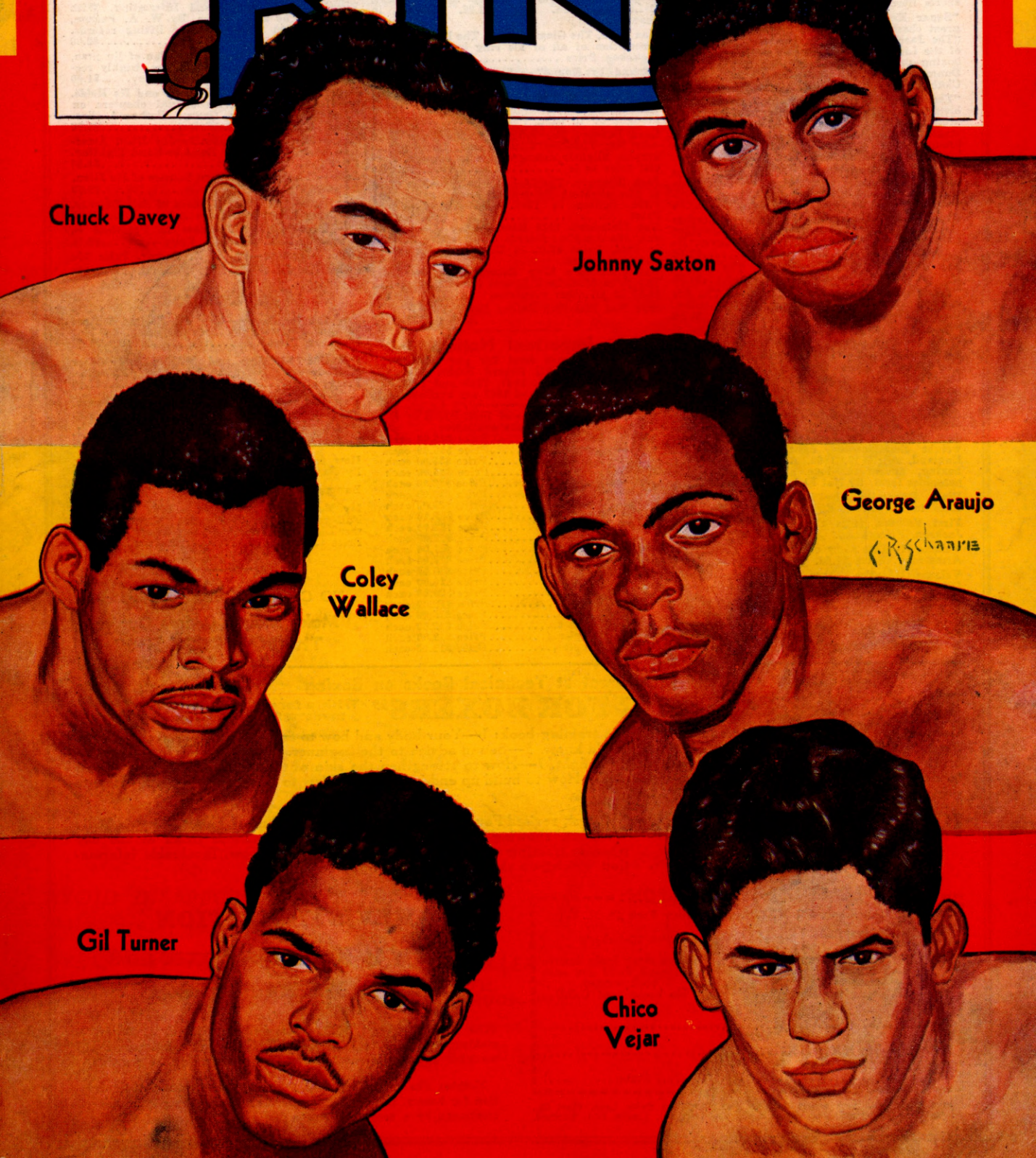

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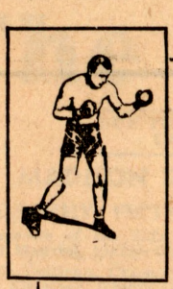

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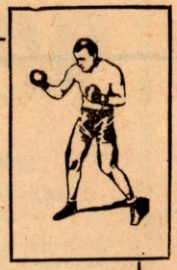

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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CONTENTS

NO SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS	*Barney Nagler*	3
MAXIM OUTCLASSED	*Nat Fleischer*	4
HOT? BUT NOTHING NEW	*Dan Daniel*	8
RING ATTRACTS ATHLETES	*Jesse Abramson*	10
IN THE NEWS OF THE MONTH	*Photos*	11
GAVILAN PRESTIGE SOARS	*Nat Fleischer*	12
RATHER RIGHT THAN POPULAR	*Al Buck*	14
ATTENTION PLEASE	*Jersey Jones*	16
MIDDLEWEIGHTS RULE THE ROOST	*Ted Carroll*	18
45 MINUTES OF 1927	*Johnny Salak*	20
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS (EDITORIAL COMMENT)		22
TELEVISION AND BOXING	*Johnny Salak*	24
IN THE FISTIC SPOTLIGHT	*Nat Loubet*	26
OLD TIMERS ALBUM	*Photos*	27
NEWS OF THE MAT WORLD	*Nat Loubet*	28
OLDEST CHAMPION PASSES	*Old Timer*	31
WITH OUR SERVICEMEN		34
WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW?		57
MEMORIES		44
CHAMPION ANALYZED	*Art Collins*	36
AMERICA'S FIRST CHAMPION	*The Veteran*	46
AGREE ON GREATEST BOUT	*The Ring Editor*	47

IN THE RINGS AROUND THE WORLD

Marciano, Fighter of the Month	Nat Fleischer	32
In Syracuse Rings; Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio; In Memphis, Tenn.; Down in Tucson		37
The New York Broadcast	Jersey Jones	38
In Sunny California	Harry E. Winkler	42
In Buenos Aires; Covering Western Canada		48
Timely Chatter From Great Britain	John S. Sharpe	50
Report from the Philippines; News from Australia		55
Continental Close-up	Charlie Parish	57
Calling All Amateurs		62
Knock-out Alley		64

In Our Next Issue

OUT of the fight between Rocky Marciano and Harry Matthews has come a fresh challenger for the heavy weight championship. The Ring Magazine will present complete coverage of this contest, and Nat Fleischer will deal with all the repercussions and all the fistic implication. In addition, there will be the usually fine camera presentations.

—

The Marciano-Matthews fight was one between a couple of formidable winning streaks. When the gong rang for the first round at Yankee Stadium, Marciano had 41 straight, while Matthews boasted a string of 45 consecutive victories. Their struggle killed a streak. Jersey Jones tells about these and other skeins of ring triumph, in the coming issue of The Ring Magazine.

—

How does Jersey Joe Walcott view latest developments in the heavyweight situation? What are the champion's reactions to the outcome of the Marciano-Matthews fight? What are Joe's thoughts on Ezzard Charles and his situation? Barney Nagler will handle this very interesting story.

Willie Pep's knockout defeat by Tommy Collins, and Sandy Saddler's current absence from competition, in the Army, have paved the way for a new deal in the featherweight division. Al Buck has done a comprehensive piece on this subject.

—

The lowdown on Ray Robinson, and rumors that he has fought his last fight. Where does Joey Maxim stand after his victory over Robinson and the heat? How about stories from England, matching Maxim with Randy Turpin? These questions will be answered in an article by Daniel M. Daniel.

—

Television is becoming more and more a vital debating topic in boxing. Johnny Salak will let you in on latest developments in this feature.

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Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor

Nathaniel Loubet, Vice-President; Alice Lenoble, Secretary

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NO SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS

By BARNEY NAGLER

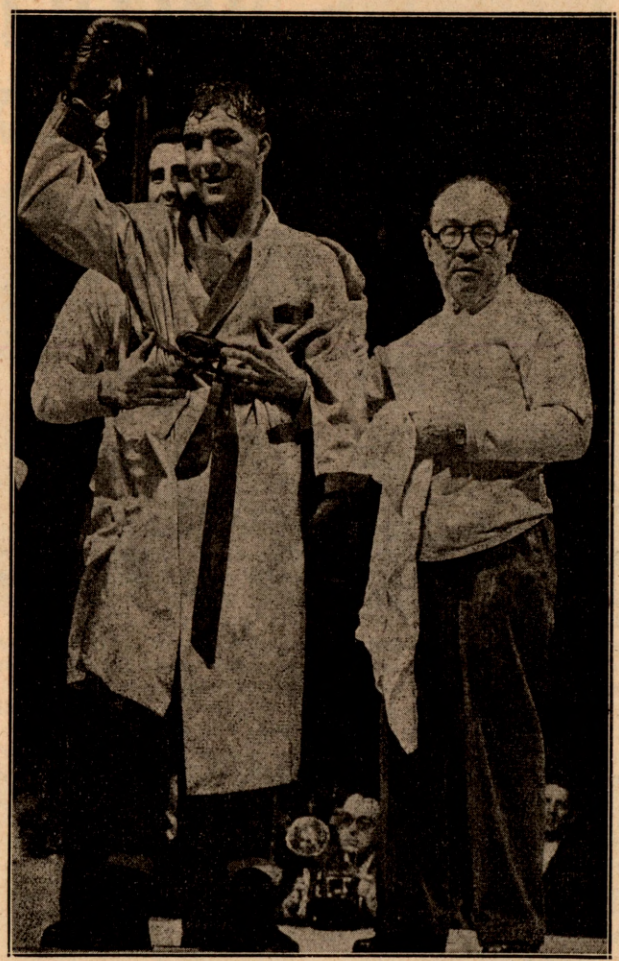
FIGHTERS aren't born; they're made. They are taught and trained and tempered to the requirements of their craft. Those who make the grade are the ones who learn. The others fall by the curb and soon are as forgotten as the result of last week's four-round postfeature at Madison Square Garden.

This came to mind at ringside in Philadelphia on the night Rocky Marciano, the New England unorthodox heavyweight contender, fumbled and fizzled in a futile effort to put clever Lee Savold on the canvas.

Not once during this interminable display of awkwardness did Marciano land a telling blow. The New Englander hit Savold with oblique shots, but none was hard enough to do more than nick the veteran's skin. It made no impression on his sensibilities.

Leaving Convention Hall that night, a fellow traveler from New York town sidled up to this agent and said, "Can't teach a fellow to fight if he isn't forced to learn in the ring."

He was speaking, naturally enough, of Marciano and the thought came quickly that the great boxers of the past were men of perseverance and ambition. They wanted to be as the lawyer, the doctor and the bricklayers are at their calling, men who learned their profession well. Marciano has the ambition but he must make more of an effort to thoroughly learn his trade.



Rocky Marciano, who has still to master his trade. Here he is seen with Charley Goldman after his victory over Joe Louis.

GENE TUNNEY was a case in point. Tunney was driven by a consuming ambition to get to the top as a fighter. When he returned from France after World War I, his left elbow was affected by the ravages of a form of paralysis. He went up into the woods of Maine and spent days chopping wood with his left hand only. In time, the strength returned to his left arm. He went into the gymnasium, tied his right hand to his side, worked on the fast bag and the sandbag with his left. Jab! Jab! Piston! Piston! He kept at it hour upon hour, determined in his eagerness to become a great fighter.

On another night in Philadelphia, in the rain of a September night in 1926, Tunney put on display the reward of earnest endeavor. His left hand was a source of torment to the great Jack Dempsey, the weaving, bobbing Manassa Mauler, who had been considered unbeatable until a determined ex-Marine's jab established an opposite proposition.

Dempsey, too, was not born the brawler that he came to be. Indeed, Dempsey's bob and weave weren't in-born. He, too, was a man of perseverance. When Dempsey was a young man around New York, in the days before he found gold dust in the ring, he became friendly with a welterweight named Marty Farrell. No, you don't remember Farrell.

Farrell employed the bob and the weave. He did this not as a defensive maneuver, as it had been employed until that time, but as a method of attack. Dempsey watched Farrell work in the gypnasium. He decided to adopt this style. He spent hours adjusting the style to his own requirements of frame and mind. It brought him the heavy-weight championship of the world.

FIGHT history is replete with the names of men who were taught or who taught themselves the business of boffing other men in pursuit of glory. Benny Leonard was a case in point. Leonard became a proficient fighter only because, by his own admission, he was not fond of being hit on the face.

Leonard learned defense first. The punch came later, being the product of a coordination of mind and muscle achieved through long hours of labor.

Fight men were different those days. A boxer spent hours in the gymnasium. It was not an hour's chore. A fighter in training was aware that the gymnasium stint each day was the base for all other endeavor. The hours spent in the gymnasium paid off during the minutes in the ring.

Johnny Dundee's earnestness in this regard is a classic example of this. Dundee was a speedster who depended on this asset above all others. He was smart enough to know that without speed he was just another fencer. Because of this realization, Dundee spent hours skipping rope. Moreover, he also was aware that punching the big sandbag often produced a binding of the muscles of small men. He devised a small sandbag of the approximate size of a punching bag for his own use. It was adopted by other smaller fighters. This was an age of improvisation in boxing.

SAND played an important part in the career of Tommy Loughran, the Philadelphia dancing master, who held the world light-heavyweight championship. Loughran, as a youngster, learned to box in a small basement gymnasium by sparring with a friend.

This system permitted Loughran to practice the stab and the counter, the hook and the cross, but there was one drawback. There was nobody around to time the three-minute round.

Loughran obtained an hour-glass used during that period to time the boiling of three-minute eggs. There was only one drawback. The sand in the hour-glass measured off only two minutes and 50 seconds. Loughran put even this defect to use. He soon developed an acute sense of time. He could count off two minutes and 50 seconds in his mind.

Thus, when Loughran finally turned to boxing as a trade, he astounded older fight men with his ability to wind up in his corner at the end of each round. His opponent would have to cross the ring to get to his corner. Loughran always had the advantage of just sitting down right where

(*Continued on page* 35)

MAXIM OUTCLASSED but HEAT FELLS ROBINSON

Close to shutout victory, Sugar Ray is forced to quit in title bout through exhaustion

By NAT FLEISCHER

WHAT should have resulted in the greatest triumph of Ray Robinson's career, was turned into a knockout defeat when, leading his opponent by the proverbial mile, he collapsed at the end of the thirteenth round, and was unable to come up for the fourteenth in his light heavyweight title fight with Joey Maxim at Yankee Stadium. Sugar Ray had the light heavyweight crown all but clinched when the heat got him.

Robinson, entering the ring at 160 pounds against 173 for his opponent, boxed rings around his heavier rival. The few effective punches landed in an otherwise uninspired bout in which the defending title holder could not possibly have retained his title except by a knockout, were landed by Ray. He bossed the contest from start to the thirteenth round.

On my score card, Ray gained every round through the eleventh yet the record book will show that he was knocked out for the first time in his career, the K.O. being recorded in the fourteenth.

Up to the time of the collapse of the greatest all-around fighting machine in many years, the affair was too one-sided to give Maxim a chance. The first effective blows delivered by Joey didn't connect until the twelfth when Ray began to show the effects of the powerful heat, 104 degrees at the ringside.

Yet, even in that round when Ray was wobbly and doing a Leon Errol about the ring, Maxim, wary of trickery, didn't take advantage of the situation.

Staggering in the twelfth and almost helpless in the thirteenth, Ray was a mark for Maxim, yet Robinson finished the session, but had to be helped to his corner, where he sat listlessly, in a semi-conscious state, unable to move or talk.

It was the end for Robinson, but the fists of Maxim had not turned the trick.

"Physical exhaustion" the doctors called it, a state of collapse brought on by heat and humidity more than by the fists of Maxim which didn't carry much weight in this fight between the middleweight king and the monarch of the next higher division.

ROBINSON was the victim of the terrific pace he had set to get his man early. Had he paced himself, as did his opponent, he might have continued to the end of the journey and equalled the record of Henry Armstrong and Bob Fitzsimmons, the only pugilists to win three world crowns.

Sitting at the ringside watching the commotion that followed the collapse of Sugar Ray, I was reminded of the fight I refereed at Carlin's Park in Baltimore in July, 1940, a world featherweight championship match between Harry Jeffra and Spider Armstrong of Canada.

They fought in an arena in which the thermometer registered 102 degrees, yet these youngsters, under conditions very similar to those which prevailed in the Yankee Stadium bout, went the distance. Jeffra that night went into the battle scaling 124½ pounds, to 125 for his opponent, and each lost seven pounds.

The Robinson-Maxim affair was fought in brutal heat. As the fight progressed, the contestants became weaker and weaker. Maxim guaged himself properly while Ray tried to beat the heat. His plan failed.

Maxim's succeeded and he pulled the chestnuts out of the fire with a victory that no one, not even his staunchest admirers, could have predicted when the twelfth round ended. Even they were surprised.

It was a contest that lacked thrills. Like the second Louis-Conn fight, the ending furnished the most exciting part of the fracas. A tame battle, devoid of interest, was turned into a sensational fight, with episodes hitherto unlisted in world title fights.

I DIDN'T think that the disparity in weight and strength which favored the defending champion was the biggest factor in Robinson's defeat. It was the pace set by Sugar Ray. Had he set a more moderate pace, he would have succeeded in going the route and with his superb boxing, would have reached the goal of his ambition. Of course this would have been contrary to the plans he had arranged. To offset the advantages which his rival had in physical make up, Ray and his advisory board agreed that speed in the early part of the fight would turn the trick for the challenger but it was that speed that lessened the vitality of Robinson as the fight went on and eventually it caused his downfall.

Sugar Ray displayed still another fault—he held too often. That was no way to conserve energy when facing an opponent who was so much heavier and who was strong at the weight at which he defended his crown. I, among many others at the ringside, wondered how come that a fighter of Robinson's experience permitted himself to go to the point of exhaustion instead of coasting or at least pacing himself as did his heavier opponent.

The bout was another in the long list in ring history that shows the folly of having champions in two divisions facing each other in a bout in which the weight problem gives the title holder in the higher division a distinct advantage. History tells the story of the downfall of many stars of pugilism in such contests.

Perhaps the time has arrived for the boxing moguls of our country and those abroad to place the ban on such bouts and to force the title holder in each division to meet legitimate challengers in his own class. Discussing a return engagement between Robinson and Maxim after the uninspired type of milling in their recent contest while Archie Moore, for seven years top ranking contender in Maxim's division, is unable to get a crack at the crown, is a travesty on the sport and points with scorn to those who continue to permit him to be shunted to the sidelines.

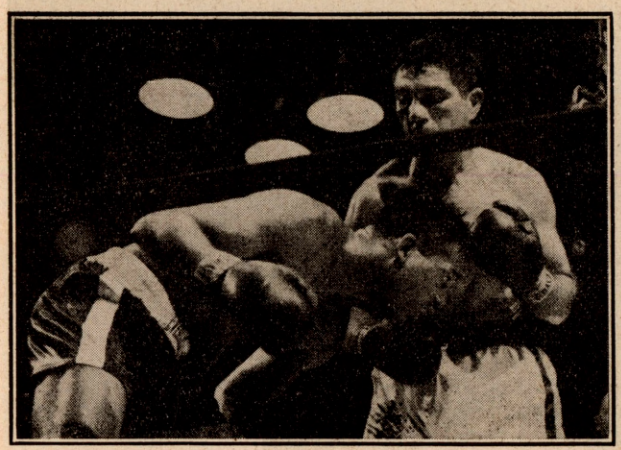
FROM the outset in the Stadium affair, Robinson proved his superiority in all branches. As a boxer, he exemplified mastery such as was expected of so great a pugilist. It was not until the eleventh round that he gave an indication of faltering for up to then he had scored in my book, a clean shutout. I figured that nothing could stop him from joining the ring Immortals who had previously annexed three titles.

The change came after Ray in the eleventh had rocked Maxim with a powerful right to the jaw, by far the best he had tossed in the fight. That punch carried T.N.T. but the effort Ray exerted in crashing it home, apparently had taken its toll for immediately after, he began to show the signs of fatigue.

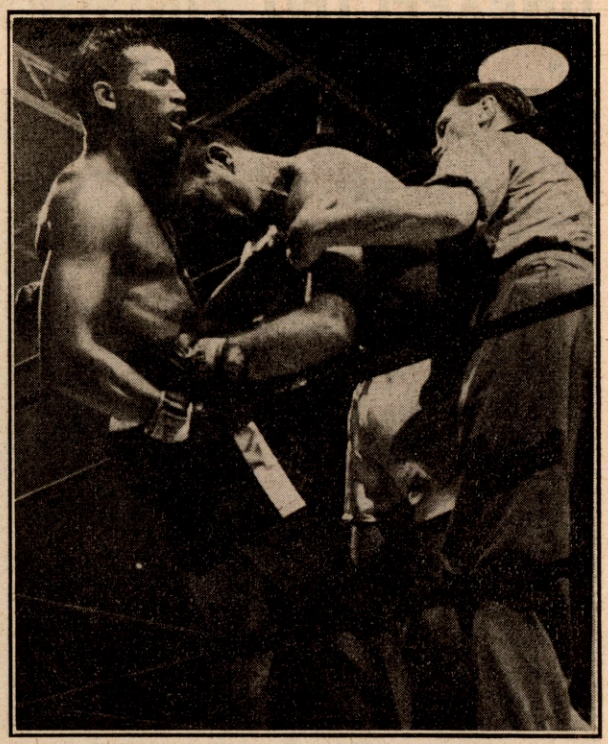
Through the next two rounds, though he connected with several effective wallops, he staggered and stumbled over the ring. The sudden change took the spectators, especially the scribes by surprise, so sudden did it come. Punches he

(*Continued on page* 41)

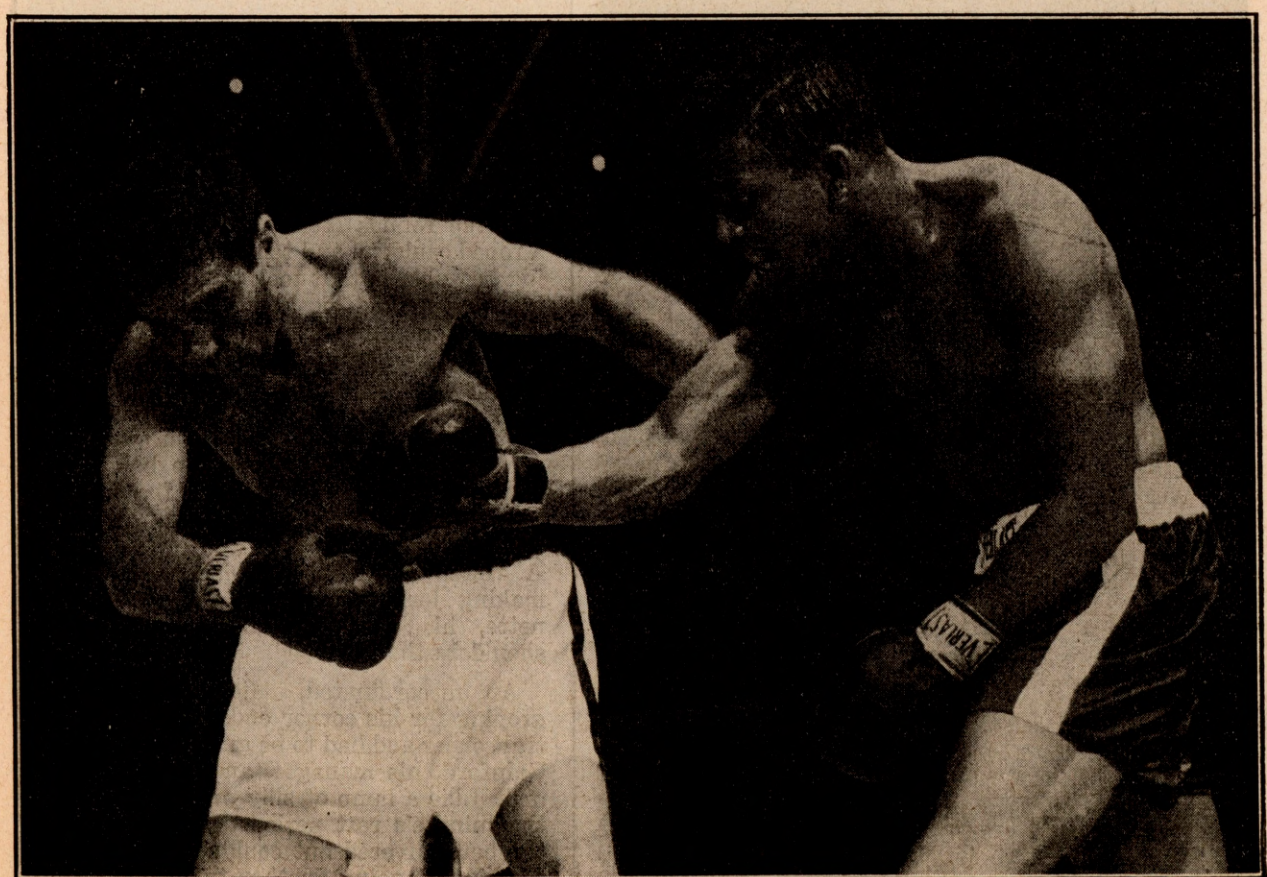
THERMOMETER CLIMBS, RAY DROPS



An aggressive Robinson drives Maxim across the ring with a two-handed attack. Later the 104 degree heat turned Melted Sugar and he was unable to answer the bell for the 14th round.

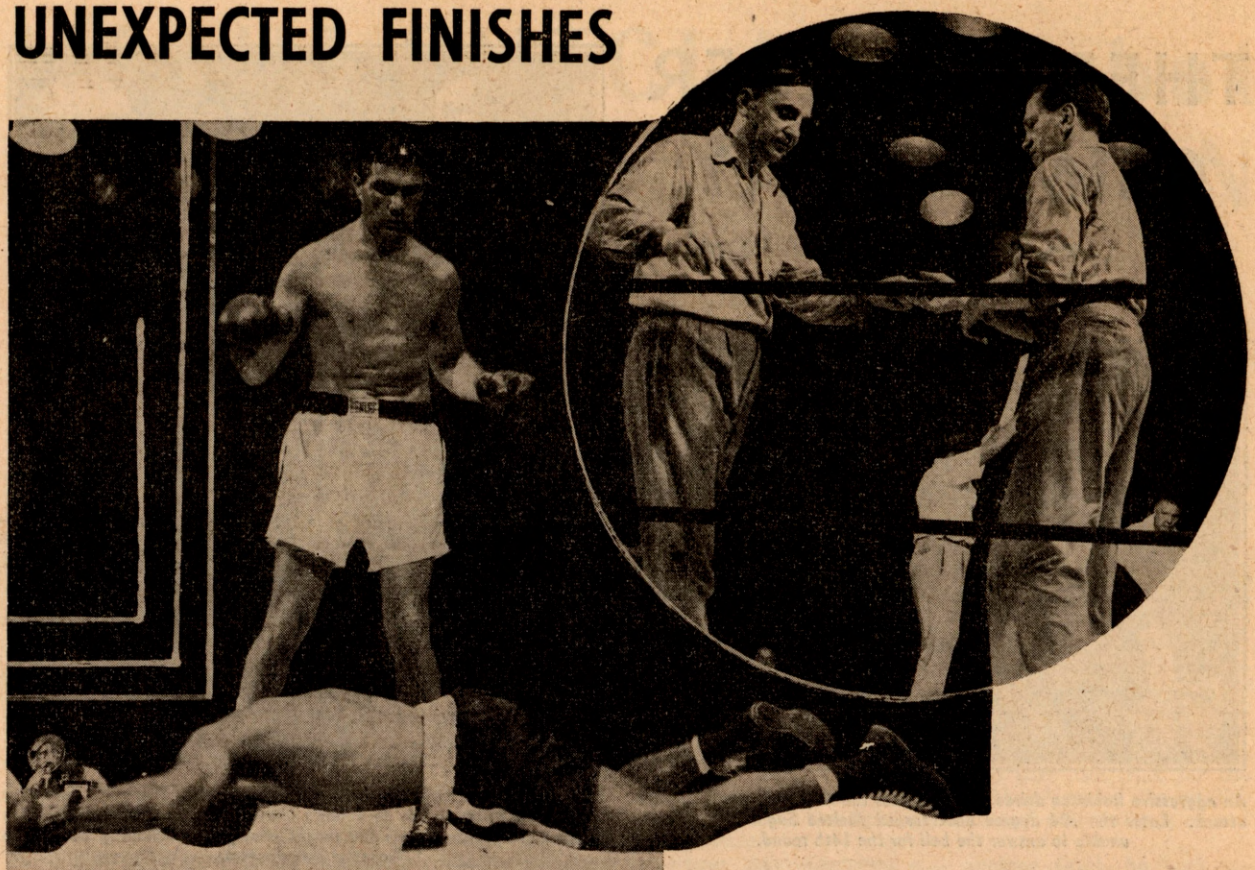


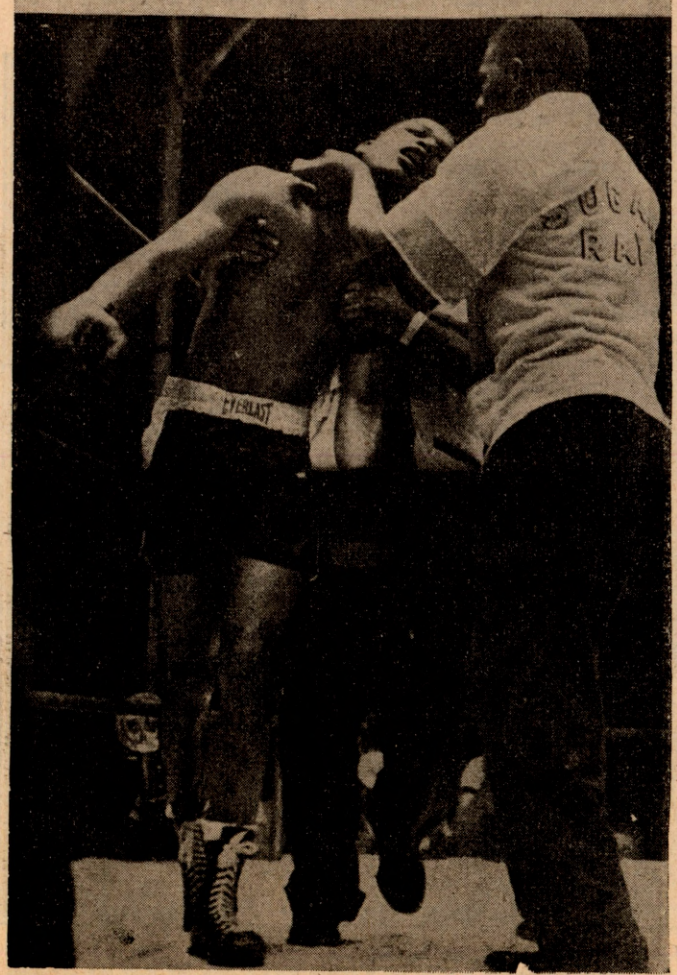
The Harlem Flash against the ropes with Maxim making good use of his weight and wailing away to Robby's midsection. This strategy and the thermometer caused the middlewight champ to melt away before the eyes of his admirers.



Sugar Ray (Right) lands a hard right to jaw of Joey Maxim, world light heavyweight champ, in their schedule 15 round battle for the light heavyweight championship of the world at the Yankee Stadium. Robinson far ahead in scoring set a torrid pace but in the long run the heat was hotter than Robby.

UNEXPECTED FINISHES



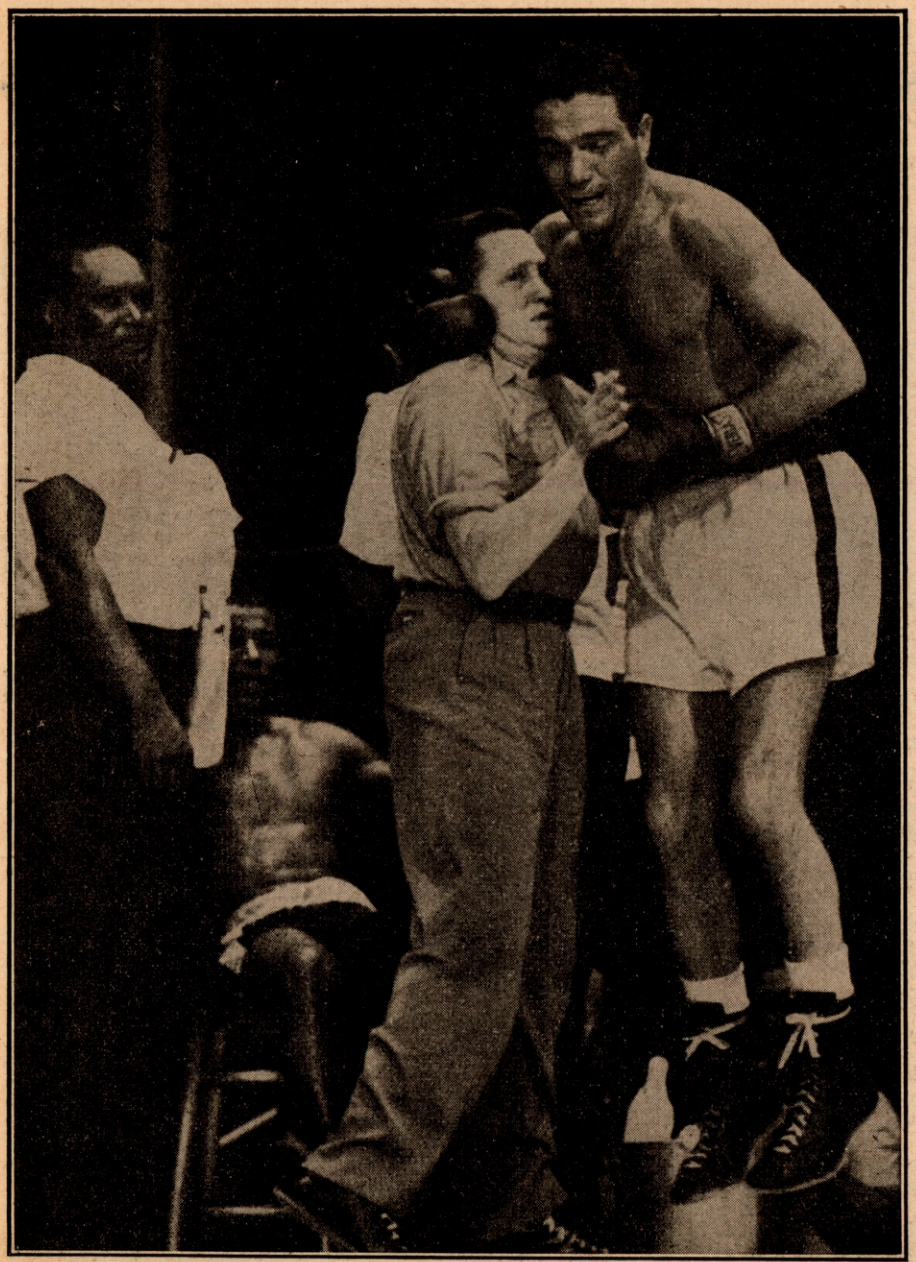


The 10th round saw the finish of Referee Ruby Goldstein, who passes the baton to Ray Miller, another ex-fighter. The heat knocked out Ruby, setting the stage for the changing of referees in a championship fight for the first time in the annals of ring history. (Upper Right)

Three rounds later, pressure-cooked in a roped cauldron and tenderized by smashing body blows that took the steam out of him and melted his legs, Sugar fell from exhaustion while attempting a right to Maxim's jaw in a desperate last minute endeavor to pull the fat out of the fire. (Top Left) Robinson on floor after missing with his roundhouse as Maxim waits to continue the contest. But the bell rang ending the 13th round. (Lower Left). Robinson is helped to his corner from which he was unable to enter the fray for the 14th. A wilted Robinson wobbled with arms making jerky movements like a marionette, his head hanging loosely from shoulders that drooped.

An uncoordinated, disjointed Robinson groping for his corner ended up in a neutral corner and had to be guided by George Gainford, his manager, and another second. Like a lump of silly putty Robby let the minute's rest period drift by and at the bell quivered but couldn't rise to the occasion of going another two rounds.

A Jolly Maxim



A STUDY IN CONTRASTS!

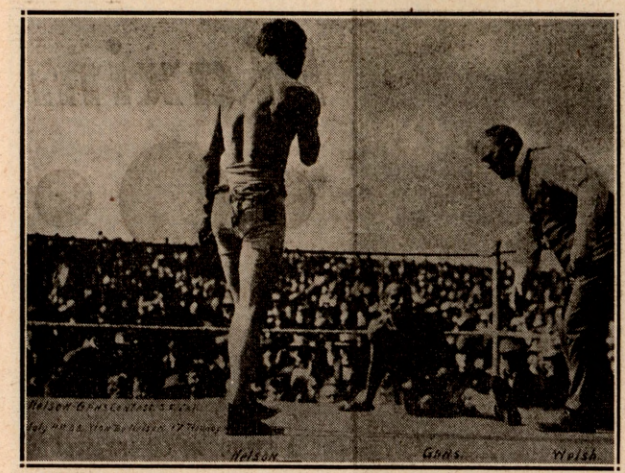
A hot time was had by all! Joey Maxim jumps with glee and hugs referee Ray Miller as Ray Robinson sits plastered to his stool unable to answer the fateful 14th session bell. Sugar and his manager, George Gainford, glumly watch Joey celebrate his retention of the light heavyweight crown. After the fight Maxim said, "I knew I had him but I only hoped that he would drop soon enough."

Sugar Ray escorted by his wife and personal physician, Vincent Nardiello, seems dazed by the course of events which had victory within his grasp when everything went black. He is leaving the Stadium after the fight with the hope that he can fight Maxim again.

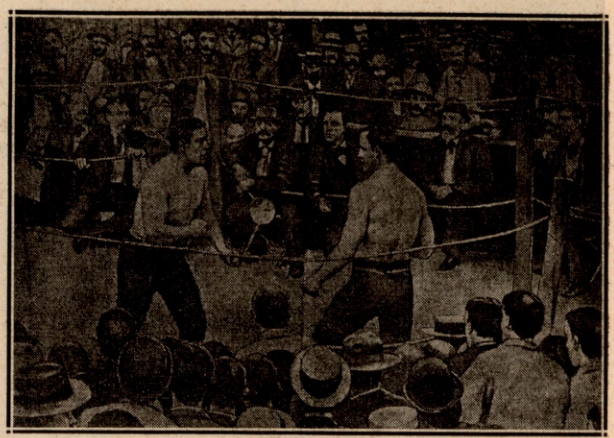
What's one man's melon is another's sorrow! Here's Joey Maxim reaping the fruit of his night's endeavors. It was after the fight and Joey is joined for a midnight snack by his wife . . . "M—mm—it's good," says Joey.

Hot? Yes, But Nothing New

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



The Desert Song. Battling Nelson and Joe Gans battled for 42 rounds under the sun on the Nevada desert. The fight was as scorching as the heat.



John L. Sullivan (left) and Jake Kilrain fought 75 rounds on a blazing July afternoon at Richburg, Miss. The heat was terrific and so was Sullivan.

ACCOUNTS of the fight between Joey Maxim and Ray Robinson at Yankee Stadium on the night of Wednesday, June 25, 1952, played up the thermometer far beyond the action in the ring, such as it was.

Of course, little would have been written, little would have been uttered over the radio, about the extreme heat if the contest had gone the scheduled 15 rounds.

But Robinson collapsed, and was unable to come up for the fourteenth.

This developed a story the like of which cannot be found in the annals of boxing.

Comparatively little was written about the techniques of the contestants. Little attention was given to such lines of attack and defense as Maxim may have effected. No greater attention was paid to the Robinson manoeuvres. It was HOT.

Apparently, it occurred to few of the reporters that it had been just as HOT for Maxim as it had been for Robinson.

Few of the ring litterati paid much attention to the important fact that Maxim had paced himself to meet the exigencies of the HEAT and that Ray had failed to regulate his efforts to meet the rising thermometer, which hit 104 degrees at the ringside.

Judging from accounts of the fight, it was the first championship contest yet fought in extreme HEAT.

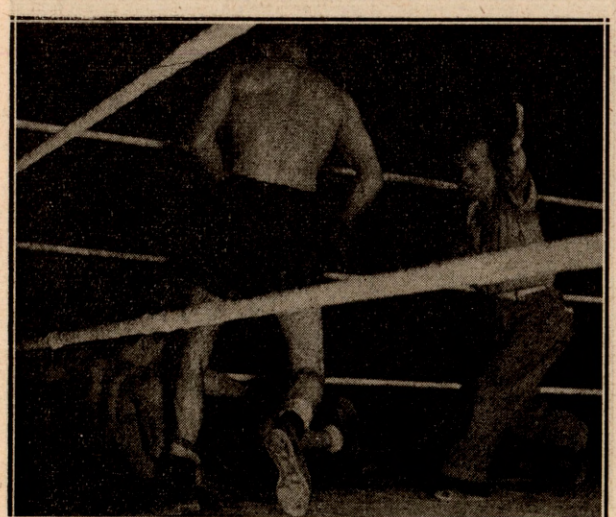
True, there have been outdoor fights in the snow. We have had ring battles in the rain. We have had titleholders struggling in the mud. We have read about ringsters battling in freezing temperatures.

But where, oh where, and when, oh when, did two fighters ever box their way through thirteen rounds in the HEAT which prevailed at Yankee Stadium on the night of June 25, 1952?

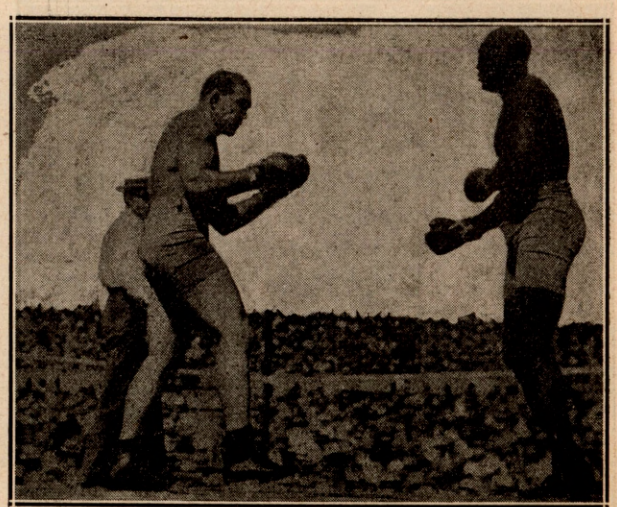
WELL, how about the forty-two round battle between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson, for the lightweight title, at Goldfield, Nevada, on September 3, 1906. Nelson lost this one on a foul.

They fought under the sun out on the Nevada desert, and they were just lightweights. Round after round, and neither gave much heed to the fact that it was not a cool, pleasant afternoon by the seashore.

It would be most interesting to hear from veterans who



Harry Jeffra drops Spider Armstrong as he successfully defends his featherweight title at Baltimore, with Nat Fleischer refereeing. Fleischer discarded his shirt as the temperature rose above 100!



Jack Johnson's gold teeth glistened in the blazing Reno sun on July 4, 1910, as he pounded away for fifteen rounds at Jim Jeffries (left) who tried to regain the heavyweight title. The sweltering mid-afternoon heat was almost unbearable.

were at the ringside at Richburg, Miss., on the afternoon of July 8, 1889, when John L. Sullivan defended his heavyweight championship against Jake Kilrain.

This contest, last of the great bare knuckle fights, on turf, was fought on a blazing day.

They went 75 rounds under London Prize Ring rules, and after 2 hours 15 minutes, Jake had to give in.

The writer has explored old newspaper files, he has gone through the description of the fight in Nat Fleischer's great book, "John L. Sullivan."

But nowhere is there any ascription of Sullivan's victory and Kilrain's defeat to the HEAT. And it was HOT.

Fleischer tells about a hot fight in which he was involved, as referee.

"On July 29, 1940, at Carlin Park in Baltimore, the temperature in the ring was well over the 100 mark when I was the third man in the featherweight championship battle between Harry Jeffra and Spider Armstrong," Fleischer told the writer.

"They went the limit of fifteen rounds, with Jeffra the winner. I had to peel down to the bare torso. I never will forget my feelings when, immediately after the fight, a woman dashed up to the ring and shouted to me, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, appearing as referee with your bare body exposed.' I was tempted to tell her that I almost had discarded my trousers, too.

"It was very hot that night but it never occurred to us to involve the thermometer in the result."

IT was quite a torrid night in New York on June 8, 1933, when Max Baer knocked out Max Schmeling in ten rounds. Baer was on his way to his eleven round victory over Primo Carnera, for the heavyweight title, a year later.

It was hardly a cool night on June 5, 1925, in New York, when Gene Tunney, a year away from the championship, knocked out Tommy Gibbons in a dozen heats.

The thermometer wasn't too unruly that night, but they were experimenting with a new type of ring lighting, and the heat in and around the arena was intolerable. But Tommy was not said to have wilted from anything but Gene's punches.

Not precisely a seashore resort in cool Maine was Colma, Cal., on the afternoon of October 16, 1909, when Jack Johnson knocked out Stanley Ketchel in twelve rounds.

Nor was there escape from a blazing sun on the afternoon of April 5, 1915, at Havana, when Jess Willard took the title from Johnson with a knockout in the twenty sixth round.

The ponderous Willard and Johnson were in that sun-baked ring for nearly two hours, and it is conceivable that both suffered from the heat. But neither collapsed because of it.

The sun factor is stressed when you examine photographs of Johnson lying on the red hot canvas.

Jack is shown shading his eyes from the sun, and he very carefully has lifted both legs off the heated ring floor.

This photograph very often is presented in evidence against the bona fides of the fight. However, our only concern with the picture at this time is its bearing on the heat in Havana that afternoon.

IF heat be a ring handicap, so is mud. On March 10, 1888, the 200 pound Sullivan fought the 168 pound Charley Mitchell on the Rothschild estate at Chantilly, France.

It had been raining hard, and the turf ring in which they fought soon became a quagmire.

They struggled through 39 London Prize Ring rounds, for 3 hours 10 minutes 55 seconds, and then stopped and called it a draw.

If ever two battlers had to struggle against poor conditions, Sullivan and Mitchell were forced to, with stress on the much lighter Briton.

Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan and other fighters of the long, long ago, fought many battles in the dead of Winter, out of doors. They contested with bare knuckles in the snow and the rain.

Nobody wants that sort of thing again, any more than he hankers after 104 ringside temperatures like that in which Robinson wilted against Maxim.

But, hot or cold, the fight must go on, according to the traditions of a game which, in the public mind, represents the epitome of human endurance.

It is interesting that all through those superheated rounds in Yankee Stadium, General Douglas Mac Arthur looked on with cool indifference to the thermometer.

IN any event, the Maxim-Robinson fight must be listed among the contests held under unusual conditions. As, for example, was the first scrap between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, at Philadelphia on September 23, 1926, when the Mauler lost his title.

This fight was held in the rain. That it handicapped either contestant was doubtful. That it made for horrible conditions for the 120,757 onlookers, the writer can attest to.

Not to be overlooked in the history of unusual fights in unusual circumstances was the record 110 round battle between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke on April 6, 1893, which lasted 7 hours 19 minutes. They could not go on and the referee had to call it "no contest."

Two years earlier, Bowen had gone 48 rounds, and 3 hours 41 minutes, to a defeat by Austin Gibbons.

Not content with these Marathon performances, Bowen went 85 rounds with Jack Everhardt on May 31, 1893, winning in 5 hours 38 minutes.

Imagine a fighter engaging in three contests which went a total of 243 rounds, and 16 hours 38 minutes! In the light of current ring conditions, Bowen's record,—and he was only a lightweight,—is not merely fantastic. It is downright incredible. Andy certainly would not have minded anything like that heat in Yankee Stadium.

Those long scraps did Bowen no good. On December 14, 1894, he lost to Kid Lavigne, a terrific puncher, in 18 rounds, and the next day Andy died.

ROBINSON'S heat collapse did him no good, either, apart from his defeat. A few days after the fight, Dr. Vincent Nardiello ordered Ray to go on a six weeks' vacation, forcing postponement of a fight in Israel.

Robinson, middleweight champion of the world, was born on May 3, 1920, and thus is moving along his thirty third year.

When fighters reach that age, they usually are either retired, or thinking of retirement.

In fact, Robinson's original schedule called for hanging up his gloves at 30. Then he found reason to make it 31. Later, he added a year.

Now Ray finds himself in such demand that he no longer talks about quitting. Fight fans no longer would give serious consideration to any prediction by Sugar of his voluntary removal from the competitive scene.

Although Robinson lost his light heavyweight title shot against Joey Maxim, the heat, and Ray's failure to pace himself in the face of the awesome thermometer, rather than punches by Maxim, beat the lighter man.

Robinson is said to be in favor of this fight, and so is George Gainford, his manager. It was Gainford who induced Ray to accept the Maxim match. Robinson's advisors had counselled against it.

Although the fight fans are strong for another Robinson-Maxim engagement, they also are eager for a third meeting between Ray and Randy Turpin.

THE opportunity to recover the title belongs to Turpin because, in July 1951, he took it from Ray in London, and in September, lost out in ten rounds in New York when the fight was stopped in debatable circumstances.

Turpin's return match takes precedence over anything else which, at this time, is being projected for Robinson.

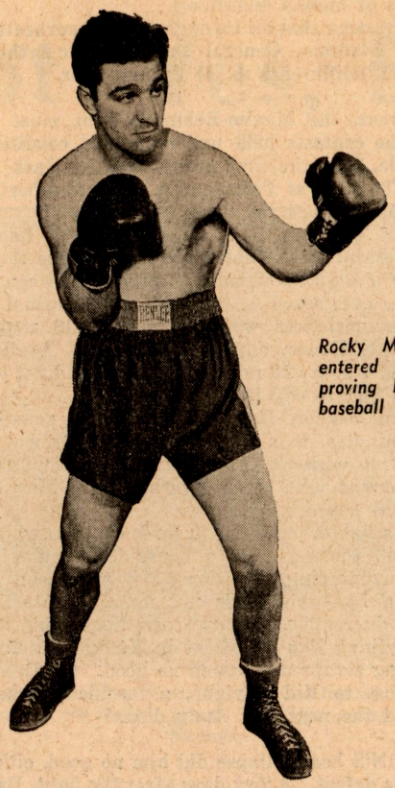
Robinson and Turpin both are middleweights. True, the Briton also holds the Empire light heavy championship which he recently took, by knockout, from Don Cockell.

But the greater interest in Turpin stems from his middleweight activities, and his undoubted threat to Robinson.

The second Robinson-Turpin fight, at the Polo Grounds on September 12, 1951, attracted 61,370 persons, with a gross gate of $767,626.

The Robinson engagement with Turpin outdrew Ray's fight with Maxim by nearly $350,000 in hard cash, and about 15,000 in attendance.

Terrific as was the response to the Robinson-Turpin fight at the Polo Grounds, it undoubtedly would be greater still were they to meet here for the third time.



Rocky Marciano who entered boxing after proving his worth at baseball and football.

RING ATTRACTS ATHLETES

By JESSE ABRAMSON

PROFESSOR JACK HURLEY, promoter, matchmaker, manager and the last of the great teachers of boxing, as he modestly will tell you, is also, it would appear, the best press agent in boxing. He has got a tremendous amount of lineage and mileage out of Harry (Kid) Matthews by proclaiming him, in practically every national magazine in the land, THE ATHLETE.

You wouldn't think even a spellbinder like Professor Hurley would be able to do so much with such a simple monicker. An athlete, the dictionary asserts, is a contestant in the public games (classical antiquity) or one skilled in acts or feats of physical strength and agility, as rowing, football, track and field, wrestling, etc.

No one except the Professor would think of identifying a boxer as The Athlete, evoking a picture of rippling muscles and supple brawn, a graceful stalwart, a practitioner in many sports.

If Al Weill weren't so busy dreaming up matches, he might, with more provocation, have identified Rocky Marciano as The Athlete. For Rocco Marchegiano was indeed an athlete in the classical or modern sense, a practitioner in the public games.

As a schoolboy in Brockton, Mass., Rocky was a football player, and a good one. He played center, backed up the line on defense, and hit—not using his hands, I trust—with pulverizing force when he blocked an enemy tackle or guard or whammed the ball carrier. Rocky played baseball, too, as all the boys in his ward did. He was a catcher, and a prospect worthy of a tryout with the Chicago Cubs. He threw his arm out as a catcher, which ruined his baseball career.

Hurley's tag for Matthews as The Athlete got us to wondering how many boxers actually are athletic in the sense that they are good in sports outside the ring.

Boxers have all the requisites. They start out strong, quick, alert, with reflexes superior to the average. Many boxers undoubtedly might have succeeded in other pastimes. But boxing is an exacting taskmaster. Most kids who are bitten by the bug spend all their time in boxing gyms and don't have the time or inclination to develop their potential in other sports, that is, until they become champions or big money-winners.

Then they take up golf. Between bouts they have ample time for relaxation on the links. They may even convince themselves it's an acceptable substitute for roadwork and good for their hands and timing.

Quite a number of our top boxers are proficient golfers, capable of shooting in the 70s and 80s. Maybe Joe Louis would be a richer man today if he hadn't become so skilled with driver and mashie. According to all you read in the gossip columns, the former heavyweight king has dropped a bundle in matches for high stakes.

Sugar Ray Robinson is another golf enthusiast who's really good at it, a tournament player in fact, even though he promoted the tournaments he played in. In the vast retinue which accompanies Sugar Ray on his travels here and abroad is his personal golf pro. I've seen him many a night practicing his shots on the driving range on California Road in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

HARRY JEFFRA, former bantamweight and featherweight champion, was another who got his pars and birdies, and Beau Jack, former lightweight champion, was good. Beau, however, reversed the procedure. He grew up on the golf course at Augusta, Ga., where he caddied and shined shoes. He had a bunch of golfers as his financial backers and sponsors when he first came North to become Madison Square Garden's redhot draw during the war.

There are a lot of baseball players who often throw punches, bare-knuckle rules, but there were also baseball players who really knew the manly art of self-defense and took part in bouts as amateurs or pros.

Among them were Art Shires, first baseman of the Chicago White Sox, Pat Malone, the Cubs' pitcher, who fought as Kid Williams, and in a baseball altercation was knocked out by George (Kiddo) Davis, onetime outfielder with the Giants.

Davis had been a sparring partner of Battling Battalino in his youth. Charley (Boss) Schmidt, Detroit catcher in the days of Ty Cobb, fought Fireman Jim Flynn in the ring, and got a draw in six rounds. Babe Pinelli, Cincinnati infielder and later umpire, was an amateur boxing champion until he got a broken nose, which caused him to concentrate on baseball.

John L. Sullivan, to go back quite a ways, was a sandlot player, and his baseball ability is commemorated, I believe, by a John L. Sullivan League around Springfield, Mass.

James J. Corbett's brother Joe was a pitcher with the Baltimore Orioles (won 24 games in 1897), and Gentleman Jim himself was good as baseball and might have been in the big league too if he hadn't been busy as world heavyweight champion. He played exhibition baseball, however, as a sideline.

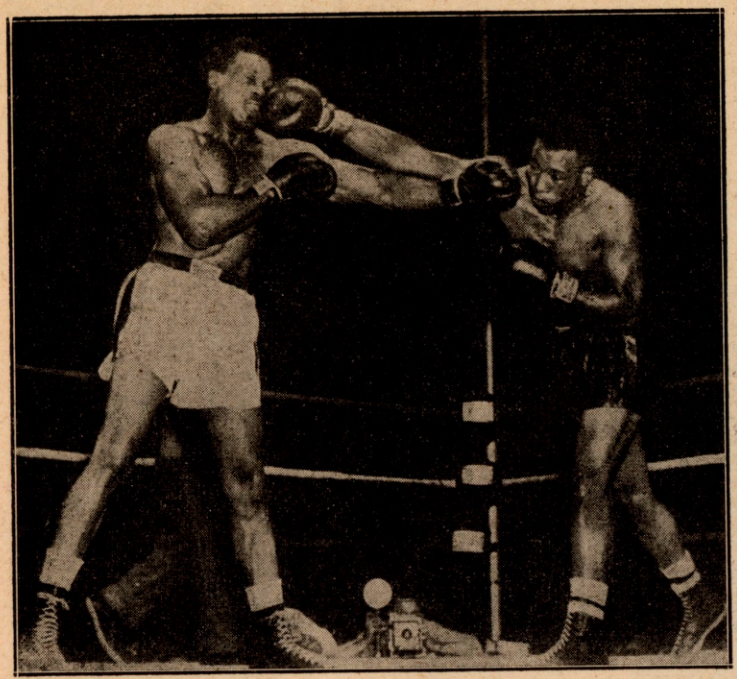
Skipping down to today, Steve Belloise, top middleweight a few years ago, now a referee, plays a wicked game of softball on the same team with Jake LaMotta.

MARCIANO isn't the only headline fighter who has come off the football fields. Steve Hamas probably achieved the greatest distinction as a combined football player and heavyweight fighter. He was a varsity line star at Penn State College, and did right well in the ring until Max Schmeling knocked him out in Germany. But Hamas had beaten Schmeling in twelve rounds the year before in Philadelphia. A football trick knee hampered his ring career.

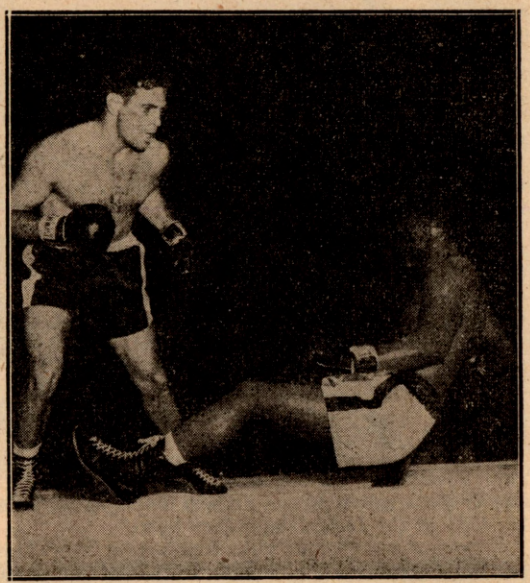
Many managers, of course, have looked for heavyweight talent on college gridirons. For a spell there was quite a

(*Continued on page* 35)

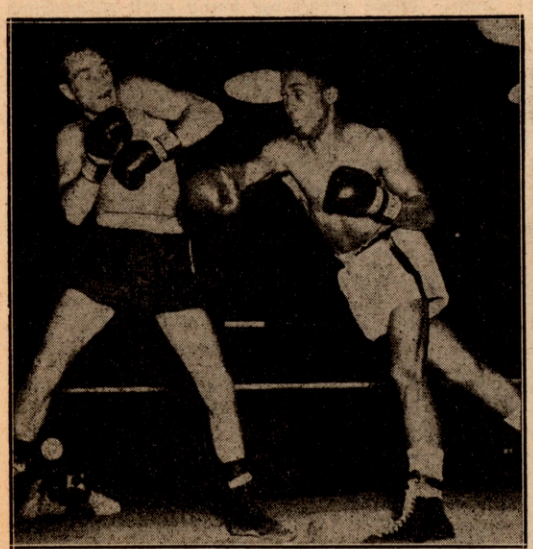
IN THE NEWS OF THE MONTH



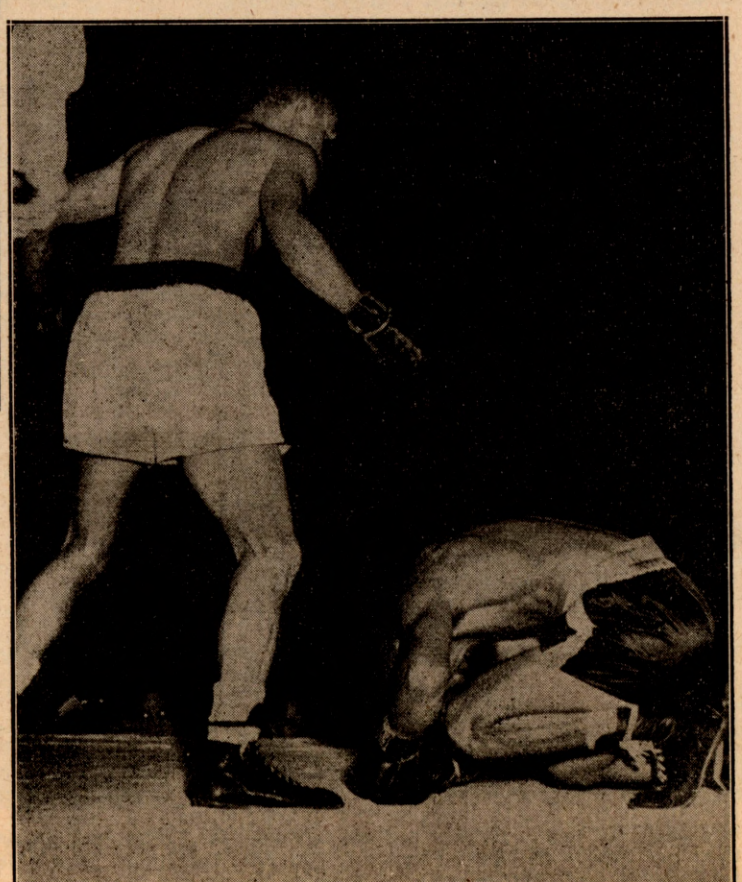
Archie Moore (left), light heavyweight from St. Louis, receives a stiff left from Clarence Henry, of California, in their ten rounder that went to Moore by a unanimous decision at Baltimore. The bout was refereed by the former heavyweight king, Joe Louis.



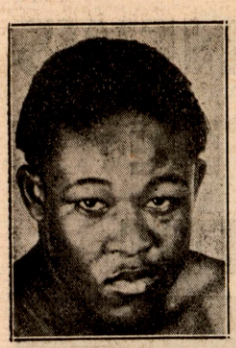
Norman Hayes (right), Boston, Mass., middleweight, was giving Ernie Durando, the New Jersey kayo artist, a boxing lesson when he walked into a right at the end of the third round as the bell sounded. Durando won the ten rounder, advancing his claims for recognition.



Glen Flanagan (left), of St. Paul, Minn., avoids a hard right thrown by Gene Smith, of Washington, D. C., in their featherweight match. Glen won the decision, evening matters with Smith who had won a previous bout.



Chuck Davey (left), Detroit welterweight contender, ran his undefeated skein to 34 with his fifth round knockout over Chico Vejar at Detroit. This was the second time that Davey has defeated the New Yorker. In their first encounter, Chuck won a unanimous decision.



Kid Gavilan

GAVILAN'S PRESTIGE SOARS with VICTORY

By NAT FLEISCHER

ANY doubts about the right of Kid Gavilan to be called the world welterweight champion were disposed of by the manner in which the Cuban turned back Gil Turner, Philadelphia challenger, in their title bout in the Municipal Stadium in the Quaker City. After ten rounds of even fighting in which Gavilan came from behind, the Cuban destroyed the hopes of his youthful rival by cutting loose with an avalanche of blows that made Turner a dizzy, helpless, defenseless boy, taking punch after punch while resting against the ropes until Referee Pete Tomasco called a halt in 2.47 of the eleventh round. Tomasco's most pleasing performance in the eyes of the spectators, however, 39,025 who paid $269,677, was his action in saving the 21 year old Philadelphian from taking unnecessary punishment. The lad from Strawberry Mansion, Philadelphia's Negro section, still has a great future in his chosen profession and Tomasco helped that by stopping the fight.

With television and radio banned, the fight drew a record gate, surpassing that of $194,330 for the Barney Ross vs. Jimmy McLarnin bout for a world welterweight title on May 28, 1934 at the Long Island City Bowl.

It was a tremendous gate considering that Turner had fought only 31 bouts and had never appeared in a contest beyond ten rounds and quite naturally, the receipts for that bout and those for the Ray Robinson-Joey Maxim contest would give the average bystander the impression that boxing has come back into its own and is enjoying a real boom these days when actually it is anything but that.

THE Gavilan-Turner affair and that which Maxim won when the heat felled Sugar Ray, indicate that the interest in boxing is as keen as ever. Those bouts would normally be a gauge for the future of boxing in the United States but unfortunately they are not. Outstanding attractions as these are drawing big crowds and will continue to do so. But how many such attractions are available?

What of the normal promotions? The 1951–52 Madison Square Garden season was probably the poorest in the entire history of the House that Tex Built. With the entire world from which to select its attractions and a metropolitan population of more than 10,000,000 from which to draw its attendances, the Garden didn't have one sellout during the entire campaign. Small attendances, often below the 5,000 mark, were the rule rather than the exception in an arena capable of accommodating upwards of 18,500.

What is the cause? Blame it on television.

There is no denying the tremendous interest in boxing these days. Everywhere one goes he hears fight talk.

Television has made thousands, perhaps millions of new fans. But they are not paying clients. They want their entertainment "for free" in their living rooms or neighborhood bars.

It is only on rare occasions, when such matches as the Turner-Gavilan, Maxim-Robinson and Marciano-Matthews bouts are denied them on video, that they become cash customers. That's why the Philadelphia battle drew the second largest gate in the history of the Municipal Stadium and a record gate for a world welterweight title bout.

MEANWHILE the smaller clubs across the nation continue to fade out of existence. In New York's Metropolitan area just five years ago there were twelve clubs operating weekly—one in Manhattan, one in the Bronx, one in Staten Island, four in Brooklyn, two on Long Island, one in Jersey City, one in Newark and one in Elizabeth. Today there are three—the Eastern Parkway and Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn and Meadowbrook in Newark.

All must depend entirely on television revenue for their continued existence. The gate receipts of the three are practically negligible. This condition applies pretty well all over the country. Hence when such enormous gates as were recorded in the recent I.B.C. promotions find their way into print, one is confronted with the realization that top attractions can and will draw the fans out in droves especially if television is banned or there is a blackout in the fight area.

It is seldom that one hears of any fights being staged in such one-popular centers as Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh. Once a thriving beehive of fistic activity, New England has only two cities, Boston and Providence, attempting to promote with any degree of regularity and they must have exceptional attractions as the recent Collins-Pep contest, bouts with a strong local appeal, to do any business. Such Down East communities as New Haven, Hartford, Waterbury, Bridgeport, Holyoke, Springfield et al., have almost completely passed out of circulation.

The Gavilan-Turner bout in particular, offers a lesson in fight promotion. It was a natural from the start. It had its seal of approval from the fight fans who expected it to be a good fight and the champ and challenger didn't disappoint them. There aren't too many such attractions on the fistic market, but there are enough to keep up the interest and to bring the sport back into its own if the proper procedure in matchmaking is followed.

THE Gavilan-Turner contest was a thriller despite the fact that there were no knockdowns. It provided plenty of action, kept the huge gathering in a state of expectancy because of the speed with which the challenger went after the title holder during most of the bout and the interest in the affair. Gavilan retained his crown because he possessed great "savvy". It was a case of experience vs. inexperience and the former triumphed as was expected judging by the 5 to 12 odds quoted when the rivals entered the ring.

It was a fight that pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, giving the sport another good shot in the arm to keep it where it can be kept if more of those who engage in the profession will play cleanly and give all they have as did Turner and Gavilan. It was a whale of a fight all the way, a give-and-take affair mixed with cleverness on the part of the champion whose plan of battle had been mapped out for him and who stuck to it until success was within his grasp.

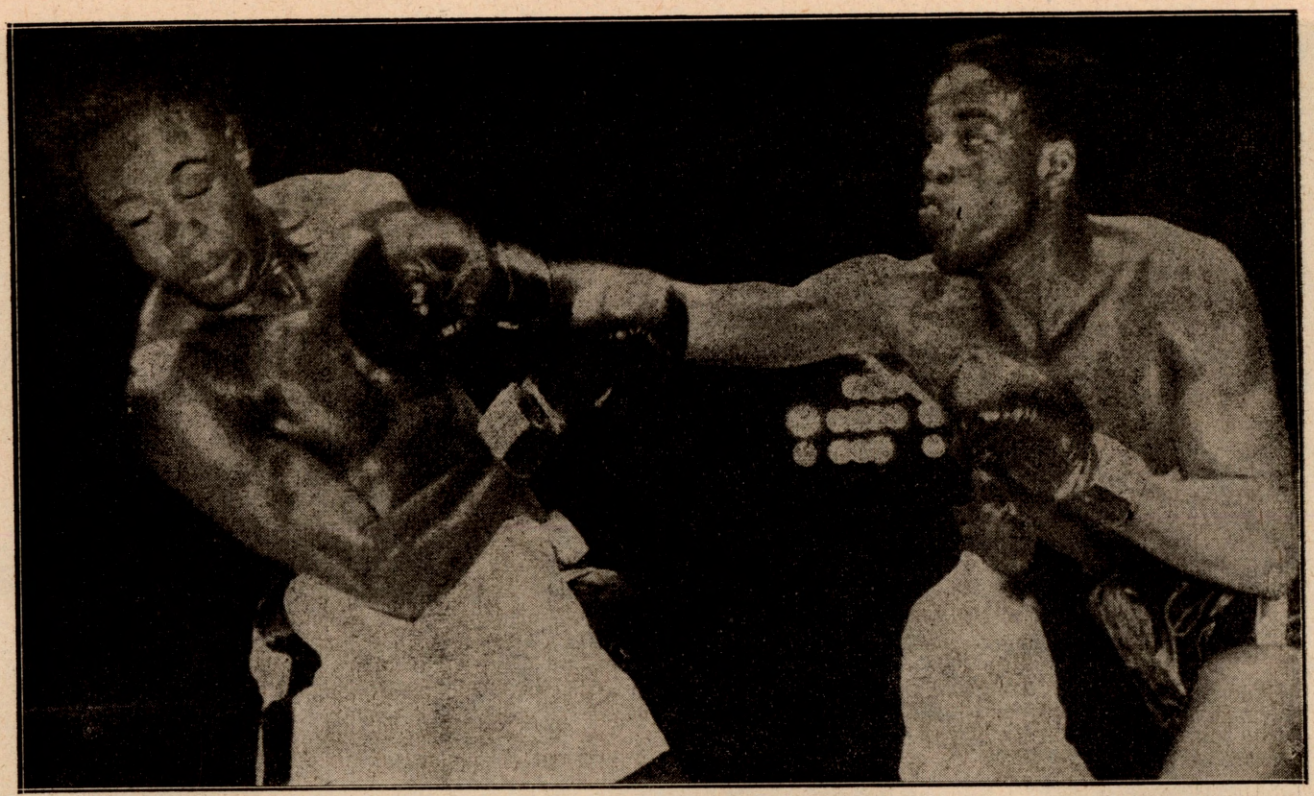
Then he opened up in a manner that enabled him to display the true spirit of a fighting champion unlike some of the recent careful, fearful top notch battlers who, even with victory in their grasp, were afraid to take the chance that would clinch the triumph. That fighting spirit is what enabled the Keed from Cuba to come through with another victory and hold on to the crown he had won through an elimination tourney following the abdication of the throne by Sugar Ray Robinson.

WHAT now in the welterweight division? That's what the fight fans throughout the country ask.

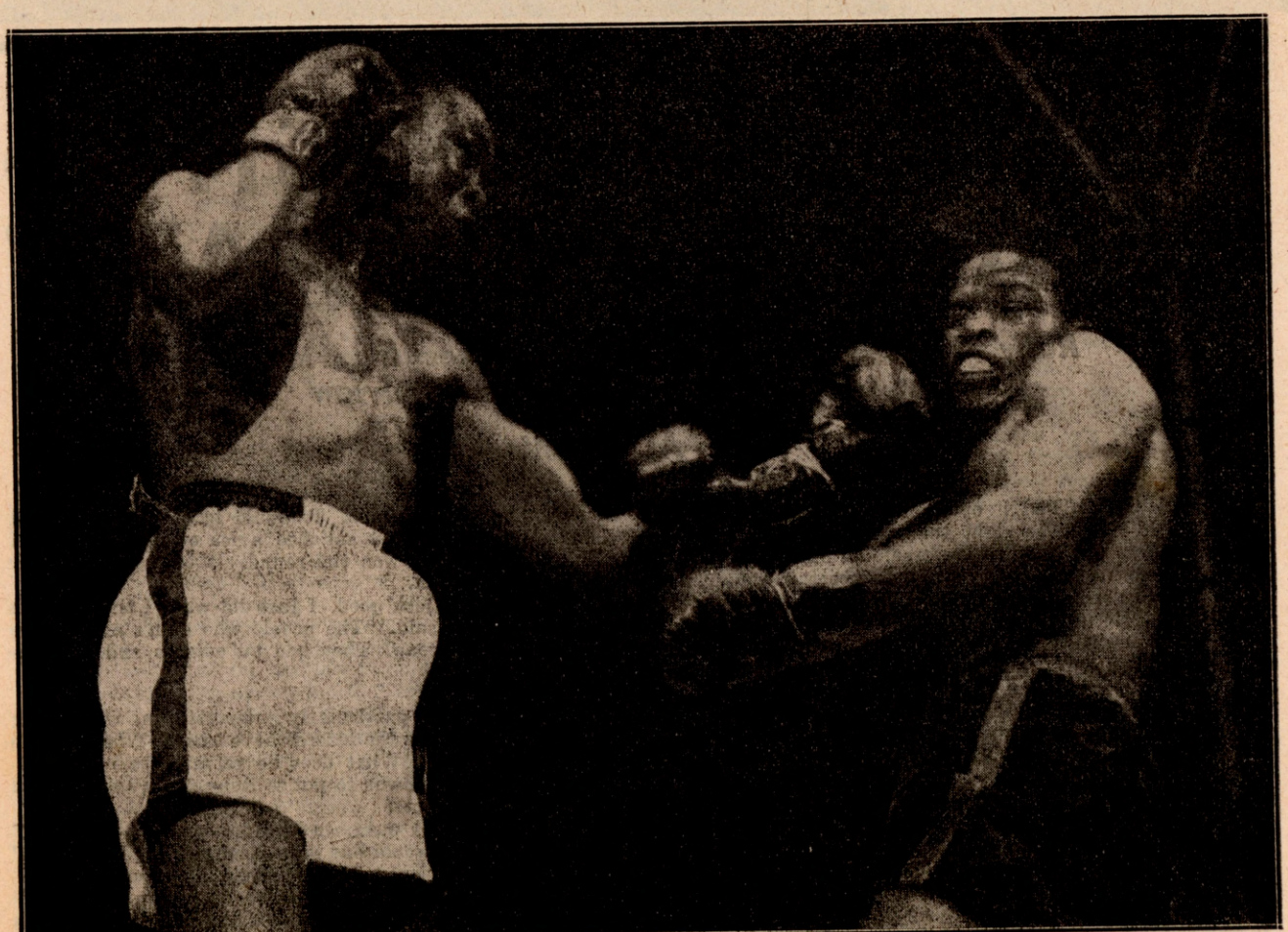
Will Turner receive a return bout? Will Billy Graham get the chance for which he has been clamoring and which he deservedly had earned following the controversial split decision he lost to the Cuban last August?

Kid Gavilan by now has proved that he is a fighting champion who possesses the class one figures a champion should have. He lacks the heavy hitting power of many previous title holders in his division but aside from that, he has everything that a crowd-pleasing pugilist should possess. He loves to fight and always gives the fans a run

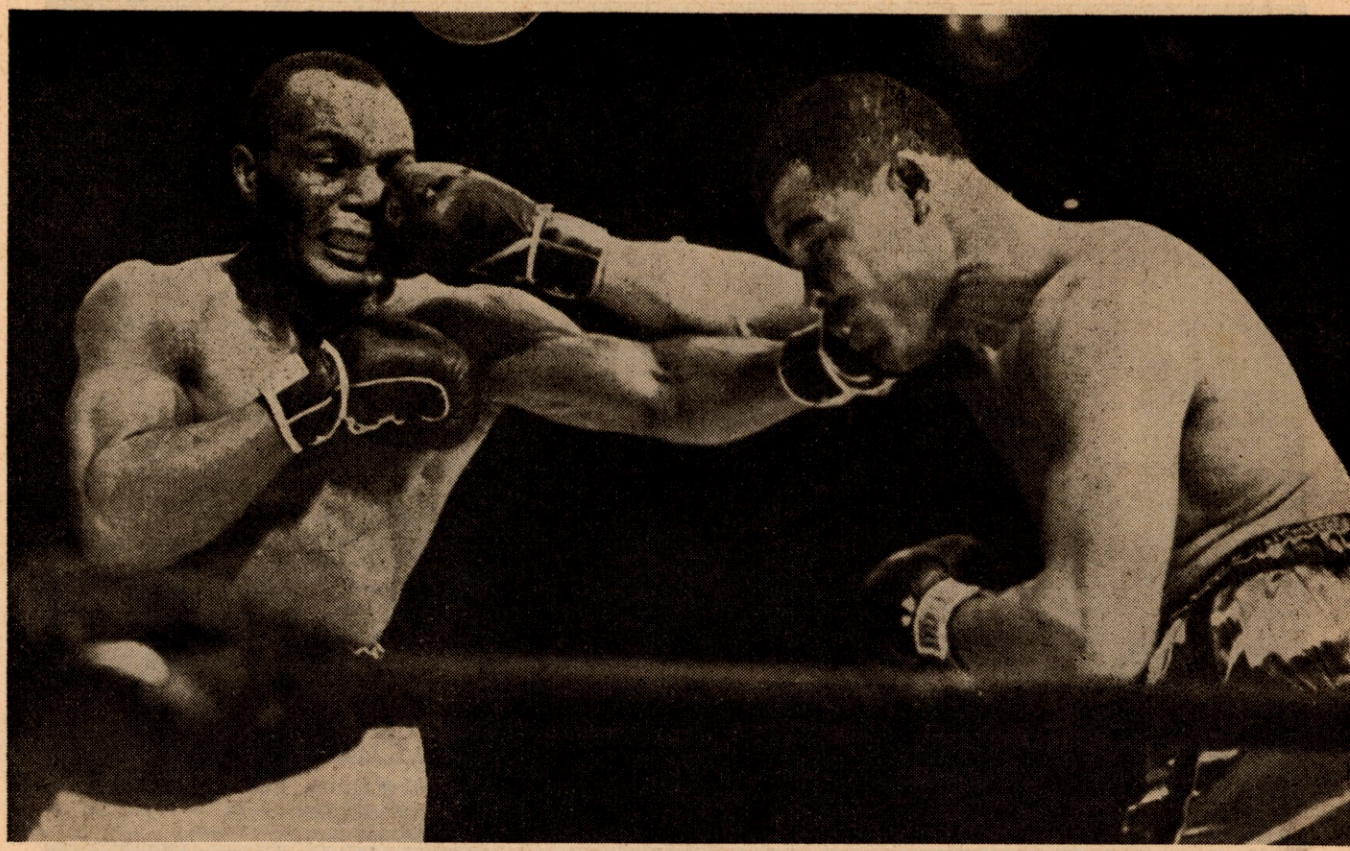
(*Continued on page* 52)



In the early rounds Gil Turner, of Philadelphia, pressed the attack and had Kid Gavilan of Cuba (left) on the run. Here we see Galivan getting a hard jolt to the jaw.



Gavilan pours on the gas with a two handed attack that backs up Turner (right). By the 11th round the youngster had shot his bolt and was easy mark for the champ's left hooks and a right which rendered him helpless, causing the referee to halt the proceedings.



In this first fight between Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott, Referee Ruby Goldstein scored so that Louis had been dethroned, but the judges decided Louis had scored a points victory. Most onlookers shared Goldstein's opinion that Walcott had won.

"RATHER BE RIGHT— THAN POPULAR"

Ruby Goldstein, famous referee, gives his views on how to operate a fight in an interview

By AL BUCK

RUBY GOLDSTEIN operates on the principle:—"I would rather be right than popular." It has made him an outstanding referee, perhaps the best in America, and his presence in a ring has become a guarantee of a job well done. He isn't infallible of course, and doesn't think he is. He doesn't resent criticism because he believes everybody is entitled to an opinion.

"I do what I think is right, and let it go at that," Goldstein said when we asked him to discuss the many duties of a referee. "I do the same things in a preliminary bout as I do in a championship. I never think about what would be the popular decision. What I am concerned with is the right decision.

"Let us take the Chico Vejar-Fitzie Pruden fight for example. I scored it eight rounds to two for Vejar. The judges had it closer, and while everybody agreed on the winner, I was criticized for having a lopsided score.

"If you recall the fight, Pruden knocked Vejar down in the first round. The crowd always goes for the underdog and it was rooting for Fitzie during the rest of the fight. When the ninth round came up I knew that Chico was a sure winner barring a knockout.

"The ninth was close, and there would have been no harm in awarding it to Pruden. It would have made the fight closer on my card, and satisfied a lot of people. Only I didn't think Pruden won the round. It belonged to Vejar and I gave it to him.

"I didn't try to look good. I just did what I thought was right," Goldstein said. "The people who didn't agree were not necessarily wrong. They had an opinion and they expressed it."

WHAT we were particularly interested in, was a big fight. What does the referee have to do? What does he have to watch for? What does he refrain from doing?—Those were queries I was to put to Ruby for my article and Ruby had the answers.

"Refereeing a big fight, or any fight, is an operation," Goldstein said. "I would like to take it from the beginning."

That seemed fair enough. We nodded in agreement. Goldstein said it begins with a feeling that you are due, to officiate, that your turn has come and that you will be the man picked by the Boxing Commission for the assignment.

"You know from the schedule when you are about due. You have a feeling you are going to get the call," Goldstein said. "Some times you do. Some times you don't.

"When I leave the house in the morning I tell Mrs. Goldstein I may be called. I ask her to watch for a call. We can assume that I am picked to referee. The Commission phones around 3:15 p.m. Mrs. Goldstein assures the Commission I am available.

"I phone home and get the news. When I am to referee, my boss lets me knock off at 4 p.m. I go home and have dinner around 5 p.m. It is a light dinner, a couple of lamb chops, toast and tea. I don't want to be slowed down by too much food. At the last possible moment I shave. I leave home in time to reach the Garden, or ball park at 7:30 p.m.

"FOR practical purposes let us assume the fight is in the Garden," continued Ruby. "I park my car in the Garden lot. Usually I don't wear a hat. On nights that I am to referee, I do. If nobody recognizes me going into the Garden so much the better.

"I try to cooperate with the Commission in keeping the identity of the referee a secret as long as possible. It isn't always possible. Once I was recognized by a group of young fellows standing on the corner. One of them said, 'Hiya Ruby. So you are going to referee.' In a matter of minutes everybody in the Garden knew I was working.

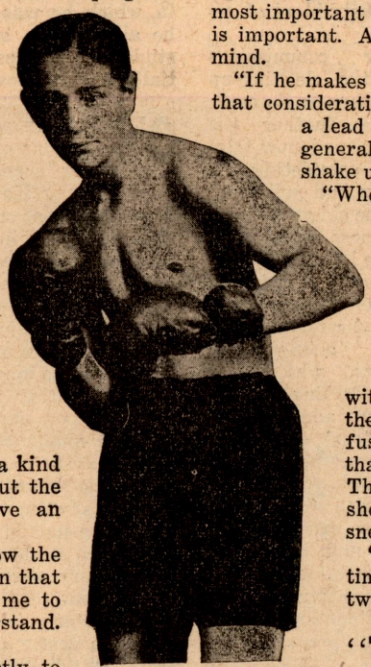
"I live in Brooklyn, and once when going to the Garden on the subway I met a friend. I had my bag with me, and he promptly said, 'I see you are going to referee.' I replied, 'No. I am just going to the gym to play a little handball.' Now my friend meant no harm. I wonder what he thought when he saw me up in the ring giving the fighters their instructions?

"I work for Melrose Distillers. My job is to visit restaurants and bars and see if they are using our products. It is a kind of good will job. I am always asked about the outcome of the next fight. I never give an opinion.

"I have a couple of stock gags to throw the questions off. Some times I have to explain that as a referee it would not be ethical for me to pick a winner. Invariably they understand. Most people are nice about it.

"Once I am in the Garden I go directly to the officials' room. The other officials, an inspector or two, and usually a deputy, are there. There is a guard on the door to keep out those who have no business in the quarters.

"We sit around and talk about everything—everything except the fight.



Ruby Goldstein as a young fighter.

"EVENTUALLY Chairman Bob Christenberry comes in. He rarely says more than 'you men know the rules and how to enforce them.' Things like that. Then Deputy Dan Dowd gives us our assignments. We are told where to sit at the ringside. One of us is designated to referee the first bout, another to act as knock down timekeeper. Even then nobody is sure who will get the main event.

"The first referee may handle a four, or perhaps two four round bouts. He may have a four and a six. When the second referee takes over you begin to think you will get the main event. You don't always get it, but you start to think about what you will say to the fighters.

"I try to make my speech brief. I try, too, to make what I say clear, and to say it in the best English at my command. This has become important with the millions looking on and listening in on television and radio.

"The fighters have been given instructions as a rule by the Commission at the weighing in. Usually they know the rules anyway, but all day I have been thinking about their styles, the things I have to watch for, the minor fouls they are likely to commit. Things like that.

"In giving instructions I try to address my remarks to both fighters. I may know one likes to hold and hit. I want him to know I know it, and I want to impress upon him that I am not going to stand for it.

"But I can't single him out and speak to him directly. The instructions before the fight have to be delivered to both fighters. Warning against low blows, and reminding them that in event of a knockdown the one scoring it must go to a neutral corner is automatic.

"IN the early part of the first round, the referee, like the fighters is feeling things out. You have a sense of being part of the fight. Now I know nobody pays to see me referee, but I am in there, and have become part of the show.

"During the fight I watch for rule infractions. I try to keep the fight moving. The referee has to be on guard not to let things get out of hand if the fighters are rough. It is no trick to mark my scorecard between rounds. There is plenty of time.

"I soon sense what the trend of the fight is going to be. This may be a matter of instinct for as you know I was a fighter myself. In scoring I watch for certain things. The most important is clean and hard punching. Aggressiveness is important. At the same time I keep a fighter's style in mind.

"If he makes an opponent miss and then counters I give that consideration. He should be given credit for drawing a lead if he does something about it. A fighter's general effectiveness is a factor. Also if his punches shake up his opponent.

"When a fighter is knocked down you do two things. You do them almost at the same time. You see to it that the fighter scoring the knockdown goes to the neutral corner, and you go over to the fighter on the floor, face the knockdown timekeeper and pick up the count.

"You pick up the count any where from three to five as a rule. Then you count with the knockdown timekeeper. I count into the fighter's ear. I don't want him to be confused on the count. "When he get up I first see that the other fighter is in the neutral corner. Then I wipe off the gloves, looking over my shoulder to see that the other fellow doesn't sneak a punch.

"If he leaves the neutral corner before it is time, he is the loser, perhaps by a second or two.

"THE doctors have taken much of the responsibility off a referee when a fighter is cut. I think I am competent to tell how bad a cut is, but I would be a fool not to rely on professional judgment. I usually let a round and then call in the doctor.

"When the fight is over I mark my card and then hand it to the announcer. He makes the decision known.

"After the fight I either take a shower, or an alcohol rub, depending on the weather. I used to go out and eat, and once in a while I still do, but mostly I get in my car and drive home," Goldstein said. "Mrs. Goldstein knows I will be hungry. She always has something for me to eat."

I asked Goldstein how he happened to take up the work of refereeing.

"I started when I was in the Army, refereeing at Fort Hamilton," he replied. "I liked it because it gave me the feeling of being back in boxing. Several of the boxing writers—Hype Igoe, Ed Van Every, Lester Bromberg and Joe Lee—liked my work, and were kind enough to say so in their newspapers.

"Somebody suggested that I apply to the Boxing Commission for a license. I did and received it while I was still in the Army. It is a funny thing, but I don't remember my first championship fight. The first main event I refereed in the Garden was the Joe Baksi-Lou Nova fight in 1945.

"Nobody can make a living as a referee. The money helps of course, but I think most referees would work for nothing if they had to. They referee because they enjoy doing it," Goldstein said. "What a man enjoys doing he usually does well. I hope that applies to my work in the ring.

Goldstein doesn't subscribe to the theory that a former

(*Continued on page* 35)

"ATTENTION PLEASE"

Picturesque Announcing Among Many Colorful Sidelights Disappearing from the Boxing Scene.

By JERSEY JONES

Joe Humphreys in a typical gesture when he rated as boxing's top announcer.

TO the calloused old-timers, one of the troubles with this prizefighting business now is that it's become too blankety-blanked refined.

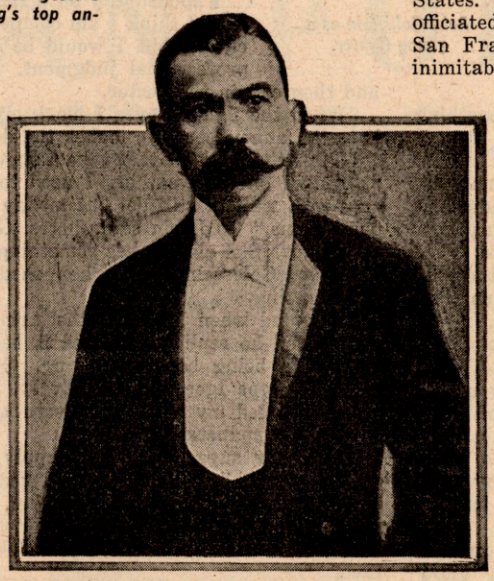
Boxing commissions started the cleaning-up process, then radio came along to further the campaign, and now television is completing the scrubbing and polishing.

Like the old grey mare, the business ain't what it used to be.

Consider, for instance, what has happened to the announcers.

Those once-popular characters, who often mangled the English language but added much to the fans' entertainment, are no longer wanted.

What with video reaching into so many homes, to women and children as well as men, it has become imperative for some drastic alterations in the announcing department.



Charley Harvey who did the announcing at the old Broadway A.C. and at many amateur track and field meets. He was also an international manager of boxers.

Mothers and school teachers complain that it's tough enough trying to get kids to learn proper English these days without having their efforts messed up by the colorful but ungrammatical observations on sports events coming in over the TV airwaves.

And, so, the main requirements of an announcer now must be a neat personal appearance, and clear, concise diction. He may not know much about the boxing business, but that's immaterial. His functions are simple and routine. He follows pretty much of a standard script.

Time was when an announcer was something more than just that. He usually was an attraction in himself, and an important part of any boxing promotion. He didn't have to be a grammatical purist. Generally, he was anything but, but he spoke the language of the fight crowds and his peculiar gift for mispronunciation was considered part of his quaint "charm."

Since public address systems were unknown, the chief requisite of the old-time barker was a powerful voice, capable of reaching to the outermost regions of the arena in which he was working. A natural target for hecklers, he also had to be quick at repartee, and something of a student of mob psychology, with an ability to keep a potentially unruly crowd under control.

OF today's crop, probably the nearest approach to bygone generations of announcers is Harry Balogh, who's been functioning in and around New York for the better part of thirty years. Harry is a combination of the Old and the New. In appearance and voice, he measures up to current standards, but in personality and language he belongs to that bizarre collection of Broadway characters glorified by the writings of the late Damon Runyon.

Balogh has all the necessary qualifications to rate as this era's outstanding announcer. Unfortunately, however, Harry has encouraged a tendency to overplay his role. He is entirely too long-winded and repetitious, and folks become annoyed, rather than entertained, by his tactics. Redundancy runs rampant with him. He refuses to limit the simplest announcement to a brief ten or twelve words if he can stretch it out to a hundred or more. And often enough he scales the heights—or plumbs the depths—of the ridiculous with such specimens of "Baloghney" as "May the better participant emerge victorious."

The two most celebrated human megaphones in American ring history were Billy Jordan and Joe Humphreys.

Billy, out of San Francisco, flourished during the Gay '90s and early years of this century, when California was the main center of big-time ring operations in the United States. "Old Bill," as he was affectionately dubbed, not only officiated at practically all the major fights in and around San Francisco, but he was frequently invited to lend his inimitable talents to important bouts staged elsewhere. He was master of ceremonies at such historic episodes as the Bob Fitzsimmons-Jim Corbett affair in Carson City and the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries promotion in Reno.

Though he lacked the stentorian powers of Humphreys, Jordan boasted a somewhat more fluent vocabulary, and a gift for squelching hecklers with snappy comebacks. There were few fans who, having once sampled the stinging lash of Billy's tongue, had the temerity to invite an encore.

Jordan's pre-fight introductions and announcements invariably closed with the clarion call: "Let 'er go!"

HUMPHREYS, born and bred in New York's East Side, didn't go in for elaborate gestures or speeches. What he had to say was brief and to the point. Joe's schooling had been limited, and words beyond two syllables often posed a problem for him, but he used the language of the fight crowds and was all the more effective because of it.

Humphreys had certain set lines for introductions of fighters. Inevitably one would be "the game and aggressive West Sider." Another was sure to be a "pugilistic product" of somewhere. A visitor was always the "idol" of his home town. And in a title match, the champion never failed to meet "the worthy challenger."

Joe did develop one little distinctive feature in his announcing. If, in giving out a fighter's weight, there was a half-pound involved, Joe would bellow "and a hawf."

In time, he didn't bother to announce the fraction. He would slice the air with his right arm and that would be the signal for the galleryites to chorus "and a hawf."

It wasn't often that Humphreys permitted himself to be nonplussed by anything, but he did have some uncomfortable moments when professional boxing returned to New York in 1920 and foreign fighters began pouring into the Big Town. Pronouncing some of their names was a problem for Joe, and he became a bit sensitive to the good-natured joshing tossed his way.

We recall Humphreys spending considerable time one afternoon practicing the proper pronunciation of "Luis Angel Firpo" to use that night when he introduced the burly Argentino for his bout with Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden.

Painstakingly, Joe rehearsed "Loo-iss . . . Ong-hail . . . Feer-po" until he was satisfied he had it right. But all his conscientious efforts went for naught when he crawled into the ring for the pre-fight announcements. Presenting Firpo, Humphreys boomed out, in his purest East Sidese: "Looie Ain-jell Foipo."

SOME years ago Jack Skelly, a top featherweight in his day, and later a sports writer in Yonkers, published a book of reminiscences, devoting considerable space to the announcing profession during the early years of prizefighting in the United States.

In Skelly's time, the announcer was practically a one-man organization. He usually was a veteran fighter who knew what had to be done, and did it himself. He looked after the construction of the ring, the selection of the referee, the placing of the seats, if any; the handling of the crowd and most of the other details. He did just about everything but the actual fighting—and often enough he had to do some of that with the crowd.

Matchmaker Jim Buckley, who did his own announcing and waged a hot "feud" with New York sports writers.

Wrote Skelly: "Uncle Bill Tovee was the first announcer I remember. He was a retired English bare-knuckle warrior, who had come to America and settled down on Clove Road, Brooklyn. Uncle Bill made a living by giving boxing lessons and he started out some good knuckle-dusters. Clove Road has long since been lost in a maze of modern buildings, but in those days it was a rural highway and Tovee's gymnasium was an old shed with one side open to the air.

"Many fine fighters were developed at Tovee's, and Uncle Bill's fame spread rapidly. Soon he was master of ceremonies at virtually all the important fights held in the eastern part of the United States. He loved especially the announcing part of the work and was not without wit.

"Tovee announced at my first fight, and his chatter ran something like this:

"'A little horder 'ere, gents; a little horder, please. We're goin' to 'ave a bloomin' pretty set-to 'ere. As pretty a one as you hever did see. Battlin' 'Arry 'Owes of Hingland an' Jack Skelly of Hamerica, gents. A little horder, me boys, as hits goin' to be a 'ot un, bless yer, me coves.'

"Tovee was a merry old fellow, and very popular. He lived a cheerful, contended life, and was 81 when he died.

"Later came Pop Whittaker. He had a voice like a locomotive whistle and he liked to talk. Sometimes it would take him twenty minutes to introduce the fighters and the spectators would almost mob him. Whittaker, who had only one arm, officiated at nearly all of John L. Sullivan's early fights in original Madison Square Garden.

"Two other former fighters who became popular announcers about that time were Steve O'Donnell and Fred Burns. Burns was the first announcer at the Coney Island club, and one of the bouts at which he was officiated was the one in which Jim Jeffries knocked out Jim Corbett."

IT was during the "membership days" and the era of the Frawley law that New York came up with one of the most colorful collections of announcers the sport probably ever has produced at one time.

Joe Humphreys was one of that crowd. Another was Peter Prunty, who grabbed most of the assignments in the old Garden. Peter had been a choir singer in his youth, and his trilling tenor voice never seemed to lose its musical touch. Before he turned to managing fighters, Charley Harvey was official announcer at the old Broadway Athletic Club. When he left, Johnny Dunn replaced him. "The Human Brass Band" they called Dunn because of the strange noises that issued from his lusty larynx.

It was no uncommon thing in those rugged days for promoters and matchmakers in the neighborhood clubs to do their own barking. One of the most entertaining was Jim Buckley, who operated the little Sharkey A. C., around the corner from where the St. Nicholas Arena stands.

Buckley was a serious-minded sort and couldn't stand criticism. Realizing his sensitive nature, the New York boxing writers, particularly Tad Dorgan of the Evening Journal, took fiendish delight in ruffling his feelings. In reporting fight results at the Sharkey, they'd manage to slip in a line or two finding fault with some little thing at the club, and at the next show Buckley would be certain to answer it in person from the ring.

There was the time that Dorgan suggested Buckley get a new ring canvas. The one he had was old and worn, full of holes and patches. "Some night some fighter will catch his foot and break a leg," wrote Tad.

The following week, Buckley clambered into the ring, glared at Dorgan, cleared his throat and announced:

"For the benefit of them as calls themselves newspapermen, I am arranging to import a brand-new Persian rug."

The "feud" between Buckley and the press continued apace, and when Jim read in one of the papers that his club was a hangout for "questionable characters", he really blew a fuse. At his next show he roared from the ring: "Everybody watch your valuables. We have pickpockets and newspapermen present!"

ONE of the most memorable announcements in our experience was unloaded by Phil Lewis, promoting at the Lyceum Theatre in Paterson.

Business hadn't been too good for Phil, and this night he brought in a world champion, middleweight Mike O'Dowd, to meet journeyman worker Billy Kramer. It figured to be a good attraction for Paterson, but it wasn't. Not even a title-holder could bring out the natives. Before the fiight started, Lewis climbed into the ring and addressed the few scattered customers:

"Gentlemen, I have been trying to bring you the best fights I can get. Tonight I'm bringing you a world champion. But the house is lousy, and this ?*!**??*?!!*! here"—pointing to Kramer—"held me up for more money. Just so I wouldn't disappoint you, I'm giving it to him. Now, if this ?*!!*?**??*!.*!"—and he glared at O'Dowd—"doesn't knock out this ?*!**??*!!*!"—pointing again to Kramer—"HE ain't gonna get paid!"

To avoid further verbal violence by Lewis, O'Dowd obligingly flattened Kramer in the third.

Yes, indeed, this business ain't what it used to be. It's getting too *!?*!**??*!?*! refined.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS—RULE THE ROOST

By TED CARROLL

IN the last issue of the Ring we paid tribute to the welterweights as the classiest of boxing classes at this time. For quality of performance, the 147 division is up front in the boxing parade. Still as we survey the international scene, we find the top ranking boxer in most parts of the world is a middleweight.

In such widely spaced sections of the globe as Australia and North Africa for instance, the boxing big shot is a 160 pound battler. The same thing is true in France, and boxing's birthplace, the tight little Isle of England. Uncle Sam's ace of aces is the king of the middleweight division, and out in the far reaches of the Pacific, a middleweight reigns supreme in far off Hawaii.

Dave Sands is the Aussie hero "Down Under"; Claude Milazzo looks like Cerdan's successor in French North Africa; Charley Humez is the new rage of gay Paree; Randy Turpin is all by himself as British standard bearer; the incomparable "Sugar Ray" Robinson, is one of America's greatest ever and middleweight Bobo Olson may be the best fighter ever sent out of Hawaii.

OF the top international favorites fighting today more than half are middleweights. The remaining ones are all champions in their various divisions and dominate the sport in their various countries for this reason. They are Vic Toweel, bantam king in South Africa; the Japanese idol, Yoshio Shirai, flyweight titleholder; the newly crowned lightweight ruler Mexican Lauro Salas and Cuba's Kid Gavilan, welterweight champion of the world.

Charley Humez, a trim 155 pounder who has been beaten only once in an active career, is carrying on the French tradition of outstanding middleweights begun by the illustrious George Carpentier and carried on by such capables as Marcel Thil and the ill-fated Marcel Cerdan. Humez looks like a worthy addition to that celebrated company. Like Carpentier and Thil, he has been accomodating all invading challengers with success, including such formidables as Norman Hayes and Bobby Dawson of America and Belgian Anore De Keersgeiter.

Until recently he was given joint recognition in most parts of the world including Europe, Australia, and the British Isles as welterweight champion with Kid Gavilan. This made sense as his claim to title recognition was on a par with Gavilan's who was actually merely American champion.

As European titleholder Humez claims to the world's title were equally as valid. The tangle dissolved itself when Humez could no longer make the welterweight limit thus leaving the Cuban with undisputed ownership of the crown.

Humez recent win over Laurent Dauthuille disclosed he has genuine championship prospects. Whether he will follow in the footstep of Marcel Cerdan and invade the states or emulate Marcel Thil by having the opposition come to him, has not been fully determined. A solid attraction in Paris, the overseas promoters may prefer to build their schedule around the new hero on boulevards rather than risk their stellar magnet in faraway compaigning.

Good enough already, Humez should continue to improve. It would certainly be a great stimulus to international boxing if he eventually became the third French citizen to win the world's middleweight title.

THERE were some misgivings about the effect his loss to Ray Robinson may have had on Randy Turpin when the British mulatto failed to impress in his first bout following his defeat by the American. This uneasiness on the part of the British boxing public has disappeared since the Leamington Larruper's smash hit against Don Cockell last June 10. More than 50,000 enthusiasts left the white city stadium convinced that Randy has a good chance to regain his middleweight title from Sugar Ray after watching him demolish Cockell in 11 rounds. That victory made Turpin British Empire lightheavyweight champion as well as Middleweight champion of the British Isles. Dave Sands is still the Empire middleweight king. With Turpin back in his familiar spot as the top British drawing card, a pair-up of Turpin-Humez, Turpin-Sands or even Turpin-LaMotta would furnish the outstanding international bout of the season. Of course a Turpin-Robinson return England would break all records but the American champion has shown no marked desire for such a match at the moment.

Down on the bottom of the world, the brooding Dave Sands, remains something of an enigma in World Boxing. One of the best of Australian born pugs, Sands, a triple title holder in his homeland, seems to be making little progress towards a world's title match. In a brief American campaign last winter, the dark, handsome Part-Aborigine set no rivers afire beating Bobo Olson. Still recent events have proved that was quite a feat, as Olson has come on to gain high ranking in the States.

Despite his surprising setback by West Indian Yolande Pompee, Sands must be a superior fighter. He would have to be to hold the middle, light-heavy and heavyweight championships of his country. Like most Australian Aborigines, he seems susceptible to homesickness and is obviously not at his best away from his native soil.

At that, he is the first "Abo" to campaign abroad, but while successful, his performances both here and in England left the impression that he is even better than he appeared to be. Now that managerial troubles which added to his other indispositions have been straightened out, he remains the best bet to bring Australia its world title since Les Darcy some 35 years or so ago.

OF the American boxing master, Sugar Robinson, little more can be said other than that there is a growing feeling in the States that "His Sugarship" may be the best all-round fighter America has produced in many years.

A far roaming campaigner for the past few years, "Bobo" Olson, the dark haired Swedish-Hawaiian who looks like an Italian-American, has come with a rush since the beginning of the year. This middleweight from the palm-fringed Islands of the boundless Pacific, gave Sugar Ray such a tough tussle in San Francisco, that the American public began to talk about Ray as a great fighter who is on the down grade. Since then, the calibre of Olson's efforts have led to the suspicion that his ability rather than any slowing down by Sugar Ray could have been the reason for the closeness of the bout. A good all-round ring workman, Robinson himself has high words of praise for Olson's speed, he calls the Hawaiian one of the fastest men he ever met.

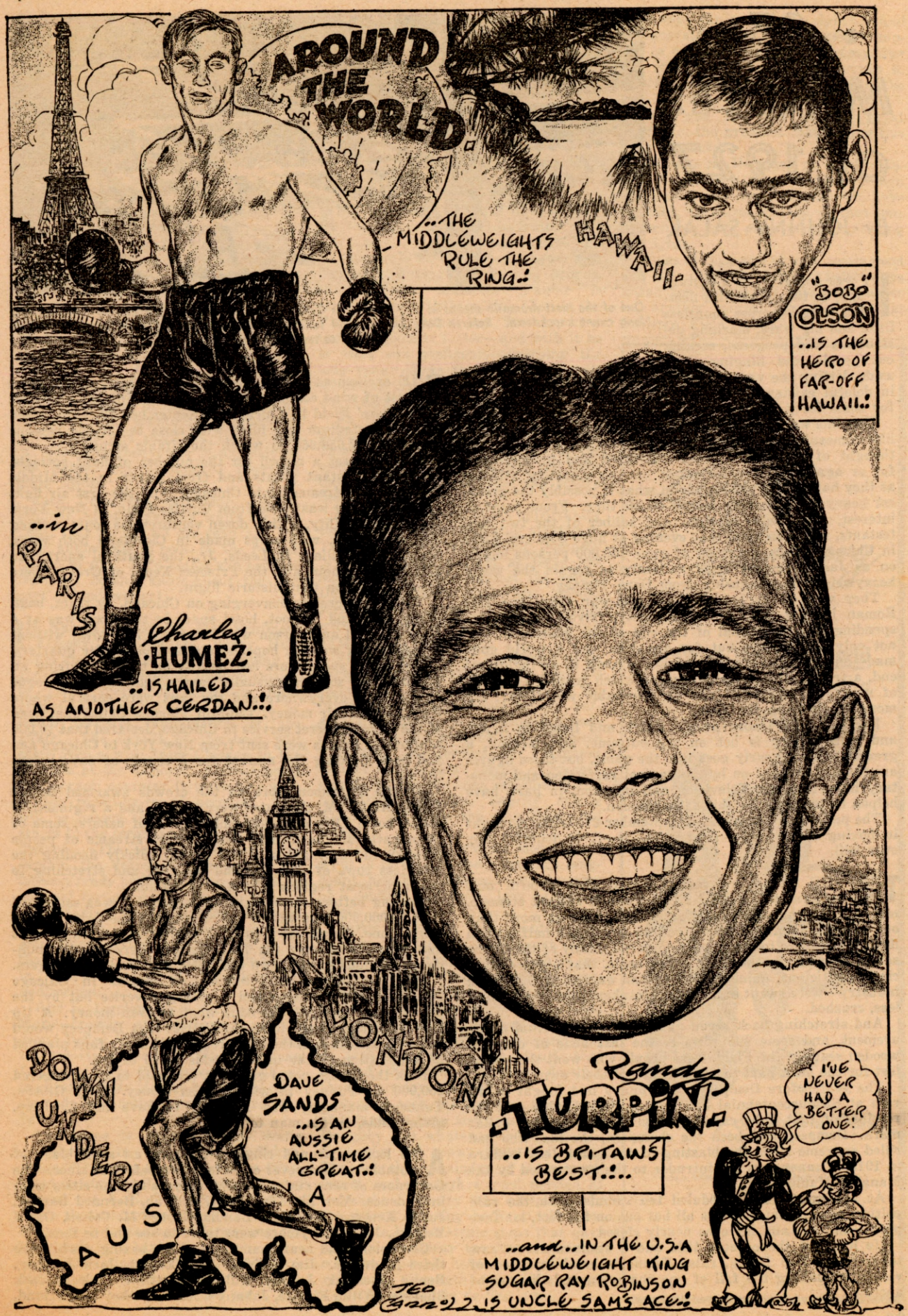
Olson's battleground has really been world wide. His theatre of operations have spanned such widely spaced points as Sydney, Australia and Chicago, Ill. Dave Sands was the opposition in both places. Philadelphia, Pa. and San Francisco, 3000 miles apart were stopovers in which Ray Robinson appeared in the other corner. No one can accuse the Hawaiian of picking soft ones. He took on dangerous Walter Cartier for his New York opener, and then accepted feared Jimmy Beau, who had been fighting light heavies, as a last minute Garden substitute on June 6. He beat both easily. Olson could be the "sleeper" in the 160 lb. merry-go-round.

HOTTER than the deserts of his native Morocco, a newcomer to internation-prominence, Claude Milazzo, North African compatriot of Marcel Cerdan, has been blazing along overseas in sensational style. Milazzo fights in what Europeans call the "American style"—rough, tough, and aggressive. From all reports, he would be a hero with U. S. television audiences who love action above all else regardless of how amateurish or ineffective.

Milazzo's record shows only one loss in his career.

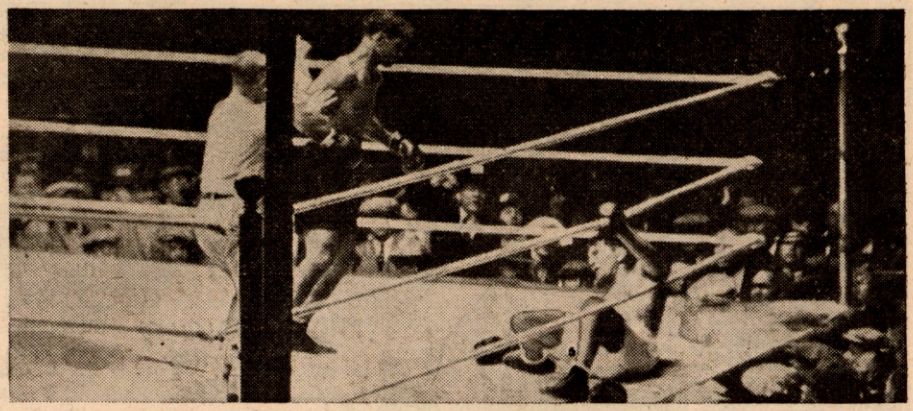
Jimmy King, an American who had to go abroad to get work, is the only one to beat him. King is eager for a return bout now that Milazzo has advanced so far, but Milazzo

(*Cointinued on page* 41)


AROUND THE WORLD
..THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS RULE THE RING..!
HAWAII.
"BOBO" OLSON
..IS THE HERO OF FAR-OFF HAWAII..!
..in PARIS
Charles HUMEZ
..IS HAILED AS ANOTHER CERDAN..!
LONDON
Randy TURPIN
..IS BRITAWS BEST..!..
DOWN UNDER
AUSTRALIA
DAVE SANDS
..IS AN AUSSIE ALL-TIME GREAT..!
I'VE NEVER HAD A BETTER ONE!
..and..IN THE U.S.A MIDDLEWEIGHT KING SUGAR RAY ROBINSON IS UNCLE SAM'S ACE..!
JEO

• 45 • MINUTES OF 1927

By JOHNNY SALAK



One of the most dramatic scenes in ring history, as Gene Tunney climbs from the canvas following the long count knockdown. Referee Dave Barry is still tolling off the seconds and Jack Dempsey readies himself to tear in.

IT was a quarter of a century ago, as time goes with fleeting wings—across countless little and big wars, marking destruction and progress, seeking out people and flinging them aside, letting the vast majority move on through the years in doleful existence—that the world seemed to stand still for some forty five minutes.

The time was September 22, 1927, in a maddened, carnival-like atmosphere with a city and a world gone wild—the thought of all people, those interested and uninterested, for or against the performance, on two gleaming athletes as they battled for ten rounds in what is possibly the greatest heavyweight boxing match of all time. From point of interest, attendance, receipts, and caliber of the two contestants, none can rival that evening at huge Soldiers' Field in Chicago, where a throng of some 150,000 persons looked on as Jack Dempsey tried valiantly to regain the world heavyweight championship from Gene Tunney.

They were crazy times—those post-war years and this Roman holiday with it's wild gaiety, frivolity and fast-spending was the signal of the end of the glamorous era, not only for boxing, but for a nation and a world gone mad—one dying effort, fast spending itself to an inglorious end, a tragic, death-strangling end which reaped a harvest of ruin and depression and an inevitable world war, far more deadly than the first.

Perhaps today more people watch and listen to fights, and more money is bet on the outcome, and, overall, a greater amount yearly goes into the game, but these figures are frauds, brought on by mechanical perfection and monetary imperfection. Television and inflation, in part, have helped in bringing on this false illusion.

The peak was that night of September 22, 1927. No night in boxing history ever approached it—it is doubtful any ever will.

THROUGH the years that followed that fateful one, boxing went the way of all else and it seemed strange, especially in the early Thirties, to look back at more than one hundred thousand people paying two and a half million dollars and more to see a sporting event. Many of those who sat at ringside, in the forty dollar seats, that night—financiers, politicians, gamblers, kings and queens of the movie industry—were swept in the debris, broken, forgotten, penniless, crushed.

And stretching back seven hundred feet, by actual measurement, and some 400 rows to the last aisle of elevated wooden seats in the Field, were people who went their way, lost for the most part to a world except their own.

The year before Dempsey and Tunney had fought in the rain at Susquecentennial Stadium in Philadelphia and the receipts of that fight came close to the two million dollar mark. Dempsey had been the champion, the idol who had ruled supreme since the blasting of the giant Jess Willard in 1919. Tunney was the intruder to the roost ruled by the Manassa Mauler.

At the end of the scheduled ten rounds, with the rain pelting down, Dempsey was all but out on his feet, his face puffed and cut and his eyes nearly closed.

He had lost the coveted title and a stunned crowd saw the referee, Pop Reilly, raise Tunney's hand in token of victory signalling the fall of one champion and the rise of another.

THE excitement that accompanied that bout was a mere gust of wind compared to the tornadic intensity present at Soldiers' Field in Chicago on September 22, 1927, when the great stadium was filled with close to 150,000 persons who paid $2,658,660 to watch the titanic struggle.

Railroads set a record for the number of fight specials, both from distant points and from points in the Middle West, which streamed into Chicago. And the first air fight tour in history was made from Curtiss Field, in New York, to the Windy City, with a dozen venturesome souls, making the round trip, with stops made in Cleveland both ways, for lunch. William B. Leeds, Jr., the youthful sportsman and tin plate heir, and the Princess Xenia of Greece, were among those on that historic flight.

With these crowds converging on Chicago, by train, boat, plane, auto and on foot, hotel space in the Loop was at a premium and any person who wandered into town without a reservation went in hopeless circles looking for quarters.

Ironically, speculators lost heavily on tickets. During an event of this sort they usually have a field day. But bogus ducats were everywhere and the fans were careful where they placed their money. Captain Thomas Callaghan, head of the Federal secret service in Chicago, declared that 10,000 counterfeit tickets were sent from New York to Chicago and had been flooding the market for a couple of days before the fight.

As the afternoon wore on the crowds swarmed to the Field. At 5 P.M. the gates were opened and a regiment of police, some 2,800 of them, and another of ushers, some of them national guardsmen, fed the vast streams of people through the fifty gates of the arena, quickly flooding the countless rows of seats around the ring and stretching to the uppermost regions of the vast stadium.

The big bettors were all in Chicago but it was estimated that $3,000,000 was bet on the outcome of the fight in New York alone. From the Aqueduct race track to Wall Street and along Broadway the little bettors were out in abundance, anxious to get down their $50, $100 and $200 wagers.

The La Salle Street commission houses in Chicago reported that Tunney ruled a strong favorite but by the morning of the fight the odds went to even money. A tip was circulated in the financial district that Dempsey would win by a knockout in the eight round and many fans plunged in desperation on the inviting odds of 15 to 1.

Nick the Greek, noted gambler, was said to have wagered $50,000 on Tunney to win at even money. Billy Gibson, Tunney's manager, was reported to have bet $200,000, giving odds, on his man to win.

AND looking around ringside one saw an assemblage of notables as has never come together before or since. The Governors of nine states and the Mayors of nine cities were in evidence. Men like Charles M. Schwab, Bernard Baruch, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, George M. Cohan, David Belasco, John Barrymore were there to see and be seen.

Champions and near champions of the boxing world were there in droves. Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Jack Johnson, Benny Leonard, Johnny Kilbane, Battling Nelson, Jack Sharkey, Willie Ritchie, Johnny Coulon, Packey McFarland,

Tom Sharkey, Johnny Dundee, Paulino Uzcudun—what a galaxy of ringmen!

Look over the crowd—famous faces dazzle you with the splendor of their importance—there's the Jazz singer, Al Jolson—and Fanny Brice, Will Rogers, Irving Berlin. Col. Matt Winn, of Churchill Downs, is there with James W. Cofforth, who promoted some great fights in his day and is now head of the Tia Juana race track.

Norma Talmadge, don't miss her—and Rod LaRocque. And nearby tycoons of the newspaper industry, Col. R. R. McCormick and William Randolph Hearst. Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the fabulous New York Yankees and their Murderer's Row, is there, smiling happily, and so is Bill Wrigley. Over on the other side of the ring we can see Flo Ziegfeld, Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, and the king of cowboys, Tom Mix.

What an array of notables, stretching row after row, senators and actresses, millionaires and pugilists, sitting side by side—everybody who is anybody at the fights, and a hundred thousand more beside.

Jack Dempsey's chauffeur, Dewey, confides, as he nervously waits for the fight, that he bet all his cash and the boss' automobile to boot, on the former champ to win. He'd better win because Dempsey doesn't know about the last part of that wager!

IN New York, at the 71st Regiment Armory, two fighters, Berny Hufnagle and Eddie Ross, are readying to give their own brand of fight-television to 1,000 spectators. As the fight progresses they will give a round by round realistic reproduction of the affair. The details of the bout will come over a wire from Chicago to the ringside at the armory. At that point a telegraph operator is to make copies of the round-by-round account. One will be passed to the referee and the others to the seconds of each of the contestants. The seconds will read and explain the details to the boxers between rounds and then the men will go out and reenact each round.

At Madison Square Garden, the radio world's fair is being held and a huge amplifying system has been set up so that the report of the fight can be heard in every corner of the immense auditorium.

And in London—it is early morning there—crowds are gathering around every ticker in Fleet Street, awaiting the reports of the fight. The American Legionnaires in Paris have gone all out in backing their Marine buddy and have started celebrating even before the fight.

The same is true—everyone waits expectantly—in Shanghaii, Tokyo, Rome, Winnipeg, Cape Town, San Juan, Lima, Guayaquil, Melbourne, even aboard the S. S. Berengaria at sea—and a thousand other places. The world seems to be standing still, waiting for the result of a boxing match.

Back in Chicago, at ringside, Graham McNamee, is getting ready to describe this great battle over the air. The blow-by-blow account of the fight will go out over sixty-six stations in this country, covering cities in every section, and to many other cities, by short wave transmitter, across Europe, South America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. This will be a record-breaking hookup, greater even than the recorded triumphal return of Charles Lindbergh, several months before, from his trans-Atlantic flight.

AND now the gladiators have entered the ring amidst a deafening roar and soon the fight begins, all eyes and all the world centered on Dempsey and Tunney. During the opening rounds, the tigerish Manassa Mauler is stronger and a little quicker than in the Philadelphia bout, but Tunney, now the champion, is faster—and with it he is calm and confident—absorbing the long range blows that Dempsey levels in, taking them, not weakening, fighting a strategic, winning battle.

As the rounds wear on, Dempsey plods and charges at the elusive Tunney, watching and waiting for the opening which would let him put over the one crushing blow that can return the title to him.

In the seventh round his opportunity comes. The marvelous ring strategist, Tunney, makes a mistake and Dempsey is within range of him as Gene lets himself get backed against the ropes. Dempsey musters all his ebbing strength and drives at the champion with a series of blows. Tunney is down as the crowd roars!

Victory seems to be Dempsey's as he eagerly, so familiarly, hovers over his fallen foe, preparing to put in the crusher if Tunney should arise. Referee Dave Barry is counting but suddenly halts and motions to the restless Dempsey. He orders the Manassa Mauler to a neutral corner. Dempsey stares, refuses and then reluctantly and bewildered, retreats, angrily eyeing Tunney, dazed on the ring floor, and Barry.

These are the dramatic moments of what is to become the legendary long-count, heatedly discussed for a quarter of a century and for as long as boxing exists.

Barry takes up his count again, starting at "One." The exact additional respite that Tunney had is unknown, varying from the official timekeeper's four seconds to ringside reporters' seven. Regardless of the time, it is important that Tunney was aided by the clock, and more important that it was Dempsey's own fault that allowed the champion these fleeting, though precious, seconds.

Tunney took his rightful advantage of this extra time and arose at "Nine." Dempsey lost whatever chance he had to regain the crown then and there. Through the remainder of the seventh round, and through a good portion of the eighth, Tunney was constantly on the retreat, moving back at all times, desperate but strategic steps that gave him time to clear the last remaining cobwebs from his head and sap the last remaining strength from Dempsey's legs and anxiously flailing arms.

Toward the end of the eighth round Tunney staggered and dropped Dempsey to one knee, and in the remaining two rounds he fought at long range to easily win the decision and keep the title.

This was the end of the great spectacle, the greatest that boxing has ever produced.

We have no Dempsey or Tunney today, though we may have more men who call themselves fighters. We have no wild, fanatical crowds as that one, though we have more people watching the fights.

Times change and with it comes good and bad. Perhaps there are better days ahead for boxing but there can never be another night like the one at Soldiers' Field in 1927.

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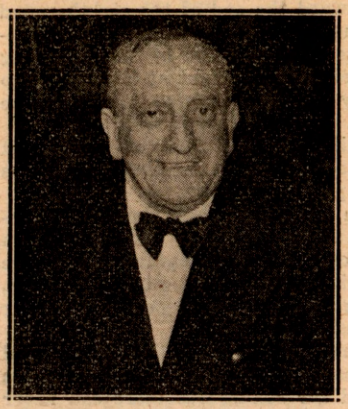


Nat FLEISCHER Says:

Moore deserves light heavy title shot

British aroused by High Boxing Taxes

Pep's K.O. opens field for new talent

RECENT fights in New York and London in which the middleweight champion was pitted against the light heavyweight king did no good for boxing.

In America, the world champion in each division took part in a title contest in which the lightheavyweight crown was at stake.

In England, the British middleweight champion faced the Empire cruiseweight title holder.

Ray Robinson failed to relieve Joey Maxim of the world light heavyweight championship, but Randy Turpin knocked out Don Cockell for the British Empire light heavy crown.

What benefit to boxing were these matches? Frankly, none. Robinson and Maxim ignored the challenge of worthy men in their own division.

In England, Jack Solomons put out of the field his best light heavyweight after which it became necessary, because of the law on dual championships, for Turpin to give up the title which he had won from Cockell, or his old middleweight laurels.

Even in the days of Joe Gans, Joe Walcott and Bob Fitzsimmons such matches were looked upon with disfavor. In 1904 Gans fought a draw of 20 rounds with Walcott, holder of the welterweight title at a time when Joe was holder of the lightweight championship.

Though Gans went the limit against one of the hardest hitters of all time, he received so much punishment that he was never the same, effective master. He fought a number of tough battles thereafter with Mike Twin Sullivan, with whom he drew, and then knocked out in fifteen rounds; Willie and Harry Lewis, Jack Blackburn, Spike Robson and Rudy Ulholz. Then Gans was stopped twice by Battling Nelson in seventeen rounds and in 21 rounds.

"The punishment I got from Walcott was greater than I suffered in 42 rounds with Nelson at Goldfield," Gans declared.

ROBINSON was not hurt by Maxim, who threw very few punches. It was Sugar Ray who did whatever damage was inflicted in that fight. Yet the fact remains that the bout did little for him other than to enable him to gain a good sized purse.

In fact, that's all he went after. He declared repeatedly in camp that if he won the title he would vacate it and retain the middleweight crown because the top talent in the higher division was too stiff, and the big dough was in a fight with Randolph Turpin.

Even if Ray had won, he would not have been able to carry out his plans since the New York Commission and the National Boxing Association had ruled that if successful, Ray automatically would be shorn of his middleweight championship.

In the meantime, Archie Moore, who for seven years, with only now and then a slight change, has been top light heavyweight contender in The Ring Ratings, has been shunted to the sidelines because "he is not a good drawing card."

This cry has disgruntled American fight fans who look for sportsmanship and fair play in boxing as in other fields of althletic competition.

The commissions, including that of New York, must see that justice is done. Naming Moore the outstanding challenger, but doing nothing to see that he gets the chance he deserves, puts all boxing brass on the spot.

Of what use are laws that are not enforced? What is the meaning of an edict issued by the N.B.A. and New York Commission, that Maxim must defend his title against the leading challengers, only to have that order flaunted in their faces?

Moore deserves a chance at the title, Mr. Christenberry. It's up to you and the N.B.A. to get together and see that he gets it.

THE knockout of Willie Pep by Tommy Collins in Boston in the sixth round of a ten round contest, came as a shock to the followers of the great little fighter from Hartford, Connecticut who for many years was rated one of the stars of pugilism. They came no better than Willie, who when in his prime, was a second Ray Robinson in general all-around ability. But he proved in his fights with Saddler that long ring service had brought about a considerable loss of effectiveness and the Collins bout added strength to that conclusion.

Never before in his 170 contests except in his Saddler fights did Pep take the punishment he received from Collins who is the only fighter other than Saddler, who has stopped Pep. Saddler did it three times but not so conclusively as did the Boston lad.

For Collins it was a giant step toward the title. He will now meet Glen Flanagan, the winner of the Gene Smith-Flanagan bout to decide American's entry for the "interim championship", a title voted by the N.B.A., New York Commission and the European Boxing Federation to enable featherweight activity to continue on a large scale while Saddler, the world title holder, is a member of the United States Army. The American victor will clash with Ray Famechon, Europe's entry who recently won from Roy Ankarah. That will be the final bout in the international tourney. When Saddler is discharged, if he still can make the weight, he will face the victor of the tournament in a world featherweight championship contest.

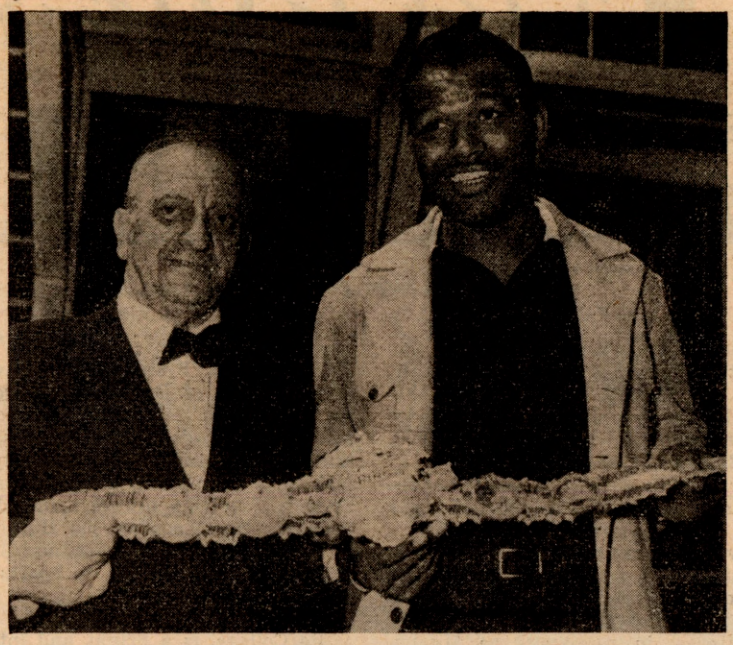
As for Collins, if he can continue to handle opponents as he did Saddler and then Pep, the two greatest feathers in the world, he'll emerge with the "interim" crown. He's a terrific puncher. The 23 year old Medford youngster who served a term of at least 100 rounds as Pep's sparmate, is a savage fighter who tears into an opponent. Pep admitted after the fight that his conqueror hit him harder than Saddler did in any of their four battles.

ENGLAND will see little in international competition, especially in boxing, now that the British Government has rejected the "cut sports tax" plea. A last minute demand by Labour that the proposal to raise entertainments duty on games and sports be dropped, made in the House of Commons a few weeks ago during the closing stage of the Finance Bill, was defeated by a vote of 266 to 244, a majority of 22, thus killing whatever chances Jack Solomons had of getting Sugar Ray Robinson or Joey Maxim to fight for him in London. The Chancellor was told by members of both the Labour and Tory party that his decision would put an end to small time sports events and would be the means of eliminating the small boxing clubs which are necessary to produce the talent for the major events, but Mr. Butler declared there would be no slash in the new tax which goes into effect on August 31.

Thus the taxes on fight will run into 33 percent, almost half of what is taken in at the gate and no promoter can afford to take any chances with such a huge cut off the top.

Mr. Noel-Baker, a Labourite from Derby said that the official figures of the British Boxing Board of Control last year, with the tax as it now is, showed that out of 737 promotions, 184, or a total of close to 25 percent failed to pay their way. The promoters of these clubs now feel satisfied that the new tax will cause them to close shop because they cannot pass the burden on to their patrons. He said that the smaller club, the nursery of boxing, will undoubtedly collapse under the heavy burden.

That statement, however, did not cause the Chancellor to alter his mind. "The tax must stand," he said and so it will be.



Nat Fleischer, Ring Editor (left), poses with Sugar Ray Robinson to whom he awarded the middleweight championship belt which Ray won when he stopped Randy Turpin. It was the 154th such award made by "The Ring" and was presented to Ray at his Pompton Lakes training camp.

Solomons, who in the past has gained world-wide recognition as the best promotor since Mike Jacobs' retirement, has staged many important international contests in the past four years, affairs that drew capacity crowds. Many of these cards grossed a quarter of a million dollars or more and American fighters have benefited through his promotion to the extent of upwards of a million and half. He's in a fighting mood now and won't give up the ship without a stiff battle, even though the Government, in this case, is his opponent.

Jack has a contract for a Maxim-Turpin fight for the light heavy-weight champion, which if it can be staged this summer, outdoor, possibly in September, would bring in the biggest gate ever amassed in British promotion. He hopes to induce the government to permit him to stage this bout on behalf of a worthy charity in which case the heavy tax would be lifted and he could then afford to pay Maxim the stiff guarantee he demands for such a contest. It has been done that way before and Solomons may be able to obtain the government's consent for such a procedure. Unless he can, there will be no American invaders in England among the top fighters. Solomons will be able to import ordinary talent but the international flavor will be gone with the tax.

It's a sad state of affairs considering the time, energy and arduous labor required over a period of years by Solomons to place British Boxing on its present high standard.

NEW YORK now has two boxing Managers' Guilds, each seeking a firm grip on the sport in the world's center of boxing. Instead of harmony the setup has brought about a condition that won't do fighters or managers any good.

Those who have remained loyal to the old New York Guild have been threatened with idleness unless they join the International Managers' Guild, which operates out of Chicago with Jack Kearns and Charley Johnston, former New York president, as the guiding figures.

Managers of prominence have reported that they've been informed that unless they quit the New York body and join the rival organization, their fighters will not obtain bookings in any state that has an International Guild affilation. Others have reported that the members of the International body have ordered them to turn over to the new organization a portion of the money received from television, and that unless this is done, "grave consequences will result."

The entire affair reeks. Nothing good will come from it. I won't be surprised to see the New York District Attorney, the F.B.I. and the United States Department of Justice take a hand in the situation.

Robert Christenberry, chairman of the New York Commission, is making a close study of the Guilds. If he finds that duress is being used to force New York managers to join the International hook-up, or threats have been made to prevent managers from plying their trade, he'll present the case to the District Attorney of New York for Grand Jury action.

"BOXING is suffering from a serious lack of talent. If those close to the sport continue to sit with folded arms, there is small likelihood that this condition would improve," said Fred Saddy, Secretary of the Wisconsin Commission in an interview with the writer.

Fred, a well informed boxing critic, thinks that although television has created more public interest in boxing than the sport has ever known before, it could be the instrument that destroys it.

He pointed out that in the last few years scores of small boxing clubs have gone out of business in the U. S. because their shows could not compete with the big boxing matches offered to television audiences.

Those small clubs, he declared were breeding spots for new boxing talent, but that beginners today now have no place to work at their trade.

Continuing, the Wisconsin Boxing executive, said that big bonuses paid to promising young baseball and football stars and fat contracts offered by pro basketball teams have led many sturdy youths into those sports and encouraged other youngsters to aspire for such opportunities but that boxing is being overlooked by more and more youths.

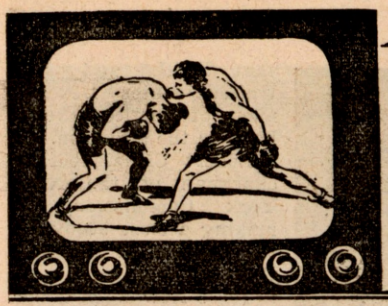
As an executive member of the National Boxing Association, Saddy believes that the organization should probe into the problem of bringing boxing back to the status in which it belongs. He proposes that the opening day of the annual convention in Montreal next September be an open house at which reputable boxers, promoters, managers, and trainers should be alloted one full day to contribute their suggestions for improving the sport. Fred is of the opinion that they depend upon the sport for their livelihood, since they must be vitally interested and would submit honest recommendations, worthy of consideration.

"Americans are always willing to accept constructive criticism," he continues. "If those who are interested in boxing and those who participate are willing to submit suggestions and criticisms, the National Boxing Association, I am sure, is big enough to accept them."

Well said, Fred. The points brought out are worthy of consideration.

WITH the Marciano-Matthews fight over, things are beginning to hum around New York where fight managers and promoters are busy talking shop for the fall and winter season. The International Boxing Club will have one more outdoor show, another world championship fight in which the winner of the July 28th bout will be pitted against Jersey Joe Walcott in a world heavyweight championship contest.

Walcott and his manager, Felix Bocchicchio are holding out for a good pay day and an assurance from the New York Commission that Felix will be granted a seconds' license so that he can handle Jersey Joe's corner.



TELEVISION and BOXING

By JOHNNY SALAK

THE largest theater television network in history was lined up for the light heavyweight championship fight between Joey Maxim and Ray Robinson when 39 theatres in 25 cities brought the presentation to a video audience of 125,000 persons who paid a gross of $225,000. Most prices ranged from $2.40 to $3.60.

New installations were rushed to completion and telephone facilities were made available at the last moment in order for some theaters to pick up the fight. Theater Network Television had exclusive video coverage of the bout.

Magnitude of the Theater-TV coverage of this fight is seen in the comparison of last year's Louis-Savold bout which was carried to only nine theaters. Some twenty other theaters expressed an interest in receiving the Maxim-Robinson bout but were unable to be linked to the TNT setup due to the unavailability of telephone facilities.

Though the number of theaters and patrons and the amount paid to the IBC for the rights fell short of what was expected this was not due to lack of interest in the fight but rather the complicated installations that are necessary. Once these are installed the theater can easily handle such an event in the future.

For the Maxim-Robinson fight, theater-TV reached out as far west as Omaha and Minneapolis.

CHUCK DAVEY, the undefeated Michigan State College graduate who is listed high among the world's leading welterweights, also rates top billing in another field.

Davey has a weekly radio sports program over Station WILS (Lansing, Mich.) and his listening audience grows larger with each broadcast. The program is informal with Chuck discussing current fights and fight news as well as answering questions concerning his own brilliant fighting career. The fifteen minute program, which started in April, is conducted on an interview basis, with Sports Director Dave Froh as Davey's working partner. Davey has proved amazingly glib, demonstrating more each program a growing ability to express himself well.

We've had managers handle the broadcast of bouts in which their own charges were the participants. Perhaps now Davey can figure out a way to carry a mike into the ring with him and do a blow-by-blow account of one of his fights. It shouldn't be too difficult for him. To date he has needed only one hand to defeat most of his opponents.

Another important phase of Chuck's program, which has great interest in central Michigan and has an excellent Hooper rating, is directly concerned with Davey's fights. Froh does the blow-by-blow radio accounts of any fights of Davey's that are not telecast. At all of his fights Froh sets up a tape recorder in Davey's dressing room and records a 30-minute broadcast of post-fight, on-the-spot commentary. Chuck analyzes his own fight in the last 10 to 15 minutes of this broadcast. Guests that have appeared on this program include Chuck's handlers—his manager Hec Knowles, his trainer Izzy Klein, Tom King of the IBC and Chicago Stadium, Tony Zale and many other boxing figures, as well as sports writers from the cities where Chuck fights.

Chuck, who received his masters degree at Michigan State College, is a bright and intelligent individual and a credit to the fight game. He intends eventually to settle permanently in Lansing and feels that these broadcasts will do him good in any future business effort he may undertake.

THE Road to Helsinki was partially paved on the recent Olympic Telethon, presented jointly over the CBS and NBC networks, featuring those two kings of the highways, Bing Crosby, making his television debut, and that famous fighter, Bob Hope, better known as Packy East.

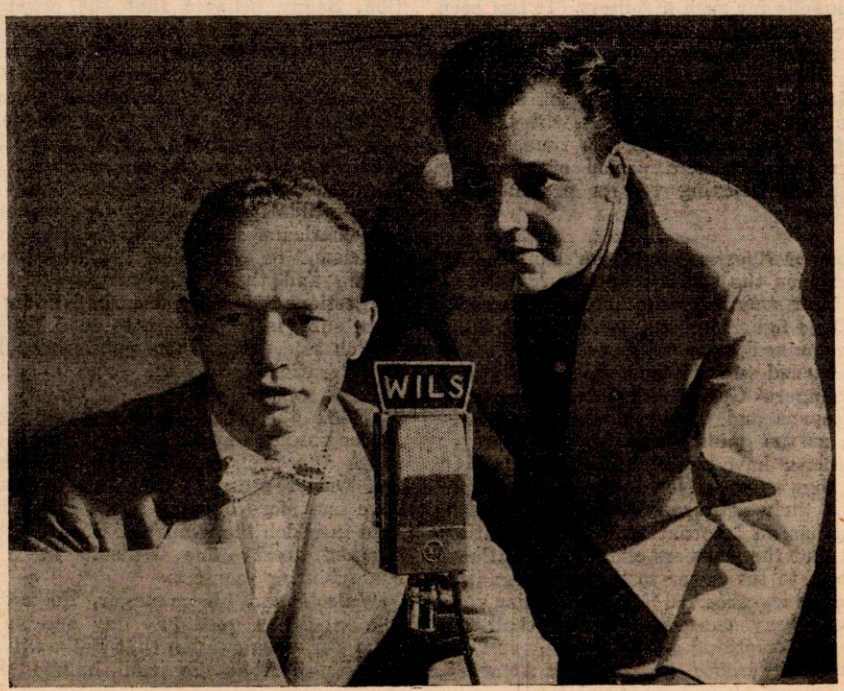
Over one million dollars was pledged during the telethon which lasted fourteen and a half hours. More than one thousand persons aided in the presentation, all working gratis. Included in what has been hailed as the greatest array of talent ever presented on a single TV program, were some 250 performers, 200 musicians, 425 telephone operators, 60 engineers, and a variety of messengers, auditors and secretaries.

The telethon, the first to be presented in the main from the West Coast, and also first to be carried on two networks, was produced by Ed Sobol and Albert Capstaff.

Avery Brundage, head of the Olympic Association, pulled off one of the best gags of the show, surpassing many of the fine comedians who made appearances, when in the closing portion of the telethon he said:

"We've been working on this fund-raising business for a year, and now these two men come along and in less than a day can raise more than twice as much money as all our year-long efforts combined. I guess we must just be amateurs after all."

Unfortunately, all the money that was pledged was not received. Publicity-seeking morons tried to ruin the honest



Chuck Davey (left), rated welterweight, has a sports program over WILS (Lansing, Mich.) which he handles with Sports Director Dave Froh.

efforts of many fine persons.

All in all it was a tremendous affair and we of the sports world give thanks to Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour and all the other wonderful people who not only brought some grand entertainment to millions of viewers but helped pave the Road to Helsinki.

A portion of the program came from a New York studio, with Ben Grauer presiding. Among the host of champions from the sports world who were presented were four great boxing kings, Jack Dempsey, Jersey Joe Walcott, Barney Ross and Joe Louis.

HARRY MARKSON, managing director of the International Boxing Club, which promoted the Joey Maxim-Ray Robinson title affair, received an interesting letter recently relative to the bout and the manner in which it was handled.

It seems a Buffalo boxing "fan" was highly indignant because he would have had to pay $2.85 to see the bout in a theater and was "cheated" out of getting it free on his home TV set.

Well, the cheapest seat at the Yankee Stadium the night of the fight was three dollars and many real fans came out to see this event and pay the price, though they were sitting in a sweltering heat far from the scene of action.

We, frankly, believe that wherever possible boxing shows which are staged and which will go out over TV should go to the home viewer. However, whenever a championship match or outstanding attraction is held the fighters and the promoters should have the protection of a big gate and whatever other money can be raised by the sale of TV and motion picture rights. In this case the bout was offered to a sponsor who would have sent it out to home viewers but his bid fell far short of what the Theater-TV and movie rights would bring. No fault can be found with the promoter or the principals for wanting to get the most of an opportunity that comes very few times in one's career.

Chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, Robert K. Christenberry (left) being interviewed by Ted Husing following the fights from Eastern Parkway Arena (DuMont Network and WABD, New York).

In any other business a man would be ridiculed for giving away his best product to the lowest bidder.

Here is a fan who for less than the price a ticket to the fight would have cost could have had a ringside seat to a championship event in an air-cooled theater. And he's complaining!

Television has spawned something new in the armchair variety of fan-expert. Luckily, the person in Buffalo is in the minority. From the many letters received by this department we are confident that the majority of those who cannot get to an arena from out of town realize the promoters' problems and are willing to pay for the fights they see on TV.

Some form of subscription television is a necessity to the boxing industry.

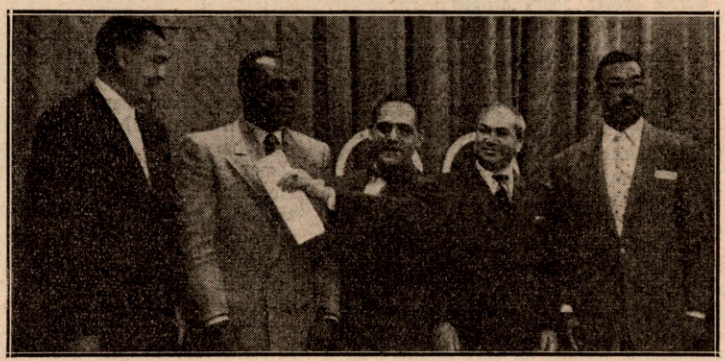
THE Eastern Parkway Arena, which telecasts it's boxing matches over the DuMont Network and WABD (New York) has come to be known as the House of Upsets with all but one of their shows registering a surprise ending.

An interesting feature of this TV set-up, aside from the top-notch fights it is bringing to viewers, is the post-bout interview program which is handled by Ted Husing. New York's chairman of the boxing commission, Robert K. Christenberry, has made several appearances on this program and has journeyed out to the Arena on every opportunity that his valuable time allows. It is evident that he strongly supports the efforts of the Eastern Parkway Arena in bringing another regularly scheduled first-class boxing match into New York City each week.

CHANNEL HOPPING . . . Chicago has now been added to the list of cities which are picking up the fights from the Eastern Parkway Arena over the DuMont network on Monday nights.

The heavyweight championship fight between Jersey Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles in June, telecast over the NBC network, attained a Trendex rating of 58.6. This represents the highest rating for any single shot program by the service. The research company estimated that some 37,000,000 persons saw the bout.

Robert Blake, director of publicity for WOR and WOR-TV, resigned on the eve of the consolidation of WOR's publicity department with that of the Mutual network. Blake would have reported to Frank Zuzulo, newly appointed publicity director for MBS.



Champions of the Olympic Telethon. Left to right: Jack Dempsey, Jersey Joe Walcott, Ben Grauer, Barney Ross and Joe Louis.

Blake is widely known in the area served by WOR, having done an outstanding job of publicity and promotion for the station. His work in the promotion campaign incident to WOR-TV's exclusive telecasting contract with the Brooklyn Dodgers and the 25th anniversary observance of WOR as a radio station were first class jobs.

Radio broadcasts of the Maxim-Robinson fight reached this country in an unusual manner. The bout was broadcast to Canada and Latin American countries with the permission of the promoters and some fans unexpectedly found themselves picking up a clear account of the fight on their radios in the States.

Due to the postponement of forty eight hours of the Maxim-Robinson fight this championship event conflicted with the IBC presentation from Detroit, shown on a national TV hookup, where Chuck Davey kayoed Chico Vejar in five rounds. The Detroit show attendance and receipts were not effected by this bout and the gross was over $40,000.

One of the most important fights of the year, the Gil Turner-Kid Gavilan welterweight title scrap at Philadelphia, was neither televised nor broadcast. The bout grossed close to $300,000. Promoter Herman Taylor, remembering an ill-fated lightweight title match which he allowed to have televised several years ago and lost heavily on, wisely shunned the video offers on this one.

The National Republican Convention played havoc with the TV boxing scene during the second week in July when the Eastern Parkway Arena's Monday night show and the Pabst

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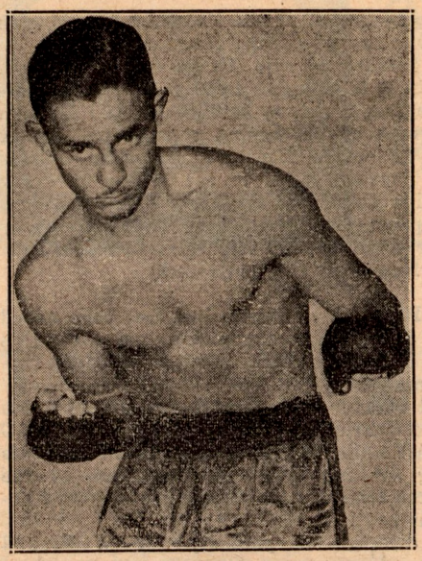
In The Fistic Spotlight



Gerald Dreyer, South African welterweight, campaigning in the U. S.

NEW JERSEY has produced some outstanding lightweights in recent years, among them Allie Stolz, Freddie Archer and Ike Williams. Gene Takach, 19-year old curly-haired blond from the White Horse section of Trenton appears to be on the verge of joining that illustrious trio.

In 1950 he won the New Jersey A. A. U. Featherweight title, and in a short simon pure career won 7 of his 8 fights. Later that year he turned pro and won his first seven fights, five by knockouts, before he was stopped on a cut eye by Charlie Slaughter. Gene then bounced back with a one round kayo of Lem Harvey on the LaMotta-Murphy card at Yankee Stadium.

After seven more wins he lost a split decision to Sammy Anderson and in his next start easily outpointed Anderson. He then stopped Ernie Rivers and took decisions from Gianni Uboldi and Filberto Osario before meeting Johnny Kamber for the State lightweight title.

It was his first start over the ten round route as he scored an upset with some stiff punching and classy boxing against a seasoned veteran.

Takach then dropped a nod to Joey White but has come back with victories over Danny Richardson, Leroy Tate and Sal DiGuardia

Manager Tony Ross is wisely bringing him along slowly. He has a good little fighter in Gene Takach.

The brilliant success of world bantam champion Vic Toweel has attracted international attention to South African boxers, and two of the Union's outstanding representatives, middleweight Doug Miller and welterweight Gerald Dreyer, are now campaigning in the United States.

Dreyer has been a busy young man since his arrival in New York several months ago. He has covered the American scene all the way from Boston to Miami and from New York to Los Angeles, boxing mainly in bouts supporting his stablemate, world lightweight champion Jimmy Carter. So far, his ring activities have met with nothing but success, his current streak spanning across ten straight victories in American rings. None of his opponents have been "names", perhaps, and his bouts so far have been preliminaries and semi-finals, but if the young man continues along the winning way, it's only a question of time before he earns main-event billing for himself.

Dreyer, a tall, rangy lad, was the winner of the Olympic lightweight title in London in 1948. Turning professional shortly after his return home, he boasts a record of 35 bouts to date with only one defeat. He won the lightweight championship of South Africa from Jimmy Toweel, elder brother of Vic, in 1950. For a while in 1951 he campaigned in England, and did well for himself. Still growing, Dreyer recently moved up into the welterweight class. While in the United States, he is being looked after by Willie Ketchum.

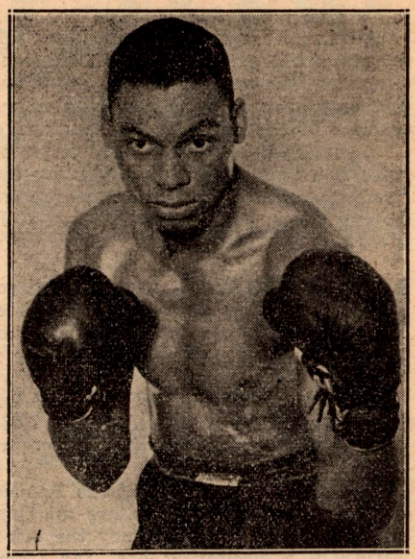
IRISH RICHIE REED recently lost his first pro bout in twenty-one fights but the boy who beat him, Joey Klein, is one of better young welters around today.

Reed, born on March 10, 1933 at White Plains, N. Y., started boxing as an amateur in 1949 and won 37 of his 39 fights. He lost a close decision to Randy Sandy in Madison Square Garden for the 1951 finals of the Open Class welterweight title.

Richie has scored nine kayoes, won eight decisions, drawn in three fights and lost one. One of the draws was with Klein, who defeated him.

He was named a Prospect of the Month by The Ring Magazine in the January 1952 issue and has already made five appearances in the Garden. Richie tosses a lot of punches, and knows how to bang away to the body. Because of this style he has come to be known as The White Plains Windmill.

Reed is managed by Frank and Al Bachman, the only father-and-son combination in the business. Frank handled three world champions in his day, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bob Olin and Lew Jenkins. He is trained by Bill Ebel.



Willie James, New England heavyweight champion.

TELEVISION is responsible for Willie James, Roxbury, Mass., heavyweight who was born in Birmingham, Ala., being a fighter.

A few years back young Willie, working as a beef carrier in the market district, watched a couple of fighters battling away on a TV screen and decided that it was easier to pound away at a load of the stuff than carry it.

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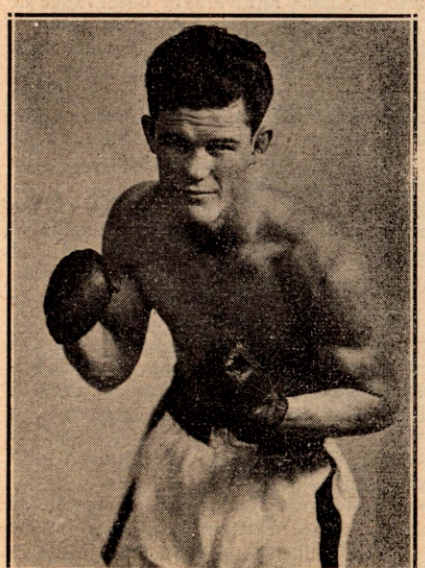
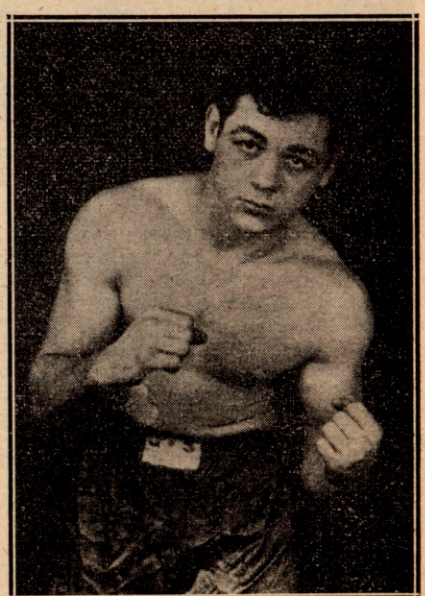
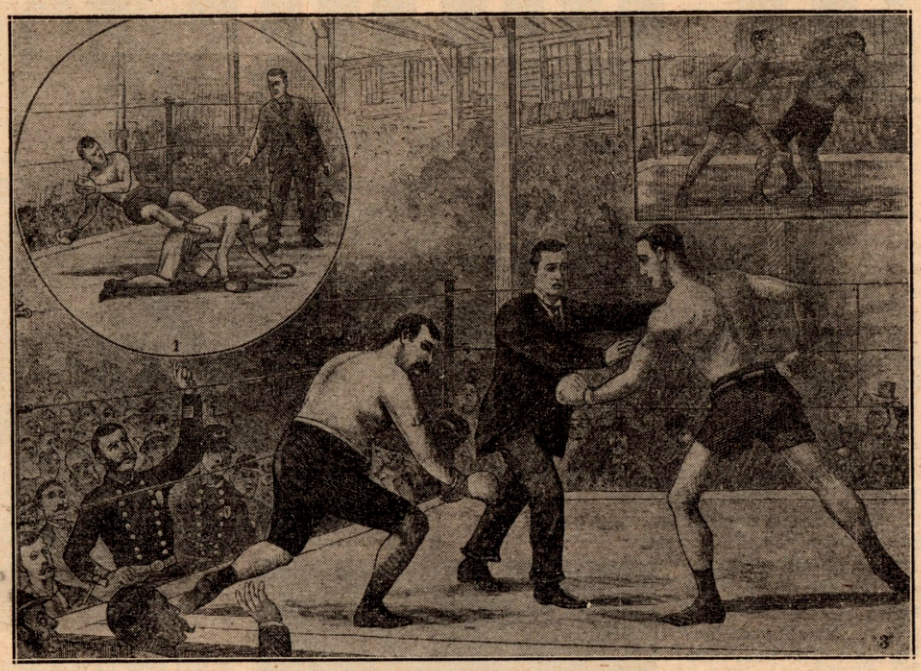


Gene Takach, New Jersey lightweight champion.

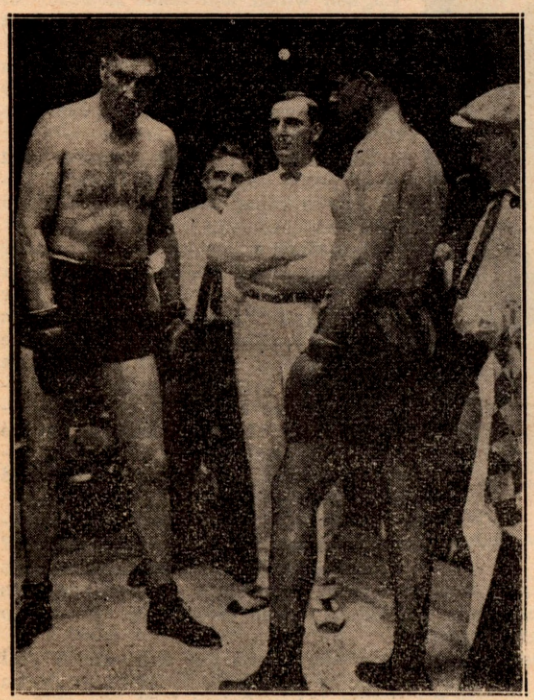


Richie Reed, White Plains, N. Y., welter, who has a windmill style.

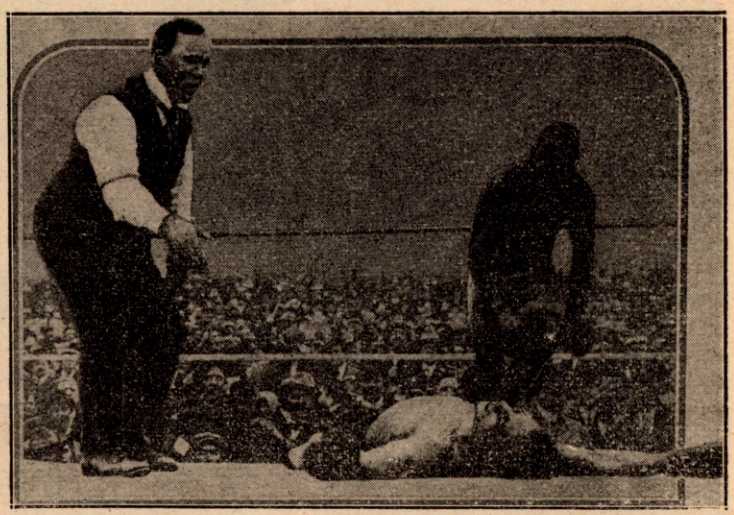
The Old Timers Album



The youth and speed of 21-year-old Steve O'Donnell of Australia (right) were too much for ill-trained, 36-year-old Jake Kilrain, and their battle at Coney Island, N. Y., May 6, 1895, was halted by police in the 21st round, to save the veteran from further punishment. Tim Hurst refereed. (Upper left)—After flooring Jim Holmes during semi-final, George Green, the original Young Corbett, fell over his opponent. Green stopped Holmes in the seventh. (Upper right)—In main event, Kilrain paused to brush his nose, and O'Donnell promptly poked him with a jab.



Former world heavyweight champion, Jess Willard (left), poses with powerful South American, Luis Angel Firpo, before their bout at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 12, 1923. Henry Lewis is referee. Behind Lewis can be seen Willard's chief handler, Scotty Montieth, while at far right, chewing on the inevitable cigar, is Firpo's trainer, Jimmy DeForrest. Firpo was too strong for Willard and stopped him in eight rounds.



The dramatic finish of the Jack Johnson-Stanley Ketchel bout at Colma, Cal., on Oct. 16, 1909. Ketchel, the middleweight champion, spotted height, reach and nearly 50 pounds in weight to the heavyweight titleholder. Early in the 12th round Stanley scored a sensational knockdown when a lusty right to the chin sent his giant rival tumbling to the canvas. Incensed, Johnson sprang up from the floor, rushed at Ketchel, and flattened him with a ponderous right. Jack was unable to check his rush, and he fell over his victim's prostrate form as Referee Jack Welsh started the count.

NEWS of the.. mat WORLD

By NAT LOUBET

THE family with the built in hammers . . . that's the Togos. Kazuo Togo, known to his mat followers as the Great Togo, and brothers Mas and Ko both of whom have recently come over from Japan.

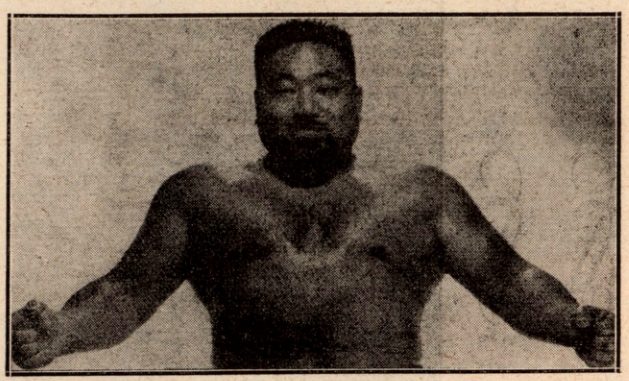
All are adept with their hands . . . The Great One needs no introduction . . . his chop blows have spoken for themselves but brothers Mas and Ko are new attractions in the mat sport.

Ko, who toes in at 215, is a master at Judo and was one of Japan's leading "fast hand" experts. Brother Mas is smaller, weighing in at a mere 190 but he's quite a boy in his own right.

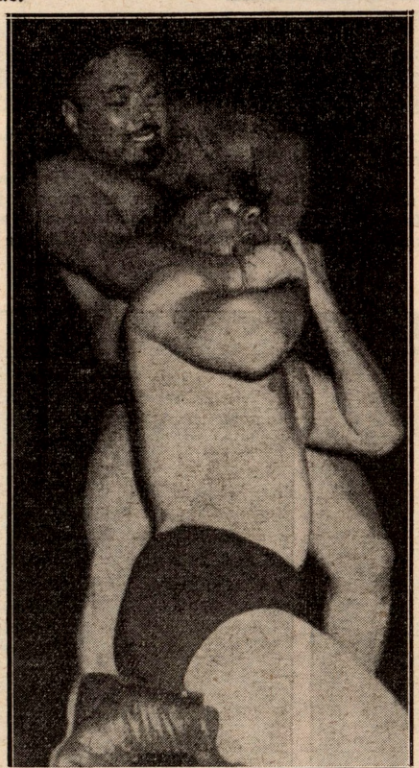
There exists in Japan a singular contact sport known as Karatae at which Mas Togo excells. According to his brother Kazuo, Mas went throught the normal training period of all Nipponese who go out for a life of Karatae.

The training begins at an early period, in Ma's case at the age of 14. First the would-be Karatae expert breaks his hand. Gentle sport! . . . But it gets better as we check further. The next step is to develop callous skin between the first and second knuckles. These fellows should make good handy men around any home . . . or garden. Maybe one should come with every house.

Having developed the hump of distinction between the digits, he is taught the knack of breaking boards, bricks, or anything else lying around that needs adjusting. In the competitive field of Karatae many things get adjusted and broken. In fact there are 14 weak points in the human anatomy—one of which is the collar bone . . . the Karatae makes good use of this information. By breaking a collar bone, the victim loses the use of his arms and without arms his Karatae ability is materially lessened.

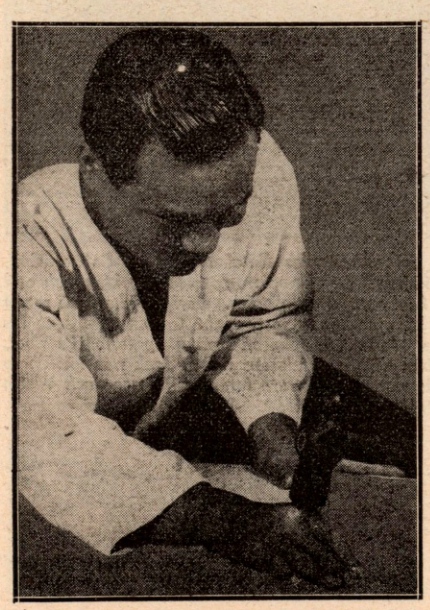


The Great Togo, one of a family of famous Japanese wrestlers, who is known for his chop blows.



(Photo: Bob Utter)

The Great Togo with a choke on Walter Palmer. Needless to say, Togo won the match.



Mas Togo brother of Kazuo new Japanese importation to the U. S., trains by hitting his hands with a hammer.

THE eyes have a habit of popping out of their orbits when the proper spot on the temple is bopped . . . also the lower ribs break easily when one knows how . . . Mas Togo has learned all this and more . . . no wonder no one wants to wrestle with him in the U. S. In addition, he knows only a few words of English which will make it hard for him to understand when an opponent says, "STOP . . . ya hurting ME!".

One of Mas's sitting up exercises is to slug his hands with a sledge hammer or other weighty object in order to strengthen his hands.

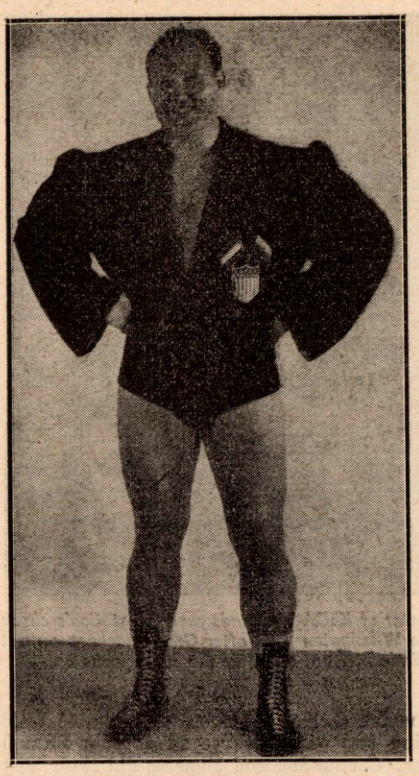
The one man wrecking crew served as a special bodyguard to General McArthur in Japan when the home island was first occupied.

How much training goes into making a Karatae man? In the case of Mas it took 14 years . . . he's now 28. For three years of that time he spent his life at a temple during which time he was allowed no contact with the outside world. Not even his family was permitted to see him. The course is demanding on the mind as well as the body . . . he was never sure at what moment he might meet someone who would make his eyes pop out.

Many fall by the wayside in this exacting sport. To do so means a loss of face and to the Nipponese failure, loss of face and disgrace are all rolled into one package. Mas made the grade and should be an interesting addition to American wrestling.

Brother Kazuo is a pretty tough guy himself. A real meanie. Outside the ring he is entirely different . . . calm and serene with the dignity of true Oriental. The Great Togo is a Horticulturist and reveres the memories of his ancestors and Buddha. I don't know what his memories are of his accomplishments in the ring . . . they must be anything but serene.

HARD BOILED HAGGERTY, whose real name is *Don Stansauk*, hails from Los Angeles, California. After



Hard Boiled Haggerty, whose real name is Don Stansauk, formerly played professional football in the National League.

being honorably discharged from the Navy, he played professional football with the Detroit Lions and Green Bay Packers, both of the National Football League. He recently signed to play football for the 1952 season with the Chicago bears.

As a professional wrestler, this 255 pounds, 6 feet two inches "man of steel" has wrestled such greats as Argentina Rocca, Gene "Mr. America" Stanlee, Buddy Rogers etc. Not only is he a great athlete, but a fine scholar as well, for he has attended Texas Christian University, John Muir College in California, and Denver University, graduating from the latter two. As a college athlete, he excelled in all sports. He is also a member of good standing with the B.P.O.E. Elks of America.

CY LOUTH sends word from Winnipeg, Canada: Jumping Joe Pazandak celebrated his return to Winnipeg wrestling by roughing up Tiny Mills in the tag team match between himself and Dirty Dick Raines vs Mills and Rebel Russell. It was well that Joe was in good form, too, for Rough Richard proved a useless sort of partner after both Mills and Russell had kicked him soundly in the mid section. Who won the third and deciding fall, nobody knows. First it was awarded to Mills and Russell; then a dispute occurred, all concerned entered the ring and a free-for-all resulted. In the end, Referee Wallie Karbo raised the arms of Pazandak and Raines in victory, though nobody knows just why and cares less. It was a good match, and eclipsed the short-lived boxing match between Winnipeg's Billie Pinkus and Jackie Clark of Hartford, Conn. With former heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey officiating as referee, Pinkus kayoed his opponent in 2.20 of the second round of a scheduled six-rounder. Other matches saw Farmer Marlin and George Tolas battle to a draw, and Paul Ballargeon finish off Frank Taylor with a flying full nelson in 14.10. Next to Winnipeg comes Two-Ton Tony Galento. The last match was held in the Amphitheatre rink to accomodate a larger crowd than the civic auditorium could hold.

COLORFUL Jumping Joe (The Crippler) Pazandak, 235, Minneapolis, went mad with power at Alex Turk's recent grunt and groan show at Winnipeg's Amphitheatre rink. The match had been scheduled for Osborne stadium, but storm clouds forced a last minute switch of operations.

His brain inflamed by a series of sleeper holds applied by the cagey Verne Gagne, 221, Robbinsdale, Minn., Joe tossed both his tormenter and Referee Constance Devalis, himself a former wrestler, out of the ring. He did many other weird things and was disqualified for roughness. and unsportsmanship in one of the most hectic shows of the season.

Paul Baillargeon, 230, of Quebec, took on Tiny Mills, 273, of Camrose, Alta., and won on a disqualification.

Enraged at being tossed about the ring by the French strong man in the same manner as a sack of Alberta potatoes, the villianous Tiny turned on the heat, disregarded all orders from the referee, kicked his opponent about the ring, and resorted to such uncouth tactics that Devalis was forced to declare the second disqualification of the evening.

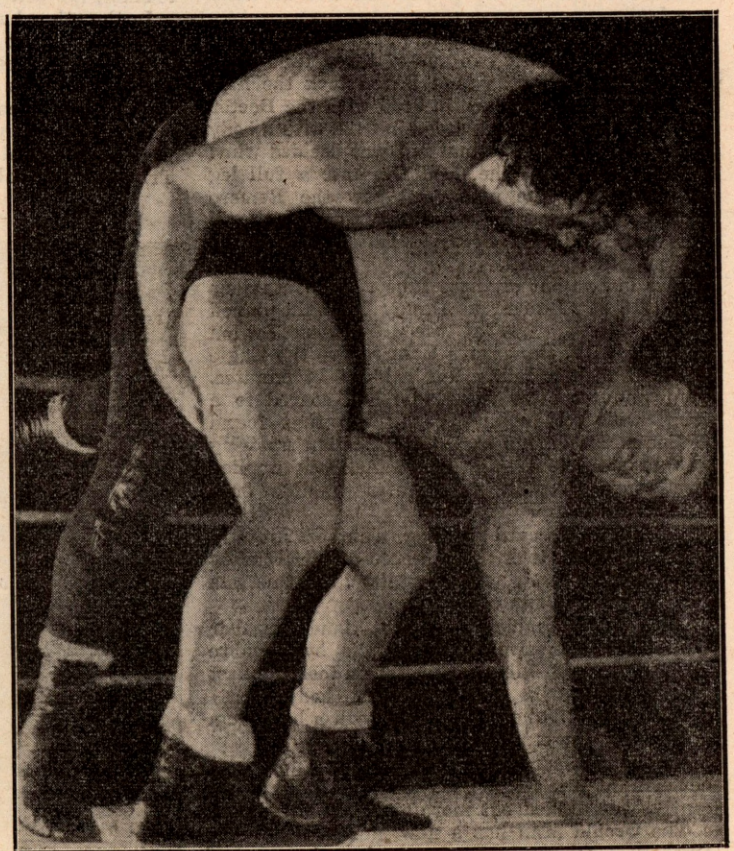
ON and around the mat—We are sorry to report the passing of two fine wrestling personalities. . . . . Terry McGinnis and Alex Kasaboski both entered that special haven for heroes. . . . both were veteran grapplers with over 20 years of ring service. . . . Each ended his days in Los Angeles, Cal., of a heart attack. . . .

Lou Thez in a recent interview stated that he had had enough of Verne Gagne for a long, long time . . . said Thez: "At his weight, Gagne is as great as any wrestler I've ever met." He continued, "Even without his sleeper hold, Gagne is a great grappler . . . and he'll go a long way in the mat game. . . . "

Mike Sharpe popular in Northern California, who was sidelined by injuries sustained in his match with Leo Nomellini, will shortly be back in the roped square. . . . Hombre Montana is well liked by fans in Southern Cal. . . . .

Two-Ton Tony Galento must believe that a boxer can defeat a wrestler . . . . in most of his matches he makes murderous use of his famous left hook, the blow that floored Joe Louis. . . . Recently he stated that he would rather be back fighting. Said Tony: "You can get hurt in this wrestlin'. I don't like to be picked up and dropped." . . . If memory serves correctly after Tony knocked down Louis in their championship bout, the Brown Bomber came back to set rotund Tony on his beam end none too gently. . . .

PAT O'CONNOR, new wresting sensation, met his teacher at Minneapolis and taught the prof a thing or two.



Jumping Joe Pazandak (right) roughs up Tiny Mills at the Winnipeg Amphitheatre in a tag team match.

. . . . Joe Pazandak in the role of teacher to O'Connor when the younster first arrived in the U. S. from New Zealand evidently was too good an instructor . . . . his pupil pinned him in 27 minutes and 51 seconds. . . . . Flushed by his success in U. S. rings, Pat asked for and received a match with the champion, Lou Thez. . . . . The scene was Wrigley Field, Chicago. . . . . 12,825 fans paid $35,218 to see the struggle. . . . . Each grappler gained a fall . . . . the deciding fall was on tap . . . . time passed . . . . one minute and thirty seconds ticked by and then it happened. . . . Thez maneuvered Pat into the right position and let go with his back drop . . . . they both went down with Thez banging his head and being dazed while Pat passed out. . . . . Though dazed Lou managed to roll over on the inert form of O'Connor long enough for the ref to toll the fateful three and Thez was the winner and still champ.

Other results on same card saw Billy Goelz and Carl Engstrom go to a draw in the opener. . . . . Jack Pesek of Ravenna, Neb., took the measure of Fritz Von Schacht, Milwaukee. . . . . Verne Gagne, ex-Minnesota grid great threw Hans Schmidt of Montreal without much ado. Lou Thez has been a busy boy . . . . the NWA heavyweight mat king stopped off at New Orleans long enough to dispose of Gorgeous George in a title match which went 15 minutes. Lou made use of an airplane whirl to plump the glamorous one on his pretty noggin . . . . the fall that was heard around the mat world was George being severely dazed by the force of the drop. He was unable to continue. . . . .

A week and a half later Thez was in Minneapolis and after receiving a beating for some 20 minutes, at the hands of Bronko Nagurski, including a series of body slams Nagurski lost his balance in attempting a finisher and fell, landing on the back of his head and Thez barely managed to roll over on Bronko to win the nod so weak was Lou.

At Los Angeles, California. . . . .

Baron Leone took two out of three falls from Dr. Lee Grable . . . . Mon Baron took the first fall with a neck breaker in 9:56 with the Doctor coming back to win the second in 9:23 with a body press. The third and final fall was decided when Leone maneuvered the good Doc into a full leg Nelson . . . . the undercard saw the Romero brothers Rito and Pablo go to a draw with Ali Bey and Wild Red Barry. Most of the action was supplied by Ali.

Also in two out of three falls . . . . contagious isn't it? . . . . Dangerous Danny McShain pinned Lone Eagle . . . . at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. . . . . Dangerous Danny gave the Eagle the bird with a cannonball hold in 14 minutes. Four minutes later the Eagle had soared to a perch with an Indian Death Grip that found McShain flat on his back. The Indian uprising was brought to a halt when McShain applied his Atomic Drop in six minutes to allow both lads to go home.

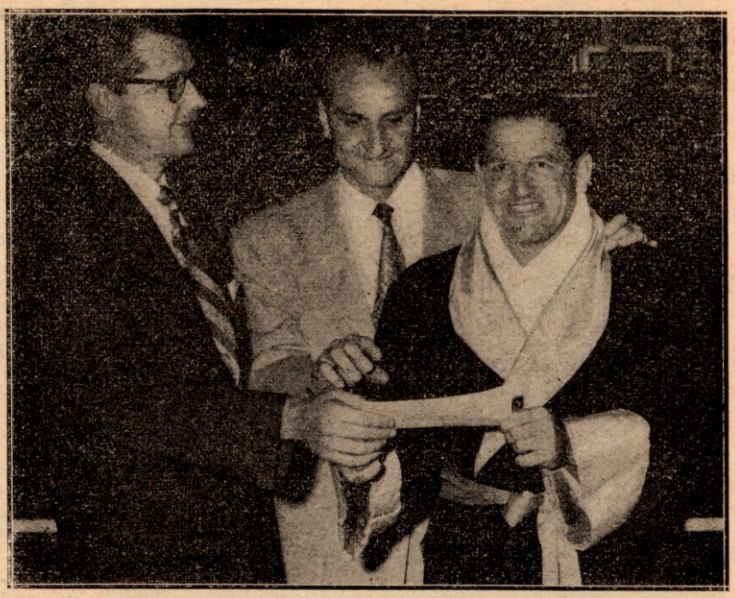
On the same card the tag team of Ali Bey and Red Barry took the measure of Vic Christy and Dave Lenin. . . . As an oddity . . . . this was accomplished in two straight falls.

Also on the Pacific Coast . . . . Sandor Szabor was deflated in two straight falls by Hombre Montana. The 325 lb. flesh mountain took the first fall in 15:40 with a body bounce (body press) and then in 5:28 he ended it all with a bear hug. The agony lingers on. . . .

Gorgeous George, wrestling Mexican Carlos Guzman at the Hollywood Legion Stadium recently, was decked out more gorgeous than ever.

The Orchid Man has a new hairdo, new silks, fresh gold bobby pins and some brand new stuff in the line of grips and leverage.

The supporting feature of the Georgeous George-Carlos Guzman card, which George won, saw the lovable Wild Red Barry and Ali Bey taking two out of three falls from Ramon Cernandez and George Dusette. Cernandez and Dusette did their best to make a good show of it and they did just that.



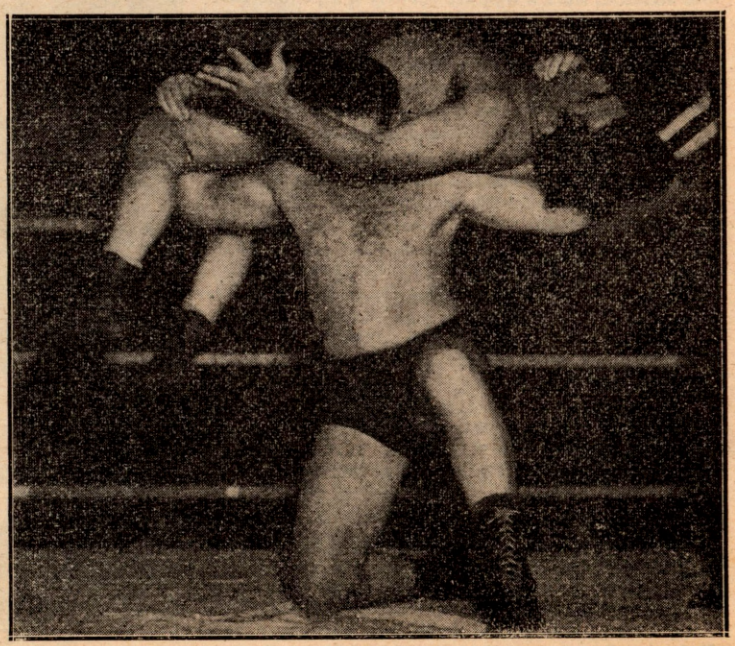
Alvin Flanagan (left) program director of KECA-TV hands over the station's check for $2,300 to Dr. Lee Grable at the Wilmington Bowl after Grable jackpot contest victory over Sandor Szabor. Ernie Steffan, owner of the bowl, looks on.

Hombre Montana choked up a bit when he agreed to pin both of the Smith brothers, Al and John, within 20 minutes or forfeit the purse at the Olympic Auditorium. Montana, a 325-pound Aztec, got passed Al but ran into difficulty when he took on Brother John. The difficulty was the clock. Just as he was putting on the finishing touches, the bell tolled, ending the alloted time limit.

In the other half of the double main, Wild Red Barry and Krippler Karl Davis went to a one-hour draw with Rito and Pablo Romero.

This was the best show of the evening. During the festivities everything that comes close to wrestling and doesn't come close, happened. The Wild Redhead was undoubtedly on his best behavior.

In the preliminaries, Ali Bey pinned Lone Eagle with a cannonball; Frank Jares and Dr. Lee Grable went to a draw and, in the opener, Tripeppi Pasquale used an airplane spin to win over John Cretoria.



Davey Sims applies pressure to a back breaker. The guy on Sims' shoulders is Bull Montana, who won the bout. (Photo: Bob Utter).

Oldest Champion Passes

By THE OLD TIMER

Rube Ferns, who won welter crown in 1900 was one of a quartet of former title holders who had reached the three-quarter century mark

ON June 12, the oldest former world ring champion, Rube (James R.) Ferns, passed away in Pittsburg, Kansas, at the age of seventy-eight. Thus the quartet of famous pugilists who had passed the three-quarter century mark was reduced to a trio—Frank Erne, former lightweight king; James J. Jeffries, heavyweight and Jack Root, first light heavyweight title holder.

The four were born only months apart, Ferns on January 20, 1874; Erne, January 8, 1875; Jeffries, April 15, 1875 and Root, May 26, 1876. Each of those veterans fought many tough battles at a time when the field was loaded with ace performers yet showed few signs of the wear and tear of their profession.

When the four former champions had cleared the three score and ten mark, each stood out as an object lesson to those who continuously point with scorn to boxing and dub it the "sport of murder". No finer physical specimens can be found than Jack Root who at the age of 76, stands as straight as an oak, is a keen business executive and looks every inch the athlete. Other than the partial loss of his hearing, the 77-year-old Erne is as active as persons many years his junior.

Ferns, until illness forced him into the background three years ago, carried on as does Root and Erne today. As a member of the United Mine Workers Union of America, he served for thirty-four years as its international representative and retired only when illness forced him to quit.

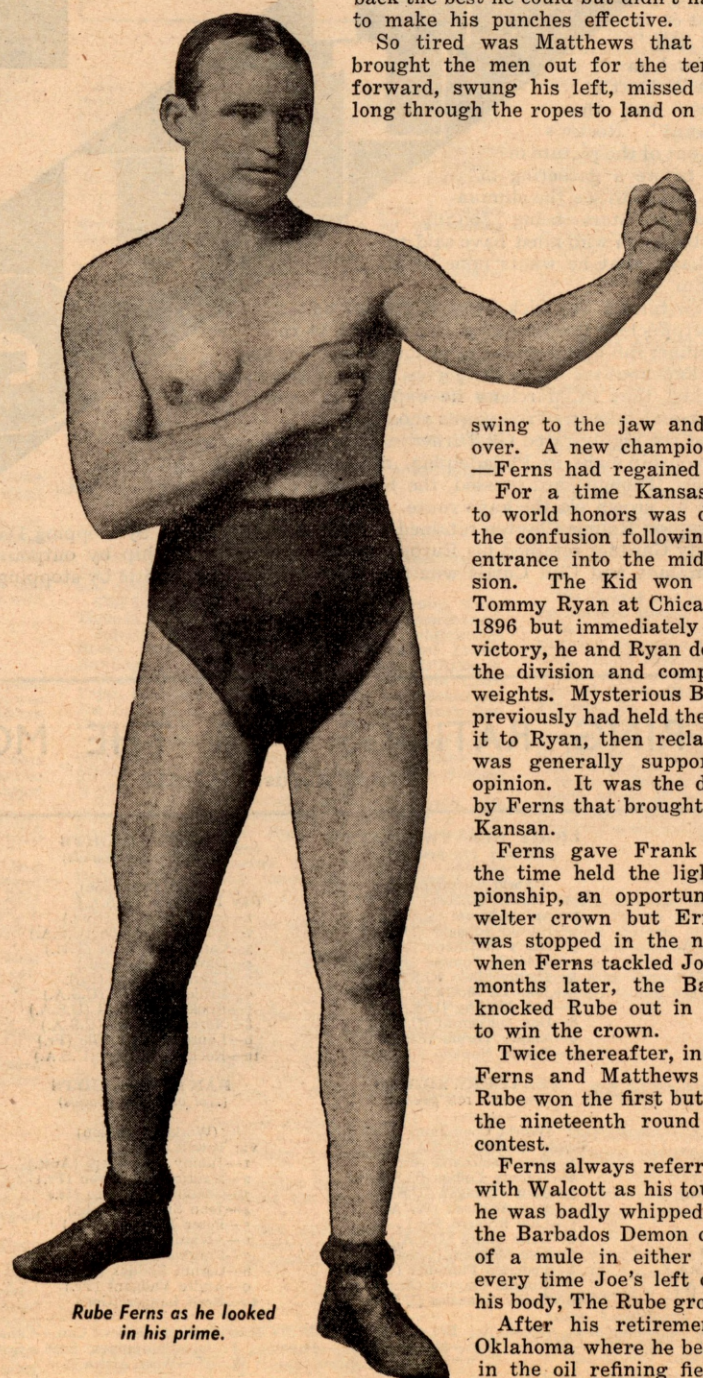
RUBE won the title from Mysterious Billy Smith on January 15, 1900, on a foul in 21 rounds at Buffalo and nine months later, on October 16, he was dethroned in a thrilling mill by Matty Matthews in Detroit in 15 rounds. But the following May he did what few up to that time had been able to accomplish—he regained his crown by knocking out Matthews in 10 rounds at Toronto. Like Matthews, Smith, and Joe Walcott, three of the greatest welters of all time, Rube was a good hitter, a courageous battler and a body puncher who could double his man up when he landed in the mid-section.

Overconfidence played a big part in the defeat of Matthews in their second engagement. He was by far the cleverer of the two but he was so cocksure of himself that he permitted Ferns to take advantages Matthews should have guarded against.

Even in the tenth round in which he was halted, Matthews puled a boner when, though tired from the pace he had set in the earlier sessions, he refused to be seated during the intermission. That proved costly. He came out for the tenth in a weakened condition and was a mark for Ferns' body blows and Rube finished him quickly.

For that contest the men scaled only 142 pounds, five below the present welterweight limit. It became obvious in the ninth that Ferns would get his man for Rube rushed out of his corner and three times in a row crashed left hooks to the body that doubled the champion. Matthews fought back the best he could but didn't have the stamina to make his punches effective.

So tired was Matthews that when the bell brought the men out for the tenth, he rushed forward, swung his left, missed and fell headlong through the ropes to land on the press table. He came back to the ring on time and faced a "killer" in Rube who let go a right followed by a stinging left. Matthews tried to clinch but Ferns caught him with a left swing to the jaw and the fight was over. A new champion was crowned —Ferns had regained the title.



Rube Ferns as he looked in his prime.

For a time Kansas Rube's claim to world honors was disputed due to the confusion following Kid McCoy's entrance into the middleweight division. The Kid won the title from Tommy Ryan at Chicago on March 2, 1896 but immediately following that victory, he and Ryan decided to vacate the division and compete as middleweights. Mysterious Billy Smith, who previously had held the crown and lost it to Ryan, then reclaimed it and he was generally supported by public opinion. It was the defeat of Smith by Ferns that brought the title to the Kansan.

Ferns gave Frank Erne, who at the time held the lightweight championship, an opportunity to win the welter crown but Erne failed. He was stopped in the ninth round but when Ferns tackled Joe Walcott three months later, the Barbados Demon knocked Rube out in the fifth round to win the crown.

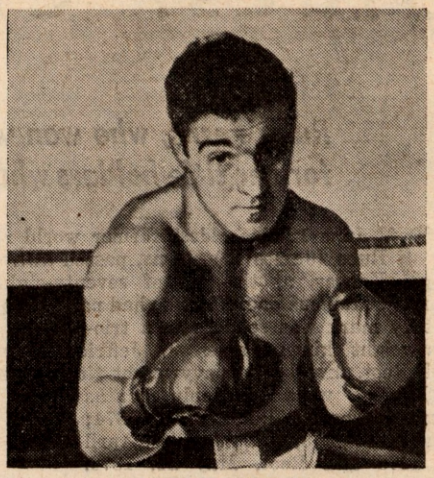
Twice thereafter, in 1903 and 1904, Ferns and Matthews again clashed. Rube won the first but was stopped in the nineteenth round in the second contest.

Ferns always referred to the battle with Walcott as his toughest. In that he was badly whipped. He said that the Barbados Demon carried the kick of a mule in either hand and that every time Joe's left crashed against his body, The Rube groaned with pain.

After his retirement he went to Oklahoma where he became successful in the oil refining field.

Marciano Fighter of Month

By NAT FLEISCHER



ROCKY MARCIANO

THE quick knockout scored by Rocky Marciano in his fight with Harry Matthews at the Yankee Stadium, earned for him not only a shot at Jersey Joe Walcott's world heavyweight crown but the "Fighter of the Month Award". Rocky's blasting fists put Matthews out of the picture in 2.04 of the second round before a gathering of 31,188 persons who paid $220,000 to see the elimination contest, among the spectators being Johnny Williams, British Empire Champion who must have said to himself as he viewed the kayo, that he wants none of Marciano's blows to land on him.

Two left hooks to the jaw turned the trick after Matthews had outboxed, outfoxed and outpunched the Brockton Blockbuster in the opening round. Thus the winner ran up his streak of victories since starting his pro career to 42 and his knockout record to 37. Jersey Joe Walcott, sitting among the scribes, remarked that in Marciano he expects to face a tough opponent, one who can sock and take it. True words those.

Kid Gavilan, who stopped the highly-rated Gil Turner in the eleventh round of their world welterweight championship fight in Philadelphia, rates next to Marciano as the month's outstanding battler. Though hard pressed, the Kid from Cuba came through with a whirlwind finish to retain his crown via the kayo route.

In England, British Champion Ronnie Clayton retained his featherweight crown by stopping Dai Davies in five rounds: Teddy Gardner retained his European flyweight championship by outpointing Otello Bellardinelli in 15 rounds and Cliff Curtis won the Empire welterweight title by stopping Wally

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending August 1st, 1952

HEAVYWEIGHTS
(Over 175 pounds)

(World Champion)
Jersey Joe Walcott (U.S.A.)
1—Rocky Marciano (U.S.A.)
2—Ezzard Charles (U.S.A.)
3—Roland La Starza (U.S.A.)
4—Coley Wallace (U.S.A.)
5—Clarence Henry (U.S.A.)
6—Johnny Williams (Eng.)
7—Bob Dunlop (U.S.A.)
8—Rex Layne (U.S.A.)
9—Heinz Neuhaus (Ger.)
10—Jimmy Vivins (U.S.A.)

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
(Not over 175 pounds)

(World Champion)
Joey Maxim (U.S.A.)
1—Archie Moore (U.S.A.)
2—Harold Johnson (U.S.A.)
3—Harry Matthews (U.S.A.
4—Yolande Pompee (B.W.I.)
5—Jimmy Slade (U.S.A.)
6—Jake La Motta (U.S.A.)
7—Bob Murphy (U.S.A.)
8—Dan Bucceroni (U.S.A.)
9—Randy Turpin (Eng.)
10—Danny Nardico (U.S.A.)

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
(Not over 160 pounds)

(World Champion)
Ray Robinsom (U.S.A.)
1—Randy Turpin (Eng.)
2—Eugene Hairston (U.S.A.)
3—Carl Bobo Olson (T.H.)
4—Dave Sands (Aust.)
5—Charles Humez (Fr.)
6—Ernie Durando (U.S.A.)
7—Rocky Castellani (U.S.A.)
8—Norman Hayes (U.S.A.)
9—Laurent Dauthuille (Fr.)
10—Rocky Graziano (U.S.A.)

WELTERWEIGHTS
(Not over 147 pounds)

(World Champion)
Kid Gavilan (Cuba)
1—Billy Graham (U.S.A.)
2—Bobby Dykes (U.S.A.)
3—Johnny Saxton (U.S.A.)
4—Johnny Bratton (U.S.A.)
5—Gil Turner (U.S.A.)
6—Cliff Curtis (Eng.)
7—Chuck Davey (U.S.A.)
8—Joe Micelli (U.S.A.)
9—Danny Womber (U.S.A.)
10—Art Aragon (U.S.A.)

LIGHTWEIGHTS
(Not over 135 pounds)

(World Champion)
Lauro Salas (Mex.)
1—James Carter (U.S.A.)
2—George Araujo (U.S.A.)
3—Luther Rawlings (U.S.A.)
4—Arthur King (Canada)
5—Virgil Akins (U.S.A.)
6—Joe Brown (U.S.A.)
7—Percy Bassett (U.S.A.)
8—Johnny Gonzalves (U.S.A.)
9—Paddy De Marco (U.S.A.)
10—Jorgen Johansen (Den.)

FEATHERWEIGHTS
(Not over 126 pounds)

(World Champion)
Sandy Saddler (U.S.A.)
1—Ray Famechon (Fr.)
2—Tommy Collins (U.S.A.)
3—Glen Flanagan (U.S.A.)
4—Roy Ankarah (W. Af.)
5—Luis Romero (Sp.)
6—Gene Smith (U.S.A.)
7—Ciro Morasen (Cuba)
8—Federico Plummer (Panama)
9—Ronnie Clayton (Eng.)
10—Corky Gonzales (U.S.A.)

BANTAMWEIGHTS
(Not over 118 pounds)

(World Champion)
Vic Towell (S. Af.)
1—Jimmy Carruthers (Aust.)
2—Maurice Sandeyron (Fr.)
3—Gaetano Annaloro (It.)
4—Jean Sneyers (Belg.)
5—Peter Keenan (Scot.)
6—Alvaro Nuvoloni (It.)
7—Frankie Williams (Eng.)
8—Gianni Zuddas (It.)
9—Andre Valigant (Fr.)
10—Rudi Langer (Ger.)

FLYWEIGHTS
(Not over 112 pounds)

(World Champion)
Yoshio Shirai (Japan)
1—Dado Marino (T.H.)
2—Tanny Campo (P.I.)
3—Teddy Gardner (Eng.)
4—Terry Allen (Eng.)
5—Jimmy Pearce (Eng.)
6—Vic Herman (Scot.)
7—Louis Skena (Fr.)
8—Taffy Hancock (Aust.)
9—Otello Bellardinelli (It.)
10—Honore Pratesi (Fr.)

LEGEND: Arg.—Argentine Republic; Aust.—Australia; Bel.—Belgium; B.W.I.—British West Indies; Can.—Canada; Den.—Denmark; Eng.—England; Fr.—France; Ger.—Germany; It.—Italy; Mex.—Mexico; Mor.—Morocco; Pan.—Panama; P. Is.—Philippines; Scot.—Scotland; S. Af.—South Africa; T.H.—Hawaii; U.S.A.—United States; W. Af.—West Africa.

Thom in 9 rounds. Heinz Neuhaus retained his European heavyweight title by stopping Hein ten Hoff in the first round.

Johnny Williams, making his first and only start in America, made a good showing when he halted Johnny Rousse in round eight of their fight in Newark, New Jersey.

Archie Moore, by far the best lightweight heavyweight in the world continues to hold down first challenger's post in the cruiserweight sector. He outpointed Clarence Henry, a highly-rated heavyweight then followed with a knockout victory over Clint Bacon in four.

Randy Turpin holds down a place in both the cruiserweight and middleweight divisions until such time as he decides to give one up according to the edict of the British Boxing Board of Control. He is both in the cruiserweight section and the leading challenger for Ray Robinson's middleweight title.

Billy Graham, who has been matched with Kid Gavilan for a world welterweight championship fight in Cuba on Independence Day, October 6, is the top contender for the Keed's crown. There were many upsets during the past five weeks. Here are the outstanding results:

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Rocky Marciano knocked out Harry Matthews in the second round; Heinz Neuhaus knocked out Hein ten Hoff in one; Johnny Williams stopped Johnny Rousse, 8. Danny Nardico knocked out Bernie Reynolds, 2.

Larry Watson decisioned John Holman although he was knocked unconscious by a righthand two seconds before the final bell, 10.

Clarence Henry was outpointed by light-heavyweight Archie Moore, 10. Bill Gilliam outpointed Charles Lester, 8.

Dave Davey decisioned Hank Thurman, 10. Tony Bosnich and Jack McFalls drew, 10. Simon Templar outfought Noel Reid, 8. Jack Nelson knocked out Marvin Baker, 2.

Shirley Pemberton stopped Shamus O'Brien, 3. Stephane Olek halted light-heavyweight Willi Hoepner, 9. Bert Whitehurst upset Elkins Brothers, 5.

Al Schlimm defeated Johnny Simmons, 5. Jesse Manigault kayoed Henry Johnson, 2. Cleveland Williams knocked out Paul Favorite, 4.

Werner Wiegand drew with Stephane Olek, 10. Austrian Champion Kurt Schiegl outpointed Willi Franzlau, 8. Franzlau drew with Hugo Safeld, 10. Safeld flattened Oscar Biesold, 1.

Wilson Kohlbrecher kayoed Heinz Seelisch, 6, and outpointed Richard Vogt, 10. Herbert Weise drew with Robert Eugene, 6.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

World titleholder Joey Maxim retained his championship when Middleweight Champion Ray Robinson was unable to come out for the 14th round. Archie Moore outpointed heavyweight Clarence Henry, 10.

Archie Moore stopped Clint Bacon in 4.

Bob Murphy stopped Raymond Dieu, 4. Robert Villemain outfought Jose Basora, 10. Danny Nardico stopped Ted Gorie, 2. German Champion Willi Hoepner halted by heavyweight Stephane Olek, 9.

Garnett Denny polished off Len Brown, 1. Gerry van Wyk whipped Fred Jackson, 8. Bernardo Pacini lost to middleweight Alex Buxton, 10.

Paul Andrews knocked out Peter Nelson, 2. Earl Charity outpointed Raymond Dieu, 6, and was stopped by Dick Davis, 3. Willie Reddish, Jr., stopped Billy Christie, 2. Frank Flood and Luigi Verrucio drew, 4.

Dave Sands retained Australian title by kayoing Jim Woods, 4.

Connie Rux whipped Don Ellis, 10. Ellis came back to outpoint Paul Schirrmann, 8. Schirrmann outpointed Heinz Schreiber, 8. Winnfried Henne won from Eli Elandon, 8.

Charley Anglee decisioned Fritz Gahrmeister, 6, and Bruno Jungkuhn, 8. Austrian Champion Hein Wiesner outpointed Otto Bastian, 6.

Dennis Fewkes drew with Jim Hockley, 8. Gerhard Hecht whipped Emile DeGreef, 8. Theo Imbsweiler kayoed Walter Gasparek, 2.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

World Champion Ray Robinson failed in his quest for the light-heavyweight crown when he was unable to come out for the 14th round against Joey Maxim, the titleholder. Ernie Durando outslugged Norman Hayes, 10.

Eugene Hairston stopped Billy Kilgore in 6. Johnny Bratton stopped Laurent Dauthuille in three. The French fighter suffered a fractured rib and had to quit.

Rocky Castellani repeated previous win over welterweight Johnny Bratton, 10. Charley Humez halted Tony Janiro, 5. Joe Giardello decisioned Pierre Langlois, 10.

Johnny Grego outpointed Luis Ortiz, 10. Charlie Williams outfought Jimmy Champagne, 8. Charley Salas outfought Willie Vaughn, 10, and kayoed Ramon Perez, 4.

Prospects for September 1952

HEAVYWEIGHT—Bert Whitehurst, Baltimore, Md.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT — Tony Lomonaco, Detroit, Mich.

MIDDLEWEIGHT — Bobby King, Everett, Mass.

WELTERWEIGHT—George Price, St. Paul, Minn.

LIGHTWEIGHT — Harry Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Billy Wagner, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Neville Tetlow, Manchester, England.

FLYWEIGHT—Raytranco Boy, Phil. Is.

Alex Buxton decisioned light-heavyweight Bernardo Pacini, 10. Bob Stecher stopped Charlie Goulart, 8. Floyd Morris decisioned Chuck Hunger, 6. Regie Alottie decisioned Joe Tomasello, 8 .

Irwin Schulz outpointed Roger Whynott, 6. Clarence Hinnant stopped Sal Belloise, 4. Lester Jackson halted Sid Edwards, 5. Ritchie Anderson decisioned Don Anderson, 6.

Al Mobley and Jerome Richardson drew, 4. Jacques Royer-Crecy retained French title by outpointing Omar Kouidri, 15.

Johnny Sullivan whipped Gilbert Stock, 8. J. L. McLaughlin and Mack Stamford drew, 4. Art Thayer outpointed Joey Greco, 4.

Steve Cermak knocked out Frank Del Santre, 1. Nick Oliver kayoed Larry Lewis, 4. Willie Dockery stopped Mike Gillo, 2. Ritchie Hill flattened Billy Moss, 1.

Disqualified for hitting German Champion Hans Stretz while he was down, 8. Peter Muller knocked out Referee Max Pippow and was immediately suspended from boxing.

Duggie Miller decisioned Sal diMartino, 8. Bruce Crawford outpointed Joe Maseko, 10. Carl (Bobo) Olson edged out Robert Villemain, 10.

Franz Szuzina kayoed Horst Kemena, 4, and stopped Albert Heyen, 4.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Kid Gavilan retained world title by stopping Gil Turner, 11. Bobby Dykes knocked out Pete Gil, 6, and decisioned Ralph Zanelli, 10.

Cliff Curtis won the British title by stopping Wally Thom in 9. Joe Micelli outpointed Pierre Langlois in 10.

Johnny Bratton dropped a decision to middleweight Rocky Castellani, 10. Joe Micelli halted Luther Rawlings, 2. Don Williams stopped Jackie O'Brien, 3.

Chuck Davey repeated previous win over Chico Vejar, this time by kayo, 5. Art Aragon knocked out Joe Barnum, 2. Freddie Dawson halted Australian Champion Len Dittmar, 4.

Gerry Dreyer decisioned Art Soto, 10. Armand Savoie outpointed Johnny Greco, 12. Bernard Docusen and Alfredo La Grutta drew, 10. Ramon Fuentes, stopped Woody Harper, 5.

Vic Cardell outpointed Charlie Thompson, 10. Danny Stepanovich decisioned Chuck Foster 8. Roy Machete Garcia upset Mario Trigo, 10. Joe Klein decisioned Richie Reed, 8.

Pran Mikus outlasted Alfie Sands, 12. Vinnie DeCarlo stopped Sam Genell, 3. Harry Hayes outpointed Carlo Marchini, 12. Lew Lazar stopped Les Garbett, 3.

George Kapeen won on disqualification from Frank Donnelly, 3, and knocked out Fred Sinn, 2. Tommy Hinson outpointed Peter Smith, 8.

Charlie Spicer outpointed Clarence Harbin, 6. Wally Mays whipped Santos Martins, 8. Johnny Lissey outpointed Charlie Bloss, 4, and was awarded a kayo over Luis Ortiz Escuter when Escuter collapsed without being hit in the 4th round. Escuter had previously lost a 10-round decision to Johnny Greco.

Joe Corcoran edged out Tony McTigue, 8. Israel Boyle whipped Billy Wells, 8. Whitman Burgess stopped Santo Santiago, 1. Calvin Davis outpointed Sammy Straws, 4.

Joe Murray decisioned Jimmy Dugan, 4. Don Gill outpointed Leroy Willis, 4. Willie Sydnor outfought Lou Canzoneri, 4. Jerry Valentine stopped Mike Caiati, 1.

German Champion Gustav Scholz stopped Mathias Luyten, 2, and retained his title by beating Leo Starosch, 12.

Fredie Teichmann drew with Jupp Munnichoff, 6. Pat Patrick retained South African title by stopping Peter Galleymore, 6. Eddie Oliver and Jackie Webber drew, 8.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

World titleholder Lauro Salas kayoed Harold Dade, 3 (non-title). Percy Bassett iced Ray Powell, 1. Gerald LaBroi decisioned Carlos Chavez, 10. Joe Brown kayoed Jerry Turner, 5.

George Barnes whipped Wallace (Bud) Smith, 12. Manuel Madrid drew with Joey Gurrola, 10. Raul Esqueda lost to Teddy "Red Top" Davis, 8.

Ron Cooper edged out Ricky McCulloch, 8. Al Brown decisioned Tommy O'Neil, 8. Basil Marie and Pete Smith drew, 10. Marie later was stopped by Jimmy Hackney, 6.

Eddie Chavez outpointed Serge Ceustermanns, 10. Alfie Clay stopped Dave Landers, 6.

Keith Nuttal and Bob Terrance drew, 10. Pat Ford knocked out Jackie Ryan, 7, and repeated against Charley Dunn. Henry Winchman defeated Jerry Drouin, 6. Gale Outhouse outpointed Joe Torrens, 6. George Curly Munroe defeated Jimmy Haigy, 6. Jose Morrell knocked out Willie Salas, 2. Jimmy Redding, 4, and outpointed Jimmy Wilde, 6.

Harry Smith kayoed Tony Vasquez, 2, and decisioned Masurati Matos, 4. Juan Melendes outpointed Walter Roy, 4, and then stopped Roy, 1. Danny Giovanelli outfought Al Robbins, 6. Phil Morizio decisioned Johnny Kamber, 6. Otis Hutch outpointed Frankie Grillo, 4. Carmelo Costa began his pro career by decisioning Corky Rogers, 4.

Arthur King outboxed Armando Llanes, 10. Herbert Glaser won German title by knocking out Hans Hafner, 2. Glaeser also whipped Virgilio Andressi, 8, and retained his title by kayoing Olios Brandt, 3.

Don Bowman decisioned Eddie Compo, 8. Hans Schomig drew with Gerd Mueller, 8. Armando Lopez defeated Claude Fortin, 8.

Alan Buxton outpointed Johnny Mann, 8. Kenny Taylor scored 58-second knockout of Al Gunning. Ludwig Petri drew with Karl Pinsdorf, 8, and outpointed Austrian Champion Karl Machart, 10.

Joe Brown outpointed Melvin Bartholomew, 10. Tony Habib decisioned Tony Lombard, 8.

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Former World Champion Willie Pep's come-back was halted when he was stopped by Tommy Collins, 6. Glen Flanagan gained revenge for a previous loss when he inflicted the first defeat in thirty-two pro fights on Gene Smith, 10. Corky Gonzales outpointed Jackie Graves, 10.

British Champion Ronnie Clayton retained title by stopping Dai Davies, 5. Federico Plummer halted Harry LaSane, 6. Freddie King outpointed Charley Simpkins, 8. Bill Bossio outhustled George Sinclair, 8.

Red Top Davis decisioned lightweight Raoul Esqueda, 8. Alby Tissong whipped Teddy Peckham, 10. Frank Almond outpointed Kenny McPhee, 10.

Johnny O'Brien decisioned Ray Coleman, 12, but lost to Bluey Wilkins over same distance. Jackie Horseman won from Hugh Mackie, 8.

Jerry Kortright beat Carman Iacobucci, 4, and drew with Joe Gamby, 6. Henry Beltrante outpointed Cortez Jackson, 6. Johnny Choback knocked out George Smith, 2. Zeke Adams decisioned Tony Amabile, 6.

Billy (Spider) Kelly kayoed Jack Walton, 3. Albert Muller drew with bantamweight Rudi Langer, 8. Muller also drew with Giuseppe Fusaro, 6. Austrian Champion Willi Swoboda outpointed Gerd Muller, 6.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

Vic Toweel was held to a draw in a non-title bout by Georges Mousse in Southern Rhodesia in 10.

Gaetano Annaloro scored sensational upset by stopping European Champion Jean Sneyers, 5 (non-title). Black Pico outpointed Leo Lebrun, 10. Tommy Umeda stopped Kenny Teran, 7. Jimmy Green decisioned Peter Fay, 8. Bobby Sinn stopped Ron Petersen, 10.

Black Pico decisioned Canadian Champion Fernando Gagnon, 10. Tommy Icke scored sensational upset by kayoing Ron Johnson, 2. Neville Tetlow stopped Chic Brogan, 6.

German Champion Rudi Langer drew with featherweight Albert Muller, 8, and outpointed Luis Galiana, 8. Hogan (Kid) Bassey flattened Ivor Davies, 2 Willibald Koch decisioned Heinz Klein, 6.

FLYWEIGHTS

Teddy Gardner retained European title by outpointing Italian title holder, Otello Belardinelli, 15.

Paddy Hyland decisioned Sid Hiom, 6. Mickey Roche won from Mark Harrison, 6.

Marcus Temple retained South African title by decisioning former Champion Kalla Persson, 12.

Jimmy Quinn edged out Colin Clitheroe, 8.

SANTIAGO'S RETURN

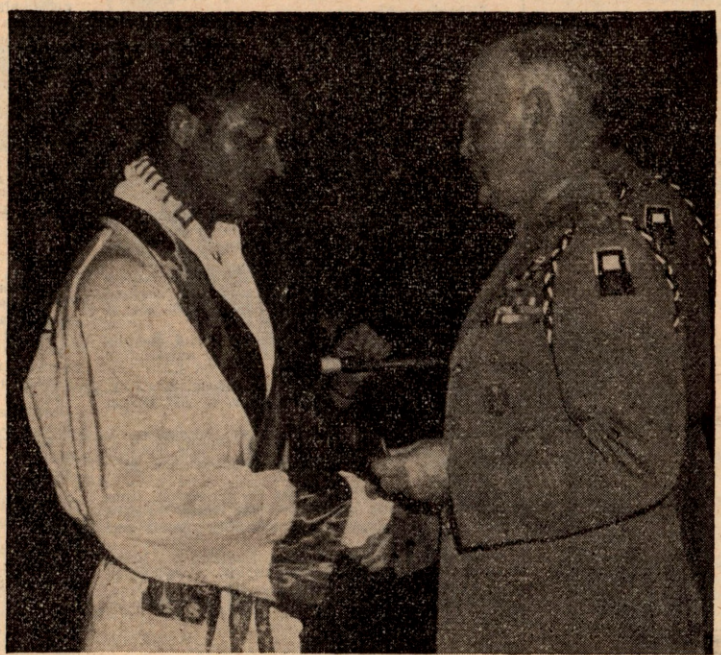
Barcelona—At the Gran Price, Luis De Santiago returned to the top of the bill after a long absence, against the durable but mediocre Bouadjemi Mokhfi. De Santiago had some difficulty in breaking through the African's guard but won this lightweight bout with comfort. Fernando Bufala drew with Jose Segura in another lightweight bout over eight rounds and Jose Gonzales halted the oft-defeated Jose Mancisidor in the second frame of a one-sided heavyweight affair. Iniguez iced Cardenas in the second heat of a feathers argument.

..With Our SERVICEMEN

CORP. Zoro B. Folley, 20-year old heavyweight from Chandler, Ariz., emerged from the All-Army tournament held at Fort Monmouth, N. J., as the outstanding boxer. Teams from ten major U. S. Army Commands — First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Six Armies and Washington Military District in the U. S., European Command, Far Eastern Command and Caribbean Command competed in the five day tournament.

Lt. Genl. Willis D. Crittenberger, Commanding General, First Army, presented the award to Corp. Folley, who, serving with the 8th Army in Korea, represented the Far Eastern Command.

Folley, six feet tall and weighing 195 pounds, was 1950 champion at Fort Lawton and Fort Lewis and a winner in the Seattle Golden Gloves before going overseas. In the All-Army tourney, he outpointed Ernie Fann, of Cleveland (the East-West Golden Gloves champion), and scored two fast kayoes—one in 39 seconds, and another in the second round, over Pvt. Warren Graham of Swissville, Mo. Graham represented the European Command, and was twice winner of the European Command heavyweight title.



Lt. Genl. Willis D. Crittenberger, Commanding General, 1st Army presents an award to Corp. Zoro B. Folley as the outstanding fighter in the All-Army boxing championships.

Coach of the Far East Command team is Lt. John Tighe, head of the University of Illinois intra-mural boxing program in civilian life and a former two-time winner of the Eastern Intercollegiate championship while attending Penn State.

The All-Army tournament had a special significance this year. For the first time, the army's individual All-Army winners qualified as finalists for the Olympic team finals. Besides Folley, they were: Flyweight champion, Pvt. Charles Drakeford, Englewood, N. J. (2nd Army); Bantamweight, Corp. Joseph Nobleza, of Honolulu (Far East Command); Featherweight, Pfc. James Bark, Philadelphia (5th Army); Lightweight, Corp. Sammy Rodgers, Benton Harbor, Mich. (5th Army); Lightwelter, Pfc. Juan Curet-Alvarez, Santurce, Puerto Rico (Caribbean Command); Welterweight, Pfc. Frank Smith, Cincinnati (5th Army); Lightmiddleweight, Corp. James Remsen, Detroit (European Command); Middleweight, Pfc. Foneda Cox, St. Louis (3rd Army); Light heavyweight, Corp. Richard Jones, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The finals of the All-Army tournament were televised over WOR-TV (New York), and films of the fight were sent overseas to be shown at army installations and hospitals.

AN Army chaplain—sometimes called "the pastor with a punch"—also might be dubbed "the builder of champions."

Under the expert coaching of Captain Alexander Lewis, Sr., of Lumberton, N. C., teams of the Army's 93rd Engineer Construction Battalion have won championships in boxing, track, basketball and baseball. Boxers of the 93rd punched out enough wins to hold the Far East Command championship title for three years.

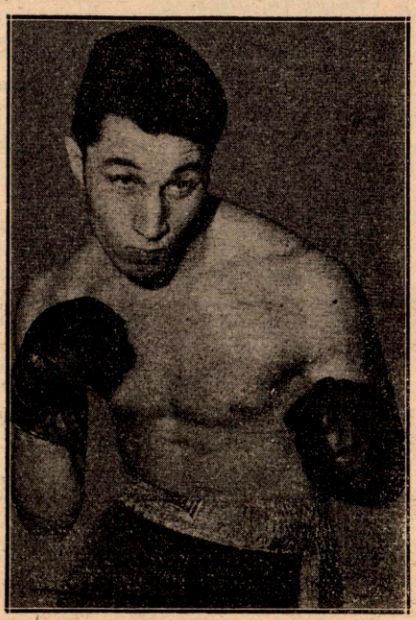
The chaplain now is coaching the boxing team in the Combat Training Command at Fort Benning, Ga.

Captain Lewis has been mixing boxing and religion most of his life. He began his boxing career in high school and continued it through college and eight years in the Army.

Among the Army pugilist teams he has coached is one that took part in a tournament held during the withdrawal to the Pusan Perimeter in Korea.

Chaplain Lewis was graduated from Johnson O. Smith University in Charlotte, N. C., in 1935. He taught school and boxing before returning to the university's seminary in 1939 where he received his Bachelor of Divinity Degree.

Durng his tour of duty in Korea, he was chaplain at the main United Nations prisoner-of-war camp.



Libby Manzo, Elmhurst, Long Island, featherweight, is stationed in Germany and coaching an army boxing team.

LIBBY MANZO, the popular little Elmhurst, Long Island, featherweight, who was undefeated in twelve pro starts, is serving with the U. S. Army in Germany. Manzo is a coach and boxing instructor of the camp team.

Just after his first main event, an eight round win over Sal DiGuardia, Libby was inducted and last September he went overseas. One of his travelling companions was vocalist Vic Damone. Manzo, who was an altar boy

(*Continued on page* 37)

NO SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS

(*Continued from page* 3)

he was when the round ended.

Loughran was a prime example of the Philadelphia school of boxing. The stem of this school cannot be traced, but it is believed that a British boxing master settled down in Philadelphia some years ago and set up a school of boxing.

When boxing was illegal in other states, it thrived in Philadelphia. Two outstanding products of Philadelphia boxing, Jack Blackburn and Harry Lenny, two men who figured prominently in the development of Joe Louis.

IT was Blackburn who was hired by John Roxborough and Julian Black, Louis' first managers, to teach the power-puncher from Detroit's Black Bottom the points of fending and punching. Blackburn had been a great lightweight in the days before he became enmeshed in a struggle with the law and he imparted his knowledge to Louis. He taught the potential Brown Bomber how to slide and counter, how to hook and jab, how to cross the right.

Lenny figured in the development of Louis in the days before the Brown Bomber won the heavyweight championship by knocking out Jimmy Braddock in Chicago in 1937. There was consternation in Louis' camp before that fight lest he fall prey to Braddock's powerful rights. After all, Max Schmeling had exposed Louis as a sucker for the right. Lenny was brought into camp and spent days proving to Louis that anybody can get hit with a right. The smart 'un doesn't.

Braddock managed to hit Louis with just one right that night under the stars in Chicago. Thereafter, Louis won going away, finally scoring a knockout. He had been taught to fight.

IN the early days of the present century, Young Otto was the scourge of the lighter divisions. He was a great puncher, having knocked out 16 men in 16 minutes. He put together 45 one-round knockouts. Recently I encountered Young Otto, or Arthur Susskind, in Madison Square Garden.

"What's the difference between the fighters now and the ones in your days?" I asked.

"Simple," he said. "We knew our trade."

"How come?"

"Well," the great ex-puncher replied, "we wouldn't waste time in a gymnasium. We'd work and we'd learn. We would take on any guy in the gym. We didn't worry about styles. We worried about learning how to fight. We did our calisthenics before sparring. When we got into the ring to spar, we were tired. It was an effort to fight. And we learned."

WHAT Young Otto didn't say is that young fighters of reasonable skill aren't required to learn their craft these days. Managers consider mismatching a way out, always with a mind to gain the advantage. Marciano's recent bout with Savold is a case in point. It served no purpose beyond studding Marciano's record with another knockout.

Savold already had been knocked out by Louis, who had been drawn and quartered by Marciano in a demonstration of what happens to an old man who goes on a boy's errand. Yet the match was made. Marciano was so busy trying to get that knockout, he didn't learn a thing from the encounter. He simply was an ambitious young man throwing leather to the winds. This will never do.

There is no short cut to honest success in the ring. Some fighters have gained the top-rung because of the machinations of managers. These are not before the house today. They come up fast, go down just as quickly. Sometimes they even die in combat. The ones who stay with history and are remembered in the minds of the old-timers who truly regard boxing as a sport are the ones who learn their trade.

RING ATTRACTS ATHLETES

(*Continued from page* 10)

manhunt on. Football players who had ring careers of more or less note included George Trafton, of Notre Dame, Tiny Roebuck, of Haskell, Ed Garvey, of Notre Dame, Sully Montgomery, of Centre College, Ad Warren, of North Carolina, Monty Munn, of Minnesota, Les Marriner, of Illinois, Jack Torrance, of Louisiana State, who also was a world record-holder in the shotput, George Theodoratus, of Washington, another first-rate shotputter, too. The late Al Lassman, an All-America tackle at New York University, was intercollegiate heavyweight champion, but his football injury probably cost him a successful career in the professional ring. I thought he had tremendous possibilities.

Vince Martinez, currently moving up as an exciting prospect in the welterweight ranks, also came to boxing off the football field. In fact, that's how he got into boxing. His whole Paterson, N. J., football team entered a Golden Gloves tournament in Commissioner Abe Greene's home town. Vince won and decided to concentrate on boxing.

Little men in boxing are naturally identified with horse racing. The late Canada Lee, a fine amateur boxer, later a pro and a man of many sides, was a jockey. So were Joe Dillon, the old flyweight, and Jimmy Gill and Johnny Indressano.

Joe Louis, a pretty fair hand in boxing and in golf as we've noted, also rates attention as a bowler. He hit better than 200. That must have been fun for Joe. At least when he knocked them down, they set 'em up in the next alley. In boxing it was different.

"RATHER BE RIGHT THAN POPULAR"

(*Continued from page* 13)

fighter, acting as an official, is influenced by a style similar to his own.

"I was a combination of boxer and puncher, but I wasn't what you could call an aggressive fighter," Goldstein said. "I don't discount aggressiveness in a fighter. In fact it is something in his favor."

BEING a referee helps a man in his job, says Ruby. It makes him somebody, in Goldstein's opinion. A ready wit, Ruby is in great demand as a speaker at American Legion Posts, B'nai Brith lodges, Rotary clubs, the Lions, Kiwanis, Knights of Columbus and even colleges.

"In the winter months I speak at dinners and other affairs as often as four times a week," Goldstein said. "I some times fill two engagements in a night."

Living in Brooklyn, it is only natural that Ruby's eight year old son Herbert is a Dodger fan.

We got around to discussing a referee's reaction to the crowd.

"I hear the fans yelling. That is what they paid for, but usually I don't know what they are saying. It is just noise," Goldstein said. "I get a good deal of mail. Usually the writers have disagreed with my decision. Some are kind enough to say I did a good job.

"I never have any trouble with seconds. Once in a while they grease a fighter, and I have to rub it off. I guess most fighters have some grease on them. When it is noticeable I make them rub it off, if I don't grab a towel and do it myself."

"Most fights are easy to handle," Goldstein said. "I have never had any great trouble in any fight."

Goldstein has had two major decisions to make. Both times he applied the principle of being right, rather than popular. The first was the vote he cast for Jersey Joe Walcott at the end of the first Joe Louis fight. The second was when Ray Robinson had Randy Turpin helpless on the ropes, and he stopped the fight.

Both times Ruby Goldstein was right. It was natural that both decisions also met with popular approval.

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CHAMPIONS ANALYZED

The initiative must be there for one to attain the hero worship class—

By ART COLLINS

WHEN Jersey Joe Walcott retained the world heavyweight championship by gaining the unanimous decision over Ezzard Charles in Philadelphia, there was considerable discussion waged pro and con regarding the justice of the verdict.

But then those who thought that the referee and judges favored him unjustly were of the opinion that Charles had only himself to blame for the failure to regain the crown. Had he displayed a fighting spirit, had he taken the chances one should take when the stakes are so high as they were in the Philadelphia mill, he would have gained a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame as the first heavyweight to rewin the crown.

Looking back into ring history, one recalls the names of Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Jack Dempsey, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett, Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Tom Sharkey, and innumerable others who when opportunity knocked, went all out to take advantage of it. Some lost; others won, but win or lose, they gave all they had in an effort to gain a victory.

Ezzard Charles, though a good, clever boxer, has found that he lacks that which makes heroes out of fighters. The will to please his followers and well wishers always has been present in his ring battles but somehow, try hard though he has, his efforts have brought him little beyond ordinary praise. The initiative must be there for one to reach his goal. In boxing the love for the sport, and the killer instinct usually are listed as the two greatest factors, though there are many others, equally as important.

SOME of the champions from Sullivan down to Walcott, loved to fight. Others were in for what the game could bring them financially. Still others gloried in their title. Some loved the hero worship. A few liked to steer clear of both the idolizers of champions and the scribes.

Max Baer was a champion who gloried in the title. He loved the hub-bub that goes with it, the roar of the mob, the hero worshippers who flocked about him for autographs or for laughs while he clowned.

Jack Dempsey was another who like Baer, adored hero worship and still does. He got great enjoyment out of being called champ.

Corbett was still another who followed in those footsteps. He was a ring romanticist. He was accustomed to more genteel companionship than Dempsey. Corbett from the start of his ring career had the ease and poise of a gentleman, something Dempsey didn't acquire until well after he had gained the crown.

CORBETT began his championship reign under hostile auspices because he defeated the popular John L. Sullivan, the nation's fistic idol.

Dempsey began his under the cloud of the now forgotten "slacker" accusations that made him both surly and distrustful of the public for a long time. It wasn't until after he had defeated Georges Carpentier, the idol of the French, that the public finally started to tumble to the world title holder and give him the break to which he was entitled.

Sullivan cherished the championship. He got plenty of fun out of being titleholder. He loved to roar through life as king of the gladiators and lord of the mob.

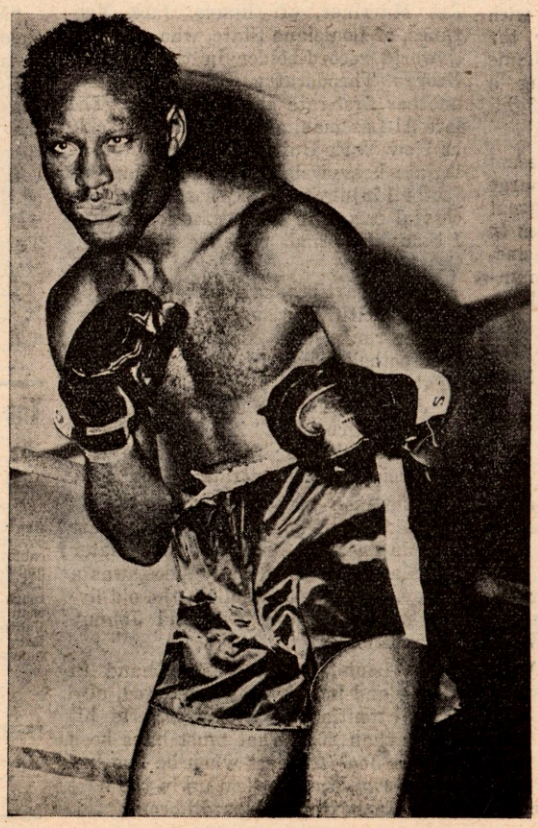
FITZSIMMONS, who followed Corbett, was a frolicksome fellow, much like Dempsey but he never attained the hero worship stage of Sullivan or Manassa Jack or Joe Louis. He didn't have the personal popularity of that trio but he was a good mixer who liked to play jokes on his fellow men.

A great fighter, yet he never got to the hearts of the American public as one would expect such a ring marvel as Ruby Robert would. Perhaps because he was not a native born American. He was a naturalized citizen who had come from England.

The most disliked of all heavyweight champions was Jack Johnson. At the time when he was at the top of his career, the rise of a Negro to the top rung of the ladder was resented by many and that caused Jack to do things he otherwise might not have done. They brought him into disrepute.

When he lost his crown, the ring was rid of a great all-around titleholder whose prowess went unrewarded because of his misdeeds against society. But he was a jovial fellow with more good than bad in him. He was more sinned against than sinning.

A light-hearted, laughing fellow, he was the most persecuted champion that ever held a throne. I liked him as a friend. He had little occasion to smile after he had won the title from Tommy Burns and was in even a worse position with the general public after he had knocked out an idol, James J. Jeffries.



Ezzard Charles whose lack of "fire" has proved costly to him in his chosen profession.

WILLARD, like Johnson, got little joy out of the title. He had no heart for fighting. He never liked the game and went into it only for the dollars he could earn by use of his fists.

By nature, he loved privacy and in that respect, he much resembled Gene Tunney. Both resented public intrusion that comes to a man who wins a world championship.

Tunney never got any pleasure out of the title he won from Dempsey. He became the first man in ring history to resign from the proud office. Oddly enough, after he had vacated the throne and found himself back into public life to live as he chose, he mingled more with men of the fistic world and became more popular than he ever had been as a champion.

Max Schmeling, handicapped by his language, never attained

(*Continued on page* 40)

WITH OUR SERVICEMEN

(*Continued from page* 34)

at the St. George's Roman Catholic Church, is an accomplished singer in nis own right and has thought of going into that field professionally.

Manzo—his right name is Liberato Manzolillo — had forty-two amateur bouts, losing only four of them. He reached the semi-finals for the New York Golden Gloves featherweight crown in 1949 and the quarter-finals the following year.

He holds the record for the shortest knockout ever scored in Madison Square Garden, a twenty-six second stunner over Mickey Zezza on November 17, 1950. Tony Canzoneri had held the record until that time, having stopped Al Singer in 29 seconds on November 14, 1930, to win the world lightweight title.

HERMAN KILWEIN, stationed at the McChord Air Force Base, Washington, is creating quite a stir among service boxers. Kilwein who is 20 years old and weighs 160 pounds, has been boxing for the past six years. He hails from Vancouver, Wash. He has lost only five of his more than 120 amateur bouts and in 1950 won the Yakima, Wash., Diamond Belt middleweight title and early this year won the Pacific Coast Air Force championship.

Kilwein intends to turn pro soon, under the direction of Sgt. Paulie Cook, boxing coach for the McChord Air Base boxing squad. Cook was a good little featherweight a few years back and formerly held the Panama Canal 126-pound title.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By Billy Shaw

READING Al Buck's "The Big Headache" in last month's issue of "THE RING", we realized that is currently the thing suffered by most of today's fight promoters. Relative to "The Big Headache", Promoter Norm Rothchild of Syracuse is having more than his share of the pain. Joey DeJohn and Robert Villemain staged a marvelous fight here March 6. The local Golden Boy nearly stiffened the Frenchman in that contest and there has been a big demand for a re-match. Local fistic prophets predict the return go outdoors would draw better than $50,000. But Villemain demands a $15,000 guarantee and the promoter does not have that kind of money. He is willing to give Robert 30 per cent of the gate, maybe 35 per cent.

DeJohn is so sure he can kayo Villemain in the return encounter he is willing to gamble five points. Rocky Graziano could break all records here with DeJohn and pull down a good slice for his end. But he wants a $20,000 guarantee to meet DeJohn. That's sweet money in any city, but too much for Rothchild. DeJohn thinks he can "take" Rocky too. Then they tell me Rocky Castellani is willing to talk turkey for a local match with DeJohn, but he thinks $17.000 guarantee is what he deserves for facing the North Side bone-crusher. (All big money talkers).

Promoter Rothchild, who admits he "loves the game", is finding out it is an expensive love. Norm wants to give the fans good fights. He knows any big name will draw a small fortune with DeJohn but the guys who take the punches want to be paid heavily for the chance they are taking, when tackling DeJohn, one of the hardest hitting middleweights in the world.

DeJohn has leased the Oneida Lake Hotel at Sylvan Beach, N. Y., and is training outdoors every day in a ring erected in front of the hotel on the beach. He looks great and is hitting like a heavyweight. Carmen Basilio, who nearly put Chuck Davey out of commission, is training with DeJohn and Carmen is getting better every day. The hotel has proven a lucrative proposition and the boys will probably wind up buying the place.

As a feature of their grand opening we screened several reels of our "Famous Fights" sound movies, which lured a big crowd. The most enjoyable films of course were those of the DeJohn-Sala bouts, Joey's kayo of Pete Mead at Rochester and the film of the La-Motta-DeJohn fight.

In closing, we might add, not since the lays of Ralph DeJohn has there been such a colorful, crowd drawing fighter in Syracuse, as young Joey. Our sympathy is with Promoter Rothchild, because his present headache will eventually build into a big one. The shortage of fighters is being felt by all promoters these days.

PENNSYLVANIA AND EASTERN OHIO
By Albert M. (Al) Wolgast

JIMMY QUINN, Pacific Inter-Service Boxing champion, is home on leave in Youngstown, Ohio. Quinn won 50 out of 53 bouts and has copped four service titles as a heavyweight. In 1950 he won the Youngstown, Ohio, Novice heavyweight crown.

Youngstown boxing fans are hoping that Tony Janiro of their city will hang up his gloves for good. Janiro's latest kayo at the hands of France's Charles Humez should convince Tony that he is all through.

A good amateur boxing card was put on at Carnegie, Pa., near Pittsburgh and the main event saw heavyweight Bill Harvey stop Fred Sozzano in two rounds. Other results were as follows: 118-pounds—Tabby Lee beat Jim Anderson, Willie Parker stopped Dick Scalise. 130 pounds—Homer Brown defeated George Parker, Al Christy beat Morn Tucker. 135 pounds—Gene Tippett walloped Millard Stewart. 145 pounds—Frank Bombiani kayoed Rudy Flowers. 160 pound class—Sam West beat Ed Yarosz. 165 pounds—Paul Brandell decisioned Jim Holt.

A crowd of over 1,500 fans saw Johnstown, Pa., beat Pittsburgh in an inter-city amateur boxing show. The score was 5–3.

A number of police were forced to quell a near riot at Masbury, Ohio, when angered fans stormed the ring to stop Karl Von Schober from choking Hillbilly Farmer Brown. Schober was awarded the decision and this angered the fans who thought that Referee Carl Miller was aiding Schober. Four policemen stopped the crowd at the ringside. This spot, just 12 miles north-east of Youngstown, Ohio, has been packing them in every Saturday night. George Beloff is the promoter. . . . In a wrestling show at Farrell, Pa., a good crowd of over one thousand fans saw Ruffy Silverstein and Big Boy Miller wrestle to a draw.

JABBING AWAY: Joe Chip, the only man to score a knockout over the great Harry Greb, has quit his job in Pottsville, Pa., and is back in New Castle with his brother George Chip. Doing quite a bit of refereeing is Mickey Solomon, of New Castle, a former scrapper who fought some of the good ones during the late twenties. Tony Zill, that great little fighter out of Youngstown, Ohio, is employed in the Post Office in that city. Guido Conte, of Sharon, who boxed Tommy Freeman and a number of other good men, is employed in Cleveland, Ohio. He also is attending school where he is completing a course in physical therapy. To be sure, subscribe to THE RING. . . . Drop your notes to Al Wolgast, 303 George St., Farrell, Pa.

IN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE
By Michael Tant

THE first boxing card since November, 1950, was presented to Memphis fans on Saturday night June 28, by the Veterans of Foreign Wars with Michael Tant as the promoter and matchmaker. The bouts were well received by the press and public. Art Liebert of St. Louis sent four of his boxers to Memphis and three of them emerged with knockouts over Memphis boys. The results follow:

Middleweight Dorsey Burnette of Memphis won a fourth round knockout over popular Mel Weber of St. Louis.

Lightweight "Billy the Kid" Hendricks of Memphis won a decision over Ray Jitterbug Smith of New Orleans in a thrilling four rounder.

Heavyweight Jess "Cannonball" Brown of St. Louis knocked out Arnold Smith of Memphis in the first round.

Middleweight Jesse Turner of St. Louis won a first round knockout over Louis Williams of Memphis.

Welterweight Joey Henningsen of St. Louis won a five round T.K.O. over Jimmie Leach of Memphis.

It looks as if boxing is back to stay for a while at Memphis.

Boxers and managers interested in boxing in Memphis, should contact the writer at 641 S. Highland, Memphis.

DOWN IN TUCSON
Ramon Mario

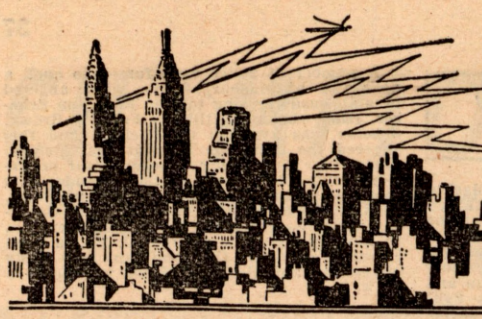
PROMOTER BEN LAZAROW brought boxing back to the Old Pueblo with a "Bang" on June 9 when he presented 650 of the local fistic faithful to a top notch card.

Leonard Morrow, of Oakland, and Sonny Andrews, of Los Angeles, provided fast and clever action in the main event. Morrow, a dynamic puncher started off fast to take the first three rounds with jarring left hooks to Andrews body and head. It appeared as though Sonny was in for a miserable evening. In the fourth, however, Andrews came to life, and shook Morrow up repeatedly with smashing right-hand blows to the chin. He assumed command again in the fifth, via the same process, and the fight was a dilly, when suddenly Andrews wheeled away from Morrow, and went to his corner. Upon examination. it was learned Sonny had sustained a painful break in his right thumb. Morrow was awarded a fifth round T.K.O. victory, thus ending as good a heavyweight fight as one would care to see.

In the sixth round semi, George Smith, local middleweight—flattened Jose Rocha in the first. Another two round K.O. was handed Carlos Miranda by localite Burt Singer in his initial pro start.

In an action packed four, Lorenzo Lonzo, former Tucson main-eventer, smashed his way to a one-sided four round T.K.O. over Willie Bean, Phoenix welterweight.

Tucson has many colorful prospects at hand now. Among them, Babe Mathis, State lightweight champ; Burt Singer, colorful Hebrew featherweight; George Smith, hard-punching middleweight and a host of others.



BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

IT was Walter Friedman on the 'phone. In case your memory needs a bit of jogging, Walter is that effervescent gentleman of the world immortalized by the late Damon Runyon as "Good Time Charley."

"Just read your yarn on Jack Dillon," he said. "You're right when you say that in his entire career Jack probably didn't gross as much as Maxim and Robinson picked up for their one fight. Dillon came along years too soon, when fights were tough and purses small. He fought many a time for two or three hundred bucks, and a grand was considered a big touch. Boy, what a Jack Dillon wouldn't do for himself these days, with the big dough around and the sort of bums he'd have to pick on!

"There was one slip in your yarn. You said Dillon's biggest haul was the $15,000 guarantee he grabbed for beating big Frank Moran at old Washington Park in Brooklyn. That was the figure the promoters—Dan McKetrick, Pat Powers and Harry Pollok—gave out in their publicity. Actually, Jack's guarantee was $10,000—and he didn't get it all. As you know, I was pretty close to Dillon and his manager, Sam Marburger, and the real story was this:

"Moran, who signed for $20,000, and not the $25,000 announced, had had some tough experiences with promoters, and this time he wasn't taking any chances of being short-changed, so he played it safe by demanding, and getting, his dough the day before the fight. As you say, the show didn't draw as well as expected, and the promoters blew a good chunk of cash.

"You'll remember that the fight was nearly an hour getting under way. That was because Marburger, after getting a peek at the house, insisted on getting paid before he'd let Dillon go on. There was quite an argument in the office, and the promoters said they didn't have enough cash to pay the full ten grand. They finally compromised with Marburger by cleaning out the box-office and giving Sam what was there. It amounted to $8,700. Marburger took it, toted it down to the ring, emptied a water bucket, put the dough in it, and gave it to me to look after. I sat under Dillon's corner all through the fight, holding the bucket in my lap. Guess that's all there is to the story. Be seeing you."

Good Time Charley hung up the receiver before we had a chance to toss a query at him. We were curious to know, while he was looking after Dillon's money, who was looking after *him!*

THE passing of Jim (Rube) Ferns apparently leaves Frank Erne the oldest surviving ex-world champion. We say "apparently" since it has never been determined what became of the original Joe Walcott.

If still alive, the one-time Barbados Demon would now be 80, three years Erne's senior. But whether or not Old Joe is living is one of the intriguing mysteries of the trade. He has been "missing" for 17 years.

It was in September, 1935, that Walcott, en route from New York to Hollywood, disappeared in Mansfield, Ohio. Through the years, friends and relatives have continued to search for him, but so far no trace has been found of Old Joe.

The story, as we recall it, was that Walcott had been taken in tow by one Morris Watnick of New York, who thought that Joe, because of his prestige, might find some work in Hollywood, perhaps in occasional bit parts in the movies or as a porter in one of the studios. Watnick arranged for himself and Walcott to go along with a couple of other New Yorkers who were driving to California. When the expedition reached Mansfield and checked in for the night, Watnick complained of an upset stomach and sent Walcott out to a drugstore for something to relieve the nausea. Joe didn't come back.

The rest of the party continued westward, but Watnick remained in Mansfield, hunting for Walcott. From there he shifted to Philadelphia, where Joe had relatives. Then he returned to New York and checked the possibility that Walcott may have wended his way back to the old haunts in Harlem. Watnick's efforts were futile. Old Joe's disappearance was as complete as it was mysterious. To this day, nobody knows what happened to him.

Naturally, there have been rumors, and since it was in Ohio that Walcott vanished, most of them have come out of the Buckeye State. Authorities in Canton reported him killed in a traffic accident but investigation revealed the victim was not Walcott. A citizen of Massillon claimed that Joe, stumbling along Route 30, had been fatally injured by a passing automobile, but no corroboration of the story was forthcoming. An undertaker in Dalton said that the body of an unidentified Negro answering Walcott's description had been buried by him in the potter's field of a local cemetery, but he had no positive proof it was Old Joe's.

Meanwhile, every now and then we hear the somebody has "seen" Walcott somewhere. As recently as a year ago, he was reported peddling souvenir postcards outside the Chicago baseball parks.

Maybe some day the mystery of Joe Walcott will be solved. Perhaps some reader can throw some light on the subject.

WHILE the closing shows of Madison Square Garden's 1951-1952 schedule were anything but four-alarm riots at the box-office—turnouts of 2,576, 2,938 and 2,261 contributed gates of $6,634, $8,710 and $5,343—one encouraging development was the exciting fight between two young welters, Vince Martinez of Paterson and Sammy Giuliani of Stamford, who shape up as possible top attractions next season.

Martinez and Giuliani were making their joint debuts as Garden main-eventers, and for a couple of kids they really poured it on. Vince, the shiftier of the two, and the harder and more accurate puncher, had a real war on his hands edging out rugged, aggressive, roughhouse Sammy.

It was the first time either youngster had to travel the full ten-round route. No previous opponent had been able to carry Martinez beyond the sixth, and the longest Giuliani had gone was eight, though he'd had considerable experience at that distance, having covered it seven times.

Martinez had things pretty much his own way in the early sessions. He was entirely too fast and clever for the strong but crude Nutmeg Stater. Sammy, however, continued to hustle and bustle his way forward, and he began to reach Martinez at the half-way mark, when Vince tired and slowed down from the sizzling pace.

Martinez had a couple of rough rounds in the fifth and sixth, but he came back in the seventh to stagger Giuliani with one right and dump him with another. It was the only knockdown of the fight. Sammy, though hurt, was up at eight, and piling into Martinez at the bell.

Vince seemed spent and near collapse in the eighth. Several times his knees buckled as he reeled back from Giuliani's furious rushes and lusty left hooks. But the Patersonian, dead-tired though he was, pulled himself

together in the last two sessions to outpunch Giuliani and cinch the decision. Much of the power had gone out of Martinez's fists, but there was enough left to stagger Giuliani repeatedly and have him stumbling groggily at the final bell.

It was a grueling test for both kids, but they did themselves proud.

THE Eastern Parkway seems to have inherited the old Broadway Arena's reputation for being the "House of Upsets." Of the first seven main events staged there this season, no less than five finished with the favorites on the losing end. . . . Bobby Gleason, one of the hustlingest managers in the trade, has added the veteran welter, Gene Burton, to his troupe. . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, touring Australia, still keeps an occasional finger in the fistic pie. Maxie has done several guest refereeing stints Down Under, and also a few seconding jobs. . . . Writes George Sheppard: "With Barney Solomon of Philadelphia, I am now looking after Zeke Adams, 18-year-old featherweight, who shapes up as a fine prospect. My Irish heavy, Terry O'Connor, who spotted 21 pounds to Big Ben Wade and beat him in Niagara Falls recently, is returning to England for a short stap. He'll be back here next winter."

Ruby Goldstein's collapse during the Maxim-Robinson affair has prompted Abe J. Green's suggestion that referees be permitted to sit down on stools between rounds, as fighters do. Why not go the rest of the way, Abe, and supply 'em with seconds, too? With the tugging and hauling they have to do in these days of roughhouse mauling, they need as much relief between rounds as the fighters. . . . Emilio Don Alcaro of Maspeth writes that he has opened a fighters' training camp at Mountain Park Lodge, Washington, N. Y., and would like to hear from "unattached pros" interested in joining his happy menage. Alcaro already has two kids in tow—heavyweight Wally Ryans and welterweight Tony Manolo. . . . The prolific Sands clan of Australia has sent up its sixth entry to the ring wars. The newcomer is Russell, a flyweight, who recently made his pro debut. The three oldest brothers—Ritchie, George and Clem—have hung up the mittens, but the family continues to carry on with Dave, Alfie and now Russell.

THE ageless Joe Woodman, whose experience in this rugged business dates back more than a half-century, to the time he took hold of a promising young Negro named Langford, is still plugging along the old beat. What's more, he's doing all right for himself.

Woodman has several promising kids in tow. One of them, Harry Smith, an 18-year-old Irish featherweight out of Brooklyn, seems to be worth serious watching.

Smith's pro career so far shows four wins in preliminaries at Eastern Parkway, and he has beaten completition that normally would be considered tough for one of his youth and limited experience. An odd twist is that all four victims have been Latin-Americans. Harry started by whipping Jose Morrell of Puerto Rico in four. Next, he stopped another Puerto Rican, Rafael Laboy, in the second. In his next outing he turned in a real eye-opener when he halted Tony Vasfuez of Mexico in the second. In his most recent start he proved he could take as well as give by coming up off the floor to whip Masurati Matos of Puerto Rico in four.

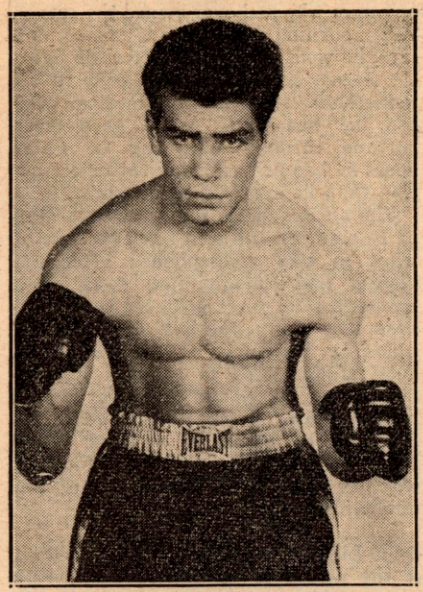
AMBLING to Bridgeport recently for the annual Police fight card there, we were interested in Connecticut's new system of announcing the result of each round during a fight. The scoring is on a points basis. For instance, an even round may be tabbed 3-3. A fighter earning a slight edge may come up with a 4-3 score in his favor. A more decisive round, of course, means a bigger margin.

It's a novel experiment, but, frankly, it appealed to us. It definitely has possibilities. Not only can the fans keep tabs on rounds and total points as the fight moves along, but it enables the fighters to know whether they are winning or losing, and in a close bout this has an important bearing on the action, particularly in the closing rounds. A fighter with a margin of only one or two points realizes that he cannot afford to slow down, for fear of losing that advantage, while the opponent hustles that much more in an effort to cut down the difference.

THE music changes occasionally but the words never do. A high school kid, after several months in a New York hospital, died of injuries suffered in a football game. The newspaper headline read: "Death Tackles a Game Halfback." If it had been a boxer the head would have read: "Brutal Prize-fighting Claims Another Victim."

THE month's results:

Though he forced the action all the way and at times scored with effective left hooks, Georgie Araujo, 134½, Providence, seemed lucky to get a split 2-1 decision over Arthur King, 135¼, Toronto, at the end of a lively ten in the Garden. A majority of the



Joe Miceli, who took time out from Army duties to score sensational two-round knockout over favored Luther Rawlings.

sparse gathering felt that King's smarter boxing and counter-punching had more than offset Araujo's industrious efforts. There were moments during the bout when the Canadian had Araujo missing like a crude novice. The TV studio clientelle numbered only 2,576, with the gate receipts hitting a disappointing $6,634. The lusty punching of Nino Valdes, 206½, Cuba, was too much for Jimmy Walker, 192, Plainfield, N. J., in the semi-final eight. Walker was blasted through the ropes and counted out at 1:26 of the sixth. In sizes, Charley Spicer, 147½, Philadelphia, won from George Bradford Smith, 143, Haverstraw, N. Y., and Johnny Digilio, 136, Bayonne, outfought Richie Crump, 135, Bronx. In fours, Riggie Alotti, 149, East Side, stopped Ronnie Moore, 151½, West Side, at 2:03 of the third, and Jimmy Williams, 150¼, Harlem, drew with Al Mouzon, 149, Baltimore.

Lacking much of his former speed and durability, Robert Villemain, 168¼, France, had a tough assignment mauling his way to a decision over 34-year-old Jose Basora, 171, Puerto Rico, in a bruising ten at Eastern Parkway. Pacing himself carefully, Villemain won by outlasting the West Indian veteran. Basora gave the chunky Frenchman plant of trouble in the early rounds, and ripped a gash above Villemain's left eye in the fourth, but Jose's aging legs began to give out at the half-way mark and he had a rough journey the rest of the route. Another Puerto Rican also was a loser in the semi-final six, Joe Torrens, 138½, dropping a decision to Gale Outhouse, 135½, Sioux City, Ia. In another six, Villemain's brother-in-law and stablemate, Raymond Dieu, 170½, France, was beaten by Burl Charity's brother, Earl, 171½, Youngstown, O. In fours, Harry Smith, 128½, Brooklyn, one of the most promising youngsters to pop up hereabouts in some time, polished off Tony Vasquez, 129½, Mexico, at 1:08 of the second; Johnny Lissy, 141½, Yorkville, outpointed Charley Bloss, 140¾, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Luigi Verrucio, 168½, Italy, drew with Frank Flood, 173½, Pueblo, Colo.

Packing a bit too much of everything for his New England rival, Don Williams, 148, Worcester, Mass., was credited with a knockout over Jackie O'Brien, 145¾, Meriden, Conn., when their scheduled eight at Fort Hamilton Arena was halted at the end of the third because of an ugly gash above O'Brien's right eye. Williams was boss from the start, outboxing and outpunching O'Brien all the way. In the third, Don dropped in a right to the chin that dumped Jackie for an automatic eight. Another Worcester entry, George (Curly) Monroe, 131¼, gave the old home town a two-for-two score by whipping Jimmy Haigy, 132, Clairton, Pa., in the semi-final six. Another six was over at :36 of the second, Paul Andrews, 169½, Long Island City, eliminating Peter Nelson, 164, Atlantic City. In fours, Steve Cermack, 161, Jersey City, polished off Frank Del Santre, 157, Hoboken, at 1:56 of the first; Nick Oliveri, 150, Brooklyn, disposed of Harry Lewis, 151, Brooklyn, at 2:28 of the fourth, and J. L. McLaughlin, 159, Birmingham, Ala., drew with Mack Stanford, 160¾, Englewood, N. J.

A load of international "color" embellished the card supporting the Vince Martinez-Sammy Giuliani slamfest in the Garden. Latin-America was well represented with one Mexican, one Cuban and three Puerto Ricans, while Canada contributed one entry. The visitors came out with a winning 3-2 score for the night. Those finishing in front were Miguel Mendivil, 140, Cuba, who outpointed Johnny Hazel, 134½, Harlem, in six; Jerry Kortright, 127, Puerto Rico, who whipped Carmen Iacobucci, 124½, Cincinnati, in four, and Jose Morrell, 132¾, Puerto Rico, who knocked out Willie Salas, 134, Bronx, at 2:09 of the second of another four. The losers were Raul Esqueda, 136, Mexico, who dropped a decision to the veteran Teddy (Red Top) Davis, 129, Hartford, in a bruising semi-final eight, and Jerry Drouin, 127, Quebec, who was decisioned by Henry Wichman, 140, East Side, in six. Despite more than 1,000 of Martinez's enthusiastic followers from Paterson, and several hundred equally enthusiastic Giuliani cohorts from Connecticut, the attendance was a disappointing 2,938, with the gross gate going only $8,710.

Scoring a knockdown in the first, Joe Giardello, 156, a Brooklynite fighting out of Philadelphia, went on to grab a close, upset decision over Pierre Langlois, 155, France, in a busy ten at Eastern Parkway. The bout had hardly got under way when Giardello connected with a left-right combination that dumped Langlois for an authomatic eight. The Frenchman was several rounds recovering from that inauspicious start. He was coming fast at the finish, gradually overhauling the fading Giardello, but his rally started too late. Both boys suffered gashed eyebrows, Langlois in the fifth and Giardello in the ninth. The semi-final six ended abruptly at 40 seconds of the fourth when Luis Ortiz Esuter, 143½, Purto Rico, suddenly collapsed without being hit. His opponent was Johnny Lissy, 142, Yorkville, and the milling was fairly even as far as it went. Another six was finished at 2:33 of the second, Willie Dockery, 161, Brooklyn, stopping Mike Gillo, 160, New Haven. Puerto Ricans had one winner in three starters in fours, Juan Melendes, 131, outpointing Walter Roy, 129, Norfolk, Va. The losers were Masuarti Maots, 129, shaded by Harry Smith, 131, Brooklyn, and Santo Sanitago, 146¾, knocked out by Whitman Burress, 146¾, Philadelphia, at 1:06 of the first.

Probably the best performance on the Maxim-Robinson supporting card at the Yankee Stadium was the one accounted for by Floyd Morris, 164, up-and-coming young Pittsburgher. Though the sweltering heat slowed him down somewhat toward the finish, Morris displayed neat all-around form and a fine assortment of combinations in edging his way to the decision over ringwise Chuck Hunter, 168½, Cleveland, in a rugged six. In other sixes, Jerome Richardson, 158½, Harlem, battled it out on even terms with the veteran Al Mobley, 152¾, Newark; Clarence Hinnant, 164, Washington, D. C., halted Sal Belloise, 163½, Bronx, at 1:54 of the fourth; Irvin Steen, 145½, San Diego, disposed of Herman McCray, 148, Philadelphia, at 2:24 of the third, and Shirley Pembleton, 184½, Philadelphia, finished the ancient Jimmy (Shamus) O'Brien, 189, Cleveland, at 2:12 of the third. In a couple of fours, Tony Esperti, 188, Bronx, outmauled Angel Martinez, 183, Newark, and Dick Davis, 172, Philadelphia, eliminated Earl Charity, 172½, Youngstown, O., at 2:54 of the third.

Relying mainly on "sucker" rights against which his opponent seemed to have no defense, Ernie Durando, 158¾, Bayonne, slugged out a decision over Norman Hayes, 160, Boston, in the windup ten of the Garden's 1951-52 schedule. It was a free-swinging affair, with the rivals taking turns at staggering each other. Durando, however, scored the more often, and accounted for the only knockdown when one of his roundhouse swings dumped Hayes just as the third ended. In the semi-final eight, Bill Bossio, 123, Pittsburgh, outlasted Georgie Sinclair, 124½. Winnipeg to take a 3-1 lead in their series. In sixes, Danny Giovanelli, 138½, Brooklyn, won from Al Robbins, 143, Portsmouth, Va., and Phil Morizio, 135½, Yorkville, had the better of Johnny Kamber, 138, Livingston, N. J. In fours, Calvin Davis, 143½, Long Island City, whipped Sammy Straws, 145, Philadelphia, and Jose Morrell, 130¾, Puerto Rico, registered the only knockout on the card by stopping Jimmy Redding, 135¾, Cincinnati, O., at 2:19 of the final frame. The card drew one of the poorest houses of the Garden season, the customers numbering only 2,261 and the gross gate reaching a low of $5,343.

The epidemic of surprises at Eastern Parkway continued when Joe Miceli, 146½, East Side, blasted his way to a sensational knockout over favored Luther Rawlings, 140, Chicago, at 2:37 of the second. Miceli, still in the Army and stationed at Camp Kilmer,

N. J., nearly ended matters in the first when his left hooks and uppercuts sent Rawlings crashing twice to the canvas and had him wobbling unsteadily at the bell. The lanky Chicagoan seemed to have recovered when the second started, and he was doing all right until he ran into another left uppercut and reeled back against the ropes. Miceli was slamming away at him with both hands when Referee George Walsh called a halt. Jose Morrell, 129¾, Puerto Rico, decisioned Jimmy Wilde, 135, Bronx, in the semi-final six. In another six, Irwin Scholz, 157½, Yorkville, whipped Roger Whynott, 156½, Halifax. In fours, Otis Hutch, 136, outpointed a fellow-Brooklynite, Frankie Grillo, 132¼; Art Thayer, 152¼, Brockton, Mass., won from Joey Greco, 155, Jersey City, and Juan Melendes, 131, Puerto Rico, finished Walter Roy, 129, Norfolk, Va., at 2:29 of the first.

A strong finish carried Joey Klein, 148¾, East Side, to a close decision over Richie Reed, 148½, White Plains, in a rugged eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. What the rival 19-year-olds lacked in technique they supplied in willingness. It was a give-and-take affair, with Reed favoring left hooks and Klein relying mainly on right counters. For six rounds it was anybody's fight, but the pace told on Reed in the closing sessions and Klein came on to cinch the verdict. It was Reed's first defeat in 21 pro starts. Out of action nearly two years, Joe Murray, 148½, Elmont, celebrated his return by whipping Jimmy Dugan, 147, Philadelphia, in the semi-final six. In another six, Zeke Adams, 127, Philadelphia, had the better of Tony Amabile, 127¾, Bronx. In one of the fours, Carmelo Costa, 131, Brooklyn, made his pro debut a winning one, outpointing Corky Rogers, 134, East Side. In two other fours, Don Gill, 146, Valley Stream, won from Leroy Willis, 147½, Detroit, and Willie Snydor, 145, West Side, grabbed the decision from Lou Canzoneri, 146¾, East Side.

Hustling, bustling tactics netted Gene Takach, 137, Trenton, N. J., the decision over Sal DiGuardia, 135¼, Bronx, in a lively eight at Fort Hamilton Arena. Takach had some rough moments when body-punching DiGuardia scored with lusty belts to his mid-section, but the Trentonian's busy aggressiveness and left hooks to the chin carried him through. It was a bruising brawl all the way, with DiGuardia penalized the last round for a low punch. The main event and the semi-final six, in which Joe Gamby, 128, Coney Island, drew with Jerry Kortright, 128½, Puerto Rico, were the only bouts to go their full routes. The fastest jobs were accounted for by Ritchie Hill, 151, Harlem, who knocked out Billy Moss, 150, Dayton, O., at 1:45 of the first, and Jerry Valentine, 143, West Side, credited with victory in the same time when Mike Caiti, 145, Bronx, suffered a broken left arm and was rushed to a hospital. In other bouts, Johnny Choback, 125½, Jersey City, stopped George Smith, 124, Harlem, at 2:32 of the second, and Lester Jackson, 166¼, Harlem, won from Sid Edwards, 168, Washington Heights, when the latter was unable to answer the bell for the sixth.

CHAMPIONS ANALYZED

(*Continued from page* 36)

popularity. Primarily, this was due to his worship of Herr Hitler at a time when the world was denouncing Nazism. Max was followed by a home loving man, Jack Sharkey, who as already told, kept aloof of the crowd. He liked to be by himself, an outdoor figure who loved hunting and fishing. In that respect he followed in the footsteps of Jeffries. He was a fighter with a most irritable disposition, though when in camp, his antics brought laughs and headaches to those about him.

CARNERA, like Schmeling, was handicapped by his lack of English but unlike Herr Max, he was well liked because of his simplicity. He was a man who was thrust into the sport by unscrupulous characters who not only fixed fights for him but took from him that which he had earned.

He was a bewildered giant—uneducated, with a simple, trusting mind who got less pleasure and less money out of a world heavyweight title than any man who had ever owned the crown. After earning more than a million dollars, he went back home after his fighting career had ended with $680 in his possession. Now, as an American citizen, he has rolled up a good sized fortune through wrestling in which sport he has proved a far better attraction than he ever did as a fighter.

Jimmy Braddock, the Cinderella Man of Boxing, though well liked because of what he had accomplished after adversity had brought him down to a pauper's role, never achieved the greatness nor the popularity of Dempsey, Louis or Sullivan. He always was a good mixer, liked to be with his admirers, but lacked the color that brings hero worship. A home loving man like Sharkey, he preferred to keep away from the mobs yet has always found a welcome sign on the door mat of the public.

JOE LOUIS' popularity was gained by the power of his fists. His terrific hitting, his knockout wallop and his frequent title defenses brought him close to the public.

His personality helped him to gain hero worship. He, like Dempsey, loved to fight and took great pride in the ownership of the world heavyweight championship. His comeback attempt following his retirement as the undefeated world heavyweight king, proved that.

It wasn't so much the money which he could obtain out of his comeback as his desire to get back the crown he had abdicated, that kept him active at a time when he should have lived in the glory of the past. Next to Dempsey, he was the most popular champion the division had since Sullivan's defeat by Corbett.

Neither Ezzard Charles nor Jersey Joe Walcott have been glorified champions. Walcott's popularity is more due to sympathy than to his fighting qualities though he possesses a powerful punch. Joe Louis and Charles can testify to that.

The trouble with Jersey Joe is that his hitting has been spasmodic. He gained the acclaim of the public because of his rise to the heights following many setbacks, but that popularity, unlike Dempsey's and Louis', is insufficient to bring in the crowds at the gate when he fights. He is one of those in the Gene Tunney category—a fighter love for the sport but for the financial whose career is not based on a powerful returns.

As for Charles, he lacks color and personal appeal. He like Walcott is in the game for what it can give him and not because of his fondness for professional fighting.

IN FISTIC SPOTLIGHT

(*Continued from page* 26)

He was crude when he started and still is to a degree. But he can punch with the best of them and though he has had only twenty-one fights Willie has met some of the best heavyweights in the world.

James has been beaten but three times and in none of these fights has he been disgraced. The first was a losing decision to Roy Thomas, the seasoned campaigner, when he first started. The second was to tough Tiger Ted Lowry, when a cut eye stopped the bout in the seventh round. James had had Lowry on the deck four times and seemed like an easy winner.

His third loss was to Coley Wallace at the Boston Garden in March. James was leading on points through the first five rounds and was handling Wallace, a ranking heavyweight, like a baby. In the sixth a right to the head—which cut a tendon in his ear—dropped James and, temporarily paralyzed, he just failed to beat the count.

James' best win was over Rex Layne, whom he dropped four times. Layne was lucky to last the ten round distance as Willie gave him a real going over.

Willie is the New England heavyweight champion, having won the title in a bout with Jeff Dyer last January.

THE RING QUESTION BOX

Johnnie Mixon, Utica, N. Y.
Q. Did Kid Gavilan fight in Miami, Fla., during the years 1945, 1946 and 1947?
A. No. The only fight Gavilan ever had in Florida was on Feb. 4, 1952, beating Bobby Dykes in defense of his welterweight title, at Miami.

B. McLain, Janesville, Wis.
Q. What was the date and result of the first Louis-Walcott fight and did they fight again? Who were the heavyweight champions after Louis' retirement?
A. They fought for the first time on Dec. 5, 1947, at Madison Square Garden, New York, Louis winning a fifteen round decision, and met again on June 25, 1948, at Yankee Stadium, New York, Louis scoring an 11 round knockout. Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott followed Louis as heavyweight champions.

Dick Allen, Salt Lake City, Utah
Q. When did the Rocky Graziano-Vince Foster fight take place?
A. There is no record of their ever having fought in a professional bout.

A. A. Bertie, Taber, Canada.
Q. Has the attending physician the authority to stop a fight?
A. No. He can only suggest to the referee that the bout should be stopped.

F. Perkull, Prince George, B. C.
Q. Was the second Robinson-Turpin fight broadcast over radio? Was Jake LaMotta knocked out by Billy Fox? Are all championship fights broadcast?
A. There was a very limited, short-wave broadcast of the fight to the British Isles. Fox stopped LaMotta in four rounds on Nov. 14, 1947. In the U. S. most championship fights are broadcast in some manner, but not necessarily all are broadcast.

V. J. Vivlano, New York, N. Y.
Q. How many times have Jake LaMotta and Gene Hairston fought and what were the results?
A. They fought twice on March 5 and May 21, both this year, at Detroit. The first was a draw and LaMotta won the second.

S. Swanson, Lakewood, N. Y.
Q. What was the official scoring of the Harry Matthews-Bob Murphy fight?
A. In rounds, Referee Barney Felix scored it 7-2-1; Judge Joe Agnello had it 8-2; and Judge Tommy Shortell made it 6-3-1; all for Matthews.

P. Dunn, Los Angeles, Cal.
Q. How many times did Dempsey and Tunney fight and in what years did the bouts take place?
A. They fought twice, Tunney winning both ten round decisions, in 1926 and 1927.

J. Allen, Detroit, Mich.
Q. What happened to the Perlick twins who fought out of Detroit?
A. We have heard nothing of them in years. The twins, Herman and Harry, were very good lightweights in the 1920's, meeting the best in their division.

MAXIM OUTCLASSED BUT HEAT FELLS ROBINSON

(*Continued from page* 4)

had previously sent unerringly to the mark, now were hitting the ozone. He was missing wildly and those which did connect, lacked the effectiveness of previous rounds.

Had Maxim exhibited any tough fighting qualities, had he a killing instinct, he could have knocked Ray out in the twelfth or thirteenth round. If ever a fighter was given every advantage to turn the tide on a rival who had rolled up such a huge advantage, Ray had given that opportunity to Joey. Instead of taking advantage of those, Maxim faltered. He sagged into clinches, swung aimlessly, stepped back when he should have stepped forward and permitted Ray to rest against him when one solid punch could have put Robinson away.

THOUGH Jack Kearns and Maxim, explaining Joey's failure, declared that was the strategy mapped out in pre-battle plans, one must remember that Maxim never was an aggressive fighter and against Sugar Ray, plan or no plan, he didn't do any better because he doesn't fight that way. He is a colorless, plodding fighter of the lightly jabbing, cuffing school, the uninteresting, type.

In the thirteenth, Ray almost fell through the ropes while stepping back to avoid a swing and shortly after, while attempting a sweeping right for the jaw, Robinson missed and fell flat on his face. When he got to his feet, Ray was a target for a knockout, yet Maxim, instead of going on for the kill, thought his opponent was putting across the old Leach Cross stunt and hesitated taking full advantage of the situation. Maxim did get one good hook into the body and two lefts to the head that staggered Ray but neither carried the steam necessary to put away the weary challenger.

Then came the surprise of the fight. Here was Robinson staggering about the ring. Once, as already told, he almost went out of the ring while resting against the ropes where he had been driven while retreating. Yet he set himself and crashed a right to Maxim's jaw just before the bell sounded that was one of his hardest punches in the entire battle. And a few seconds later, he virtually was carried to his corner where the fight ended.

That last punch of Ray's caused considerable comment. "How come he could pivot himself for such a hefty wallop seconds before his collapse,"? many asked. Dr. Nardiello, Ray's personal physician answered that with the statement that it was the dying effort of a man who felt his strength rapidly ebbing. Robinson clung to the ropes in a neutral corner as the round ended and his seconds leaped over the ropes to administer to him in his corner.

THUS ended a contest in which Robinson, the master technician, the greatest-all-around fighter in several decades, had with dazzling speed, beautiful boxing, heavy hitting and quick, accurate timing, given a boxing lesson for eleven rounds to the man whose title he was eager to annex. He gained most of his advantage through the use of left hand jabs hooks and right crosses delivered mostly from a crouching position. The most effective blows landed by Maxim were short punches to the midsection and sides when the men were in clinches. Ray was warned seven times in the first six rounds for repeated holding but no penalty was given by Referee Ruby Goldstein.

The unexpected ending was only one of many surprises in the fight. For the first time in a championship fight, two referees were used. Ruby Goldstein, after working nine rounds, was unable to come out for the tenth. He was exhausted by the heat and had to be treated.

Ray Miller took his place and worked the last three rounds. He did a good job in forcing the men to break, something Goldstein had difficulty in doing and it was the action of Miller that undoubtedly brought about the quick ending of the battle, for Robinson, unable to rest against his rival, was forced to retreat thus using up the energy he tried to save.

The bout originally was scheduled for two days before it took place but had to be postponed due to rain. The fighters were reweighed and two scales were found faulty. A third one was passed.

TELEVISION AND BOXING

(*Continued from page* 25)

Wednesday presentation were cancelled to allow the Republicans to do all the fighting.

With a final rating of 46.5 for the month of May in the latest Nielsen TV report, the Pabst Blue Ribbon bouts stand third among all television programs, and reach several million homes —results which no other regularly presented sports program have ever achieved.

Tony Warndorf's Ringside Roundup (WKRC-TV, Cincinnati, Ohio) which follows the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights every Wednesday evening, has a tremendous listening audience in the mid-West.

Jocko Maxwell, veteran sportscaster, recently celebrated his 20th year before the mike at WWRL (New York).

One of the closing features of the NARDA mid-year convention was a talk by Dan D. Halpin, manager, television receiver sales, RCA Victor home instrument department, on, "What the Dealer Can Do to Preserve Sports Programming." Without making any elaborate statements on the current popular topic of televised sports events versus attendance, Halpin made the forthright suggestion that dealers should not promote sales by saying, "Buy a TV set and see an event at home." He urged all possible cooperation with authorities handling such events and offered suggestions to aid events.

Realizing that the largest single body of persons buying television sets are those who purchase them to view sporting events, manufacturers and dealers are in an all-out fight to preserve, if necessary by direct purchase of the rights, the majority of outstanding sports programs for home viewers.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS RULE THE ROOST

(*Continued from page* 18)

won't accept another bout with the American.

The French Moroccan's whirlwind style and toughness have been too much for his continental opposition to handle up to now but he, against either Danny Womber or King of the U.S.A., he'd get the tests we'd like to see. Milazzo has really caught on in Paris and back home in Casablanca his neighbors are hoping that maybe like the great Cerdan, he'll bring additional ring honors to North Africa. The French think he's capable of turning the trick.

Italy's best fighter at the moment also is a middleweight, Ivano Fontana. However, while champion of the country, he is not quite the class of those we have mentioned.

Not since Marcel Thil, the bald headed, hairy chested, Apache, was turning back all comers in Paris, has the middleweight class had such a world-wide appeal.

This was back in the early thirties when Englishmen Len Harvey, Len Johnson, Jack Hood, and Jock M'Avoy were all active and dangerous. Sunny Spain had a good one in Ignacio Ara, Erich Seelig was a tough nut from Germany, Kid Tunero a slick boxing Cuban, Rene Devos, the smart rugged Belgian veteran and crack Americans, Lou Brouillard and Gorilla Jones made the class a real League of Nations. Thil beat them all, by the way.

Right now the middleweights are mainly responsible for making boxing the most international of all sports.

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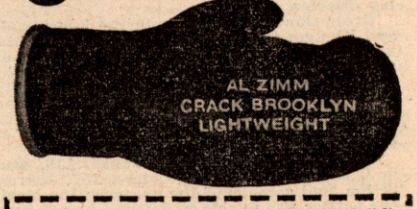

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY WINKLER

THERE have been so many upsets in California rings in recent weeks, that the generally expected results are those that now cause the surprise. Five of the most recent six attractions in the Los Angeles area have resulted in upsets. And in each instance the loser had been the favorite of from 1 to 3 to 1 to 8. And many considered even the sixth bout, Gonsalves-Davis, as something of an upset, but this writer was not one of them. I expected Johnny to defeat Davis, and I will not be surprised if he wins over George Araujo, the Number 2 ranking lightweight.

Boxing brilliantly, Johnny Gonsalves, 135, Oakland, proved himself best of the California lightweights by scoring a 7th round T.K.O win over Henry Davis, 133, Honolulu, at the Los Angeles Olympic. It was a scheduled 12-rounder for the state title. As in their first clash, the contest ended because of an eye cut, but in this case, it was sharp, accurate punching, not any butting of heads, that caused the injury. Gonsalves was in the lead and headed for a decisive victory at the time the go was halted.

Davis forced the issue and kept the first four heats even with a body attack. Gonsalves speeded up in the 5th and Henry found the Oaklander an elusive target thereafter. And as Davis missed with his punches, Johnny stabbed his foe with lefts, crossed arrow-like rights and whipped in well-timed uppercuts. A sharp right opened the cut over Henry's left eye in the 6th and when the wound became worse in the 7th, the Hawaiian champion went all out for a K.O., but his foe was too fast and clever to be tagged, and the end of the round was the end of the contest.

In the semi, Al Cruz, 125, making his first start in over a year, punched out a six-round decision over Pete Aguirre, 126. Cruz got off to a bad start, but got going in the late rounds and twice decked Aguirre in the 6th.

In the prelimins: Joe Torres, 132, beat Billy Herrera, 129, in a four; Billy Bevil, 122, decisioned Tony Gallegos, 122, in four; Tommy Kequoin, 150, halted Johnny Hairston, 153, in the third; Buddy Burton, 143, nodded Gene Gordelle, 147, in four.

In two 10-rounders at the Oakland Auditorium, Tote Martinez, 140, Stockton, defeated Lou Williams, 135, Los Angeles, and Doug Kirby, 133, San Francisco, bested Marvin Smith, 135, Long Beach.

Martinez and Williams engaged in a toe-to-toe slugfest all the way. There was little long range fighting and few straight punches used. Round after round the two met in the center of the ring and stayed in close, whipping in short blows, mostly left hooks. It was close all the way and many thought that Williams rated at least a draw.

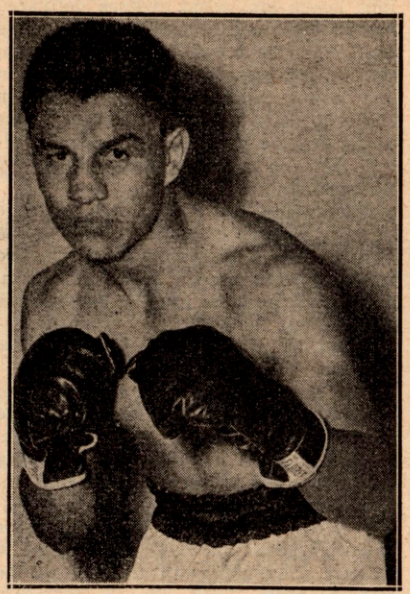
The Kirby-Smith go was one of continuous action also. Kirby piled up a lead in the early rounds, but slowed at midway and Smith came on to tie the score at end of 9th. Smith's switching attack—part-time southpaw stance—had the 'Frisco fighter confused in the late rounds. Kirby waged a furious attack in the final round to emerge the winner.

Philip Kim, 143, Honolulu, chalked up his third straight victory since landing on the Mainland, by stopping Ernie Greer, 145, Oakland, at the Hollywood Stadium, but the Honolulu hammerer had to travel a lot further and a lot longer to score this third win. Greer was in there to last the route and almost did, the stocky Korean experiencing difficulty in cornering his fleet-footed foe. Kim stalked the retreating Oaklander continually, but Greer's left-jabbing kept off the impending disaster.

Greer slowed down a bit in the late rounds and Kim got to him more often, roughing him up plenty in the 8th and having him hurt at the end of the 9th. Not to be denied a K.O. victory, Kim swarmed all over Greer in the 10th and Ernie was being badly pummeled when Referee Joe Stone decided it had gone far enough. Kim had been credited with 8 of the 9 rounds contested.

In two 6-rounders, Peter Janke, 158, won by T.K.O. over Armando Cotero, 157, Juarez, in the final seconds of the go, when the Mexican battler was unable to defend himself, having become exhausted from the brusing setto. The slugfest brought on a shower of coins from the delighted customers. In the other bout, Oscar Torres, 119, stopped Jimmy Quinn, 115, former Navy champion, in the 6th and final round. Torres decked the sailor four times.

In the two 4-rounders, Stan Jamison, 132, whipped Bob Mattison, another ex-Navy champion, and Babe Carreon, 133, K.O.ed Joe Torres, 131, in two heats.



DAVE GALLARDO

NOW wearing the lightweight crown, Lauro Salas, naturally, is not interested in the California featherweight title, which he was the owner of when he won the world's 135-pound championship. So, if and when the California Commission names an heir apparent, the selection of Dave Gallardo of Los Angeles, would be a most meritorious one. Gallardo, in my opinion, is the best featherweight in California and he is most anxious to prove it against any 126-pounder whom the Commission may consider a worthy contender for the vacant title.

Gallardo has had to make long trips to keep active in recent months and a look at his record explains why the local featherweights are bashful about crossing gloves with him. Among the forty-odd contests he has won are such formidable boxers as Jackie Blair, Conrado Castanon, Baby Face Gutierrez, Panchito Uribe, Cecil Schoonmaker and Rueben Smith. And of the eight boxers who have won over Gallardo, he later reversed the decisions over three of them.

Dave is managed by Jim Hamilton and trained by Chalky, one of the greatest of the ex-featherweight champions. Gallardo, of Mexican parentage, was born at Denver, Colo., Sept. 14, 1929. His hobby is collecting knives, and his ambition is to own an upholstery business. He is married, has two children and lives in Los Angeles.

Tryouts for the Olympic team were being run off in that vicinity during the week, so, Serge Ceustermans, of France, might possibly have been under the impression that his setto with Eddie Chavez at San Jose was one of those events. And if it had been, the Frenchman would have made the team, for, although a college city, San Jose has never seen a track star run so fast. Chavez chased Ceustermans continually and occasionally caught up to land right's that shook Serge to his fast feet, but the Frenchman is a clever defensive boxer and Eddie got no chance to follow through. Chavez was tabbed winner of all 10 rounds. Each weighted 139.

In the three supporting bouts, Frank Skidmore, 146, Salinas, stopped Kangaru Zavala, 149, Mexico, in the fifth; Esau Ferdinand, 163, San Francisco, decisioned Bull Halsey, 170, Portland, in six; Danny Rodriguez, 140, Mountain View, nodded Bob Fuby, 140, San Francisco, in four.

If you would know people, study the fight crowds. As individuals, they may appear, quiet, conservative, impartial, unprejudiced, sporting; in fact, they, themselves, may believe that they possess all those admirable traits. But just watch them closely during a boxing contest and you will see how few of these good traits the average person really possesses.

It was during the 7th round of a fight at the Olympic arena in Los Angeles, that a slender little guy was being pounded into helplessness, and although the victim was of frail build and didn't look over 14 years old, the crowd was yelling like mad for his opponent—a more rugged, matured fighter—to finish the dazed and weakened kid. And even though the slender, baby-faced youngster stood and swapped blows until his rubbery legs would no longer keep him erect, most of the cheering was for the victor.

Now, this cheering for the under-dog (Tommy Umeda) is a good old American trait, but gloating over the downfall of a favorite (Keeny Teran) is one of our not-so-good traits, and there are a great many who do it. However, this is no reflection on boxing.

After Tommy Umeda's victory over Keeny Teran, it became known that Teran was still suffering from a touch of the flu and shouldn't have been allowed to go through with the bout. But, Keeny had twice defeated Umeda and felt confident of repeating in spite of being below par. Umeda, most always a retreating fighter, forced the milling and it was Teran who didn't relish mixing it. And Tommy had the better of most of the exchanges, Teran's punches not having the usual kick to them.

When Umeda hurt Teran with a left hook to the jaw in the 7th, he tore in with a vengeance, raining right's and left's on Keeny's unguarded head until the youngster sank to the floor. The baby-faced battler proved to be a gamester of the first water. He punched back feebly until his knees hit the canvas. Although limp as a rag, he made it to his feet before Referee Joe Stone could call "Ten!" However, the kid was in no condition to continue and Stone ruled him out just as Teran's manager jumped into the ring. Umeda, 118, had been credited with four of the six rounds. Teran, 117, the other two.

In other bouts: Sammy Saunders, 161, decisioned Roy Daniels, 154 (6); Frankie Russell, 162, and Ray Louis, 165, fought to a draw (4); Ramon Young, 129, and Bob Mattison, 130, also drew (4); Santiago Esteban, 134, K.O.ed Tony Contreras, 133 (4); Rocky Corkins, 152, disposed of John Hairston, 150, (3).

Making his first start in nearly two years, Tony Bosnichi, 194, San Francisco, was hard pressed to hold John McFalls, 183, Los Angeles, to a 10 round draw at the Fresno Auditorium. Bosnich was sluggish and off form. In fact, his showing was such that a real friend would advise against any further comeback efforts. The bout was a slow and uninteresting one, for, although both heavies are regarded as punchers, there were no hard blows landed.

In supporting bouts: Leo Martinez, 131, Modesto, and Tommy Flores, 135, Stockton, fought a sizzling six-round draw; Sammy Garcia, 117, Richmond, defeated Leroy (Casey) Jones, 120, San Francisco, in a six; Bernie Dixon, 157, Oakland, K.O.ed George Taylor, 153, Oakland, in the second.

About a year ago it was written in this column that Freddie Herman should take time off until his eye cuts healed properly, that the recorded (in Record Book) losses, due to these eye wounds, would tend to disprove the ability he really possesses. Well, the same advice is still good. The 1953 record book will show another K.O. against Herman, administered by Oscar Reyes in the 5th round at Hollywood Stadium, while the facts are that Herman was declared loser when the bout was halted because of an unhealed eye wound being opened up.

Reyes, appearing in his first local main-event, made a good showing, holding Herman better than even in a long range duel of left hands. With the frame of a light-heavy, Reyes had both height and reach on Herman, and Freddie lost both timing and judge of distance in his anxiety to land hard blows on his rangy foe. The cut was opened and the bout stopped in the first minute of the 5th round. Reyes weighed 147, Herman 143.

In the semi, Charley Green, 158, chalked up his best win to date when he disposed of Johnny Duke, 161, early in the 3rd round. It had been a punching spree, with Duke down for 9 and in a bad way at end of second.

In the prelims: Georgie Macias, 136, Mexico, outpunched Al Arenas, 134, in an action-packed six-rounder; Johnny Richards, 136, nodded Al Galindo, 136, in four; Babe Carreon, 133, bested Ramon Young, 128, in a four.

Promoter Cal Eaton and staff celebrated their 10th anniversary of promotion at the Los Angeles Olympic on the night of the Umeda-Teran go. And this promotion has been something to shout about. Eaton not only turned a "white elephant" into one of the most successful of all fight clubs—the Olympic grossed close to two-and-a-half million dollars in a span of three years—he also staged several world championship bouts and shattered all former California gate records, both indoor and outdoor.

Too much credit could not be given Cal Eaton for his courage, perserverance and sportsmanship in this accomplishment. However, since it was the fights that brought the crowds, money and presitge to the Olympic, there must also have been a good matchmaker in the setup. And how! Everyone associated with the boxing game, regards Babe McCoy as one of the best in the business. We out here on the Coast, know that he is the Number One man.

All of the former Olympic main-eventers were invited to appear in the ring on this Anniversary night and among those who took a bow were Manuel Ortiz, Baby Arizmendi, John Thomas and Enrique Bolanos, four of the best box-office attractions to ever cross gloves in this ring.

Although only one of the contestants was counted out, five of the ten scrappers on a card at the Eureka Auditorium took trips to the canvas. In the 10-round main-event, Archie Whitewater, Indian lightweight out of Oakland, won handily over Lou Williams, former Kansas City Negro, now making Los Angeles his headquarters. Whitewater jabbed and hooked Williams at will and floored him with a right to the head in the fourth.

In the scheduled 10-round semi, Bobby Woods, the traveling featherweight, won by a 6th round T.K.O. over Billy Herrera of Los Angeles. Herrera decked Woods in the 2nd, but Bobby came up off the floor to cop the next four rounds and handed the poorly-conditioned Herrera a lacing in the 6th heat that caused Billy to call it quits at the end of the round.

Other results: Teddy McDade, 149, defeated Gene Campbell, 152, in a four, having the latter all but out in the 2nd round; Bobby Osborne, 152, put Earl Stockton, 149, down for the count in the 2nd; Steve Matthews won over Harry Foster in an amateur bout. This was a thriller, with Foster down and saved by the bell in the 1st. Matthews floored twice in the 2nd, and Foster sent to the canvas twice in the 3rd.

The Los Angeles Olympic continued to be the happy hunting ground's for the underdog when Gerry Dreyer, 147, of South Africa, won handily over Art Soto, 150, Oakland, in a 10-rounder in which Dreyer was given little chance against the clever state champion. Dreyer boxed nicely, keeping a left jab in Soto's face throughout and occasionally whipping over straight right's to the head. The Johannesburg boy also had the better of the infighting (Soto's specialty), jolting the Oaklander with short hooks to both head and body.

Now, it is'nt my wish to detract from Dreyer's victory—a superb performance, which I enjoyed—but, the truth is that Soto was away off his best form. He lacked fighting spirit, was listless and tired easily. Therefore, credence must be given his handler's claims that sweating off two pounds at the weigh-in, robbed him of his strength.

In the semi, Nunzio Ferrera, 152, Milwaukee veteran, disposed of Dave Martinez, 149, in the 2nd. Martinez had been decked twice and was being badly punished when the bout was stopped.

In the prelims: Tony Kequon, 151, defeated Rocky Corkins, 150, in a four; Ramon Young, 127, and Billy Evans, 125, drew in four; Johnny Richards, 137, decisioned Bobby Akino, 138; Bob Mattison, 132, iced Tony Gallegos, 133, in the 1st round.

Eddie Chavez of San Jose had too much class for Lavert Smith of Los Angeles, and their one-sided setto at the Richmond Auditorium was halted by Referee Jack Silver in the 5th round. Chavez, leading in every round, stunned Smith with a left hook to the jaw early in the 5th, then, followed it up with a volley of leather that soon had Smith in a bad way and Silver, a good referee, was convinced that the contest had gone far enough. Chavez had dropped the L. A. boxer with a left hook in the opening round.

In two 6-rounders, Johnny Miller, 141, Stockton, defeated Frankie Carter, 141, Richmond, and Sammy Garcia, 118, Richmond, again whipped Leroy (Casey) Jones, 118, San Francisco.

In three amatuer bouts, Don Edmund, 144, Oakland, won over Spurgeon Carter, 143, Richmond; Willie Culbert, 196, Oakland, stopped Walt Robinson, 184, San Francisco. In the 3rd; Armando Morales, 157, and Abe Hernandez, 160, both of Oakland, boxed three heats to a draw.

Warm-up fights can become very hot affairs. Intaking on Joey Gurrola in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium, as a warm-up for his scheduled fight with Philip Kim, Manny Madrid found himself in one of the toughest fights of his career. It was a brusing affair, with Gurrola copping the early rounds and Madrid having to fight like mad in the late heats to pull up even. It was such a terrific scrap that ringsider's remained to shower the ring with coins, something very unusual to a main-event.

Gurrola's damage was done with right jabs and long, hard lefts, he being a southpaw. Madrid's best blow was a right to the head. Both were dead tired, cut and bloody at end of the 9th, when two of the officials had Gurrola tabbed one-point ahead. Madrid stirred up sufficient power to win the hectic 10th and a draw on those two officials cards. The other judge had Madrid, 138, as the winner. Gurrola weighed 140.

In the 6-round semi, Al Cruz, 124, won handily over Bobby Romo, 128. Cruz was the aggressor and landed the harder punches.

In the prelims: Tony Renteria, 159, and Everett Vasquez, 160, fought to a draw in six; Walter Landry, 171, and Paul Pargo, 175, also ended up in a tie, in four; Ramon Young, 127, beat Billy Evans, 124, in a four.

The first thing Tony Bosnich did after recovering from his 4th round T.K.O. by John McFalls in the Oakland Auditorium ring, was announce his retirement, this time, permanently. Bosnich had held McFalls to a draw two weeks before, but in this clash Tony was the recipient of a severe lacing. McFalls had floored the Polish heavy three times. The Los Angeles Negro dropped Tony twice in the 2nd for 9-counts and the 'Frisco fighter was out on his feet at the bell. Bosnich was put down with a left hook in the 4th, and when he arose at count of 9, another hook staggered and dazed him, at which point Referee Frankie Brown declared it over.

The above mentioned announcement of Tony Bosnich's retirement reminds me of another time that Tony retired. An incident that I will always regard as one of the finest gestures of loyalty ever displayed in a profession better known because of the disloyalty among its members.

It was back in 1943, at a time Bosnich was one of the most promising young heavies in the country. His manager, Sid Flaherty, was called into the Service and Tony announced that he would not resume his career until Flaherty returned, which he didn't, although Sid was in the Army for almost three years. And believe me, a flock of managers spent a lot of their time trying to convince Bosnich that he should continue his career under their direction. Good luck to you, Tony.

Even though he would have emerged the winner without a head collision, the bumping of noggins made Ramon Fuentes' victory over Woody Harper an easier and quicker one. A deep gash on Harper's left brow, received in a head collision in the 3rd round of their clash at the Los Angeles Olympic, caused the bout to be stopped in the 5th. Fuentes' ruggedness and relentles attack was bound to slow Harper to a walk before any 10 rounds were over.

The rangy Oaklander bothered the Mexican slugger with a long left jab while retreating in the first two rounds, but after the brawl in the 3rd, Harper couldn't avoid Ramon's rushes, and once in close, Fuentes dug both fists into Woody's midsection and whipped in right uppercuts to Harper's chops that caused Woody to winch. Harper's head cut had become such a blood gusher in the 5th that Referee Mushy Callahan decided to call it over, and Fuentes being far out in front, he was declared a T.K.O winner. Each weighed 149.

In the semi, Al Cruz, 126, continued on his winning way—this time with an assist of an eye cut—being adjudged a T.K.O. victor over Freddie Bravo, 130, in the 4th round. However, Cruz had garnered every round.

Other results: Don (Rocky) Robinson, 171, stopped Danny Mendez, 165, in the 3rd; Jimmy Dunn, 130, disposed of Joe Torres, 130, in the 2nd; Santiago Esteban, 132, K.O.ed Ramon Young, 129, in three; Rocky Corkins, 150, whipped Jiggs Reed, 147, in a four.

An open Letter To Keeny Teran:

There wern't many present who realized the anguish you felt in hearing the crowd scream for "the kill" while you were being pounded limp by Umeda, but I am one of those who did. And I can understand you crying openly over your defeat. And in this instance, I couldn't have felt much worse if you had been my own son. But, honestly, Keeny, it is'nt as tragic as you think. And believe it or not, some day you will smile when you reflect on it, wondering how you could have taken it so hard.

You, Keeny, know of the ring greatness of Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Jack Johnson, Stanley Ketchel, Joe Louis, Mike Gibbons, Jimmy McLarnin, Les Darcy, Micky Walker, and Jack Britton. They are 10 of the great boxers of all time, and every one of them, like dozens of others almost as great, suffered defeats early in their careers. In fact, their early defeats may have had much to do with their becoming great. An remember, your own two idols, Manuel Ortiz and Enrique Bolanos, both suffered setbacks early in their careers. Question them about it today, Keeny, and you will see them smile, or, even laugh, when they tell of it.

It is doubtful if there was any anxiety even among Gil Cadilli's immediate family over his clash with Leroy (Casey) Jones at the Hollywood Stadium. For, once Cadilli got into the ring without accident, there was little chance of him being hurt on that night. Jones, a prelim boy out of San Francisco, figured to last about two rounds, but, like his namesake, he must have "had his orders" to go as fast and as far as he could. But, unlike the immortal Casey Jones, who raced forward, the 'Frisco kid traveled in reverse.

Cadilli chased Jones continually, but had trouble getting in close, due to the Negro boy's southpaw stance. Gil cornered Jones in the 5th, pounded him to the floor for a 9-count, then, seconds later, almost ended it with a right to Leroy's head, the bell saving him at count of 8. Jones stood his ground a bit better in the late rounds, but he was in over his head and loser by as many as 13 points. Cadilli weighed 121, Jones 118.

In the 6-round semi, Mickey Northrup, 127, was bothered by the unorthodox milling of Bobby Garza, but moved ahead in final two rounds to be awarded a close decision.

In the prelims, Marvin Smith, 134, was fortunate in being declared by T.K.O. over Nick Flores, 140, in the 4th round, as Flores was ahead on points at time bout was halted, due to a cut on his head, and the injury resulted from the butting of heads; Ray Louis, 163, bested Jackie Condon, 165, in a four; Al Casanova, 142, and Don Smith, 139, fought to a draw in four.

SHADOW-BOXING.—It is probably the first time in boxing history, this association of four separate, active promoters joining in the promotion of one fight. Jimmy Murray, Benny Ford, Lou Thomas and Jimmy Dundee are the quartette who have a part in the staging of the Carl Olson-Robert Villemain contest at San Francisco next month.

The television contracts recently renewed at both the Los Angeles Olympic and Hollywood Stadiums add 400 to each of the main-eventer's purses, and assures every preliminary boxer of no less than $70.

Kenny Davis, Golden Gloves and International amateur featherweight champion, is receiving his discharge from the Marine Corps next month and is to enter professional boxing ranks immediately. Duke Holloway is to train him. . . . Gerry Dreyer of South Africa, now boxing over here as a welterweight, was winner of the 1948 Olympic games lightweight championship. Dreyer's straight-up stance, cool head and accurate punching is refreshing in these days of close-in fighting. . . . Charley Green, Los Angeles Negro middleweight, is deserving of main-event billing, in fact, his wins over Lou Josephs and Johnny Duke rates him consideration for a crack at the state middleweight title. . . .

Art Aragon has had his injured hand operated on, but he will be out of action for several weeks, which means the scheduled Lauro Salas-Aragon overweight bout is off. And overweight is right, as it is doubtful if Art would agree to do under 140, which would bring him in the ring at least 12 pounds heavier than Salas.

Someone up around Eureka must be quite a "salesman." Several boxers from other parts of the country have located in that area in recent months. The clubs are small and the shows are few in that neck of the woods. so, someone must be selling them the "beauty" of the country. Incidentally, most of these boxers locating up there have had beef's with promoters elsewhere, or have split with their manger's.

Several of our local leather-pusher's who had retired are preparing for, or already attempted, comebacks. Among them are Jay Caldwell, Sal Perea, Johnny Duke, Joey Barnum, Tony Bosnich, Bobby Castro, Nunzio Ferrera, Nick Diaz, Frankie Russell, Pee Wee Swingler and Pedro Jiminez. For their own welfare, not more than two or three of them should be issued licenses.

Gil Cadilli has just been inducted into the Army. Take good care of him, Uncle, he is a dandy prospect.

I have a few signature's (on cards) of Jas. J. Jeffries and Jack Root, the former world champions, which I will gladly send to persons who make autograph's their hobby.

In writing for information, kindly enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply. Address Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood 38, Calif.

MEMORIES

Another in the Series of Anecdotes from THE RING Editor's Reminiscences Covering His Forty-five Years of Association With Boxing

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By NAT FLEISCHER

DAN MORGAN, one of the sock market's most accomplished raconteurs, tells some amusing yarns about Jack Britton, whom he managed for years. In Canton, Ohio, one night Britton was engaged in one of his frequent battles with Ted (Kid) Lewis, one of the British Empire's greatest boxers.

Britton was going great and had floored the Englishman several times, only to have the referee drag out the count interminably. After impatiently enduring several of these long counts, Britton took a hand in the count himself. As soon as he floored Lewis he ran to his corner and got a stop watch from Morgan. Jack then proceeded to do the counting himself, while the crowd roared with laughter.

In his later years of boxing Britton's quick wit in an emergency sometimes came in handy. For instance, he was boxing a rugged, hard-hitting youngster in Havana. After several desultory rounds the youngster took heart and began to make it tough for Jack.

The youngster finally nailed Britton with a punch on the chin that jarred Jack from stem to stern. Britton fell into a clinch and mumbled to his opponent:

"Be careful, sonny, if you do that again I'll have to knock you out."

The unsuspecting foeman took this admonition at face value and Jack had easy sailing for the rest of the fight.

BRITTON caused Morgan to do some worrying before another of Jack's battles with Lewis. It was in St. Louis. In the dressing room Britton had a preoccupied air. Nothing that Morgan could say seemed to rouse him from his gloomy reverie. Dan's best gags failed to get a tumble from Britton.

They went into the ring. Still Britton was gloomy.

"Listen," cried Morgan in the corner, thoroughly alarmed, "you got nothing to worry about from this guy. All you got to do is to box him careful for a while. After a few rounds he has nothing left."

Britton made no reply.

As the fighters and managers went to ring center for the referee's instructions, Britton paid no attention to what was said. His thoughts seemed to be far away.

For three rounds, Ted Kid Lewis made Britton look like a raw novice as the Britisher peppered Jack's face with jabs and hooked to the body frequently. Morgan looked bewildered as he stood outside the ring in Britton's corner and pondered over what was wrong with his charge. He knew that Britton had gone into the contest in prime condition yet his every move in the ring indicated that he either had been injured and was keeping the news from Morgan or something was bothering him mentally.

As the bell sounded for the start of the fourth round, Morgan was astonished at an exclamation by Britton: "I've got it, I've got it," and as he shouted those words to Morgan, Jack leaped from his chair and with a broad grin on his face, he cut loose with an attack that took both Lewis and the spectators by storm. It seemed that a rejuvenated Britton had suddenly gone into action.

MORGAN was still in the dark. He hadn't the faintest idea what Britton meant by those "magic" words. When Jack came back to his corner at the end of the round, Morgan cried out, "What did you mean by 'I got it.' Got what?" he continued.

"Oh, that," replied Britton, "it was the First National Bank."

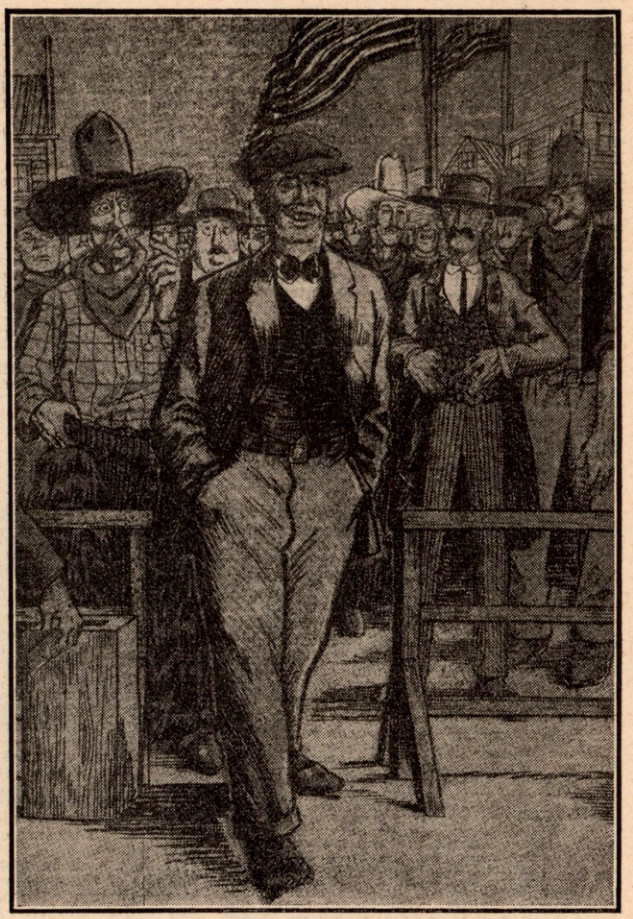
"So what," retorted Morgan, still angered at the poor showing Jack had made in the early rounds. The reply of Britton still left Dan in the air. However, he temporarily forgot about the "magic words" when he saw Britton repeat his skillful performance of the previous round, fighting with all his customary skill, but when the bout had ended, a no-decision affair in which each of the contestants gave a perfect exhibition of the manly art, Morgan again asked Britton: "What did you mean by 'I got it'? It has me worried.

"Oh, I should have told you before that I was trying all day to remember the name of a bank in which I had deposited some of my money about five years ago and I couldn't for the life of me get it. Suddenly, after Lewis had clouted me with a right to the temple, I remembered that it was the First National Bank. We'll go there tomorrow and I'll withdraw the money."

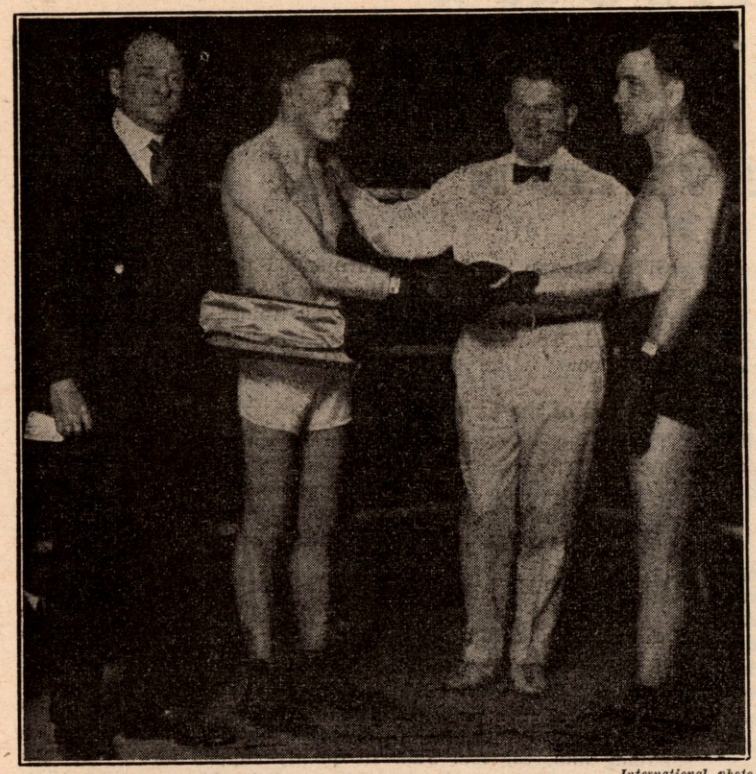
"That's fine," replied Morgan, a thoroughbred race track follower, "I've got a hot tip on a horse in the fifth race at the Jamaica track and your dough will come in handy." As Morgan explained it, he got Britton to put about half of the money on the nag which ran in a seven horse claiming race and finished sixth. Britton was fit to be tied when he learned of his loss.

"Here I kept the dough safe in the bank for five years and in one day, you clean out half of what I had saved with your phoney tips."

Henceforth, Jack Britton never played Morgan's racing tips, but to this day, Dumb Dan is still at it. From morn till night he works on the dope sheet but seldom does he cash in. The daily double is his leading play but they've never come home to enable him to cash in.



A smile and a little bravado got One-Eyed Connolly into the Fitzsimmons-Corbett battle at Carson City.



International photo

When Britton and Ted Kid Lewis fought for the world's championship in Madison Square Garden, Joe Humphreys, extreme left, is displaying to the spectators the diamond-studded belt awarded to the winner by Tex Rickard.

THOSE who follow pugilism know that there are two "One-Eyed Connollys," the original and the copyist. Though the more recent character with that sobriquet gained a national reputation as a gate crasher and has been involved in many publicity stunts, it was the original "One-Eyed" who gained international fame by his gate crashing and exploits in many parts of the world.

One-Eyed Connolly was a very capable and versatile gentleman with unusual ways of earning a living. One of these he practiced in Havana where he went to see the Willard Johnson fight and escaped the clink by the skin of his teeth. He had come to the Island from the West and was broke, as usual. He was staked a few dollars by the sports scribes, among them the writer who was covering the fight for the New York Press.

A few doors away from the Plaza Hotel was a fruit store loaded with baskets for steamer trade. Into that store walked Connolly and removing a dollar from his pocket, he asked the proprietor to send a dollar's worth of bananas to his hotel room. Of course, he wasn't stopping at any hotel, but he had concocted a plan which if it worked, would enable him to get enough to tide him over for the short visit.

Now a dollar in those days would buy plenty of bananas in Havana and the Cuban merchant took the order and promised to send the fruit up in a jiffy. As he started to write down the name of the purchaser and the number of his room at the Plaza. Connolly stooped towards the floor, took his glass eye out of the socket and suddenly faced the Cuban minus an eye.

The Cuban was now looking into a big pit on the right side of Conolly's face where the glass eye had been and turned ashen white as Connolly shouted.

"Lock those doors, I've lost a fortune."

With that he got down on his knees and began hunting for the "lost" eye.

"That glass eye I've just dropped is worth $5,000. I had it made in Paris and it can't be replaced. Help me find it."

THE Cuban was flabbergasted as he searched but found no trace of the eye. Then, informing the proprietor that he had an important engagement and had to leave immediately Connolly remarked:

"I'll give you $500 if you find the eye and deliver it to me at the hotel. Then he left.

The Cuban again got down on the floor and frantically searched for the eye when in walked another American and asked if he could see some fruit.

The Cuban obliged and while filling a basket the American, in sight of the proprietor, stopped and "picked up" the glass eye. The Cuban was not aware of the ruse. He didn't know that he was to be the victim of a fraud and that the newcomer had an eye given to him by Connolly to complete the fraud.

As the American looked over his find, the Cuban rushed forth and demanded that the eye be given to him.

"Nothing doing, said the American, 'I found this."

"But it is mine. This is my store," replied the Cuban who could speak English, "and everything here belongs to me."

"Not this," answered the American. "This is worth a fortune."

THE Cuban, remembering the promise of One-Eyed Connolly that he would give $500 reward for the lost eye, without any haggling informed the American that the man who lost it was a dear friend and good customer and that he had offered $100 for the recovery of the glass eye, and that the Cuban would give the American that amount for its return and then collect from his customer.

That's just what Connolly and his friend had figured and the bargain was quickly made. Then the Cuban, holding the "precious" glass eye in one hand and the fruit in the other, left the store for the hotel. He went up to the room which Connolly supposedly was occupying, only to find it vacant.

Down to the desk went the shopkeeper and his load and there he learned of the hoax. There was no Connolly registered at the hotel. Cussing and fuming, the Cuban returned to his store minus his $100.

One-Eyed Connolly carried half a dozen glass eyes with him for just such an emergency but this time he didn't get away with his trickery. So much had been written about the arrival of the famous One-Eyed Connolly on the scene that the police had no difficulty catching up with him at the Oriental Park race track, where the fight was staged. Jack Curley, promoter of the fight, came to the gate crasher's rescue. He appealed to the Secretary of the Interior, a friend, and he in turn had it arranged to free Connolly upon payment of the $100 by Curley and the promise that One-Eyed Connolly would take the first boat back to the States.

SOME years after he had lost the world heavyweight title to James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan decided that he would like to spend the rest of his days on a farm. He was out in St. Louis doing a vaudeville skit when he was approached by John Eckert of the vaudeville team of Eckert and Francis and was told that a farmer about twenty miles outside St. Louis had advertised a farm for sale. John L was interested and the next morning they hired a horse and buggy and started out to visit the farm. They arrived about noontime and were met by an old man who explained that because of ill health he had to retire and would be willing to dispose of his property at a fair price.

"Let's look it over." said John.

The quartet started the rounds of the huge place. It was an extremely hilly farm, much unlike what Sullivan had pictured and after going up and down hill, Sullivan and his comrades halted for breath. The farmer took advantage of the rest period to explain in detail the good parts of his land—about the yield and the excellent productive soil. Then the four started on their walk again. Sullivan, while gazing at a huge oak, tripped over a heavy stone and before he could check the fall he found himself rolling down the hill until he struck the trunk of a maple tree.

"Hey, what ye doin' down there?" yelled the farmer. "That's where my farm ends."

Sullivan picked himself up, brushed his clothes, and with anger in his words, yelled up at the farmer:

"I fell off your damned farm and I'm going to stay off it."

AMERICA'S FIRST CHAMPION

BY THE VETERAN

THE first authentic battle fought in America under regulations adopted for the guidance of the sport, was between Jacob Hyer and Tom Beasley in 1816, a bout that was decided in favour of Beasley when Hyer retired with a broken hand though some historians have recorded the contest as a draw. For about a quarter of a century, though more or less impromptu affairs took place, there was no recognized heavyweight champion until Tom Hyer, son of Jacob, beat Country McClusky at Caldwell's Landing on the Hudson River on September 9, 1841, in a 101 rounds bout lasting two hours and fifty-five minutes.

Pugilism and Politics

Pugilism in Tom Hyer's day was curiously mixed with politics. Tammany Hall had in its party, a dangerous band of picked fighting men and opposed to them was the "Native Americans", a party which broke away from Tammany as a gesture of defiance to foreign domination. The latter adopted a slogan, "No Irish Need Apply", and like the Tammanyites, were well equipped with a pugilistic brigade that numbered among its stalwarts, such eminent leaders as Tom Hyer and Bill Poole, one of the toughest fighters of New York. On the Tammany side were John Morrissey, Yankee Sullivan, Lew Baker and James Turner, all hardy fist fighters.

Many encounters took place between the opposing factions. It was indirectly the result of a beating that Hyer gave to Sullivan that led to the murder of Hyer's colleague and pal, Poole, an event that created no little excitement at the time. Poole was a rough and tumble fighter.

On one occasion, Yankee Sullivan, whose dislike for Hyer amounted almost to a mania, flew into such a passion when some joker slyly insinuated that he was afraid of the Native American favourite that he went hunting for Hyer. Sullivan's quest ended at a saloon at Park Place and Broadway in New York City where he assaulted Tom.

Sullivan's Quest

However, Yankee speedily discovered that he had undertaken a task beyond his powers to accomplish, for in less than three minutes, Hyer beat Yankee to a pulp. The upshot of all this impromptu mill was a formal defiance from Sullivan to Hyer for a ring battle involving the American championship and a match was arranged.

OF the two men, Sullivan possessed by far the more impressive ring record. Up to that time he had battled with considerable success in Australia, Ireland and England, had never been defeated and could boast of ten clean-cut victories under London rules, whereas Hyer's principal achievement was his victory over McClusky.

Tom Hyer was a singularly handsome man of refined appearance, six feet two inches tall, beautifully proportioned, a modest, well-behaved chap, always dressed with good taste in the prevailing fashion, but a tiger when his temper was aroused. Sullivan, three inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter was ever ready for a scrap.

Battle Ground—Pool's Island

The place originally selected for the battle ground was Pool's Island on the border of the State of Maryland. There, on the night of February 6, 1849, both pugilists were temporarily domiciled in the only two houses standing on that lonely stretch of land. In the offing hovered two steamers, aboard of which were many sportsmen.

Meanwhile, High Constable Gifford and a force of officers set sail from Baltimore intent on preserving the peace, Pool's Island being under Maryland jurisdiction.

Gifford's party landed and surrounded the house where Hyer lay sleeping. Awakened by the sound of trampling feet, Hyer realized his danger. Hastily putting his trainer, George Thompson, in his bed, Tom fled downstairs and concealed himself on the ground floor.

Guardians of the Law Step In

The officers proceeded to the bedroom vacated by Hyer. Seeing big George Thompson lying snugly under the covers, they believed him to be the man for whom they were searching. Thompson meekly submitted to arrest and, leaving a guard over him, the sleuths proceeded to Sullivan's resting place.

MEANWHILE Hyer hurried to the beach and boarded a boat waiting for him. Yankee Sullivan, confronted by the minions of the law, turned to his sparring partner, Tom O'Donnell, pushed him towards the door and exclaimed, "Run, Sullivan, run like hell!"

The constables, completely deceived, held O'Donnell, who pretended to struggle, and while the officers were engaged in subduing him, the real Sullivan quietly slipped away and soon found himself aboard the craft designed for his reception. The constables' steamer, attempting to pursue the fugitives, ran upon a rock and stuck there hard and fast, while the merry law breakers sailed away.

Thus the gladiators escaped from the guardians of the law, and with their backers and followers, they started up the Chesapeake to find a new location to set the stakes. The motley crowd, glad to set their foot on shore after a hazardous trip, gave word to the captain to halt at the first convenient spot, no matter in what state. Finally such a place was located, and all hands disembarked.

"Battle Site" Snow-Covered

They found the ground covered with snow and immediately set about to remove it after which fresh earth was sprinkled on the battle site to make it possible to gain a proper footing. The stakes were then procured, the ropes obtained from the top gallant halyards of the "gig", and by four o'clock, with a chilling wind blowing, and snow falling, all was ready for the battle.

Sullivan made a rushing fight of it. In the first three rounds Sullivan was repeatedly thrown with stunning force, Hyer falling heavily upon him. Hyer, with his long reach also staggered Sullivan with trip-hammer counters, while Yankee's leads frequently fell short of the target.

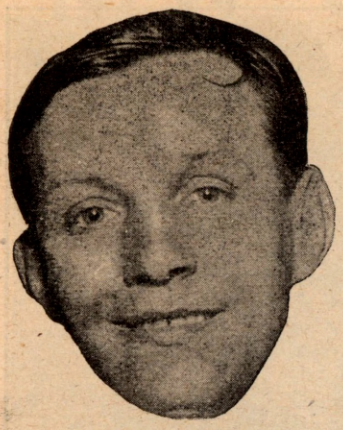
Sullivan was soon in dire distress from the effects of terrific punishment. Yet, courageous to the last, he fought on desperately until near the close of the sixteenth round. As he reeled limply to the ropes, his second, Country McClusky, stepped forward, took hold of the defeated fighter and removed him from the ring without waiting for the call of time.

Hyer was officially declared the winner in sixteen rounds that occupied seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds of battling.

Thus, a mill that had excited the sports of two nations for more than six months, wound up disastrously for the foreigner and enabled the Greenwich Village boy of New York City to hold his head up high as the first heavyweight king of the American Prize Ring.

Sullivan's Last Important Bout

Sullivan engaged in one more important bout after his defeat by Hyer, that fought with John Morrissey in Boston Corners on the line of the Harlem Railroad about 100 miles from New York City. On May 31, 1856, he was found dead in a cell in California where he had gone during the gold rush and was arrested by the Vigilantes. Whether he was killed or committed suicide was never learned.

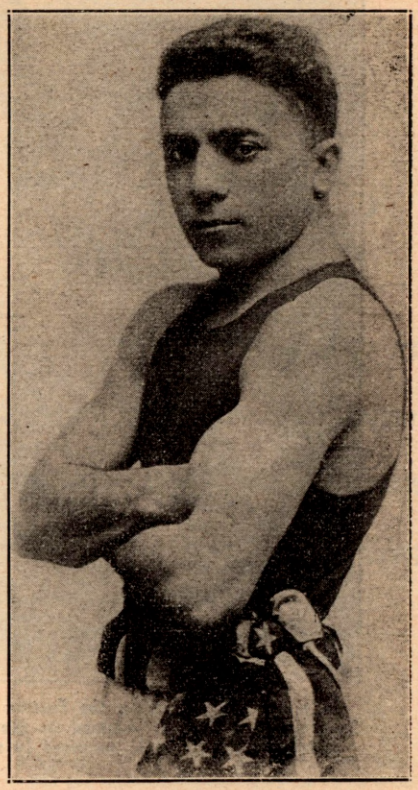


Jimmy Wilde, the Mighty Atom, now a contributor on boxing to British newspapers.

Agree *on* Greatest Bout

Pete Herman and Jimmy Wilde Are of the Opinion that Their Overweight Contest in London Rates the Toughest Among the Many Each Fought

By "THE RING" EDITOR



Pete Herman, who despite blindess, retains his interest in boxing.

LAST year I had the pleasure of spending a week at what I called a heavenly seashore resort, Scarborough, Eng., where Lee Savold had pitched his training camp. Jimmy Wilde, whose thrilling ring battles brought him fame and fortune, was one of a group that had come to pass on Savold's condition. No longer the trim little fellow who was hailed as the "Mighty Atom," the greatest flyweight of all time, the now pudgy Welshman kept Savold and his sparmates in high spirits with tales of Jimmy's fighting days and stories about Great Britain's stars who flourished at the time that Wilde was at the height of his career.

I told Jimmy that he, Jem Driscoll, Freddie Welsh, Ted Kid Lewis and Owen Moran rated among the world's best in my book, and Wilde countered with the statement that Pete Herman was as good as any of the boys in the lower divisions of boxing that he had ever seen. "Of all the bouts I fought, I think the one I had with Herman was about as tough a contest as I ever engaged in," said Wilde.

"Funny thing," I replied, "that's what Pete says of you. I saw Herman a few months ago when Pete, now blind and a member of the Louisiana State Athletic Commission, visited my offices in Madison Square Garden and on that occasion I asked Pete who gave him his hardest battle. His reply was, 'Jimmy Wilde.'"

"Strange, indeed," remarked Wilde, "that we should both feel that way about our battle. It really was a tough one and a thrilling one, too," said Jimmy as his wife sat near Savold and nodded assent. "It was," she chirped in, "for Jimmy has often told of it."

URGED on by Savold, who loved to hear of the old-time fights, I related the story of the Wilde-Herman battle as blind Pete told it to me in the interview I had when he came to New York with the New Orleans Golden Gloves team.

"December 22," he said, "will long live in my memory as a nightmare."

"What happened that makes that date stand out so prominently?" I inquired.

"I lost my championship to Joe Lynch," he replied. "I was blue, sad, and so jittery that I decided to go to England for a change of scene. While there, the subject of a fight was broached to me, and I accepted. I was asked if I would meet Jimmy Wilde, then at the height of his career, and I quickly accepted because I figured a victory over Jimmy would put me in line for a speedy return mill with Lynch. So I signed to fight Wilde at Albert Hall on January 13, 1921, and let me tell you I let myself in for a real ordeal.

"For one thing, the contracts called for the bout to be fought at the bantam limit, 118 pounds. That was easy enough for Wilde, a legitimate flyweight, but I was inclined, even in those days, to put on weight too easily, and I had a real job getting down to 118. I came in at 116½ and was weak but Wilde scaled only 109."

One had to be real good in his day, said Herman, to remain among the topnotchers, and Lynch and Wilde, he declared, possessed class that made them stand out prominently. Then, with quite an audience around him, Herman told the story of his fight with Wilde.

"Just before the bell rang, sending us on our way," he said, "I stood in my corner with clenched teeth. The bell sounded, and Jimmy leaped at me. He was fast as a streak and as cunning as a jack rabbit. Until the sixteenth round, there was little to choose between us. We both were giving everything we had, and I guess the fight must have been interesting to the fans, because it brought us heaps of applause.

"Then came the sixteenth round. I landed a powerful left to Wilde's stomach and his mouth opened wide. I knew then that I had hurt him.

"My strength, which had been ebbing, returned. It seemed that I had suddenly gained a new lease on life. I felt stronger. I dashed at Wilde as we started the seventeenth round and in a short time, it was all over. Before Jimmy could get out of his chair, I had rushed across the ring and was within two feet of him. I went in for the kill.

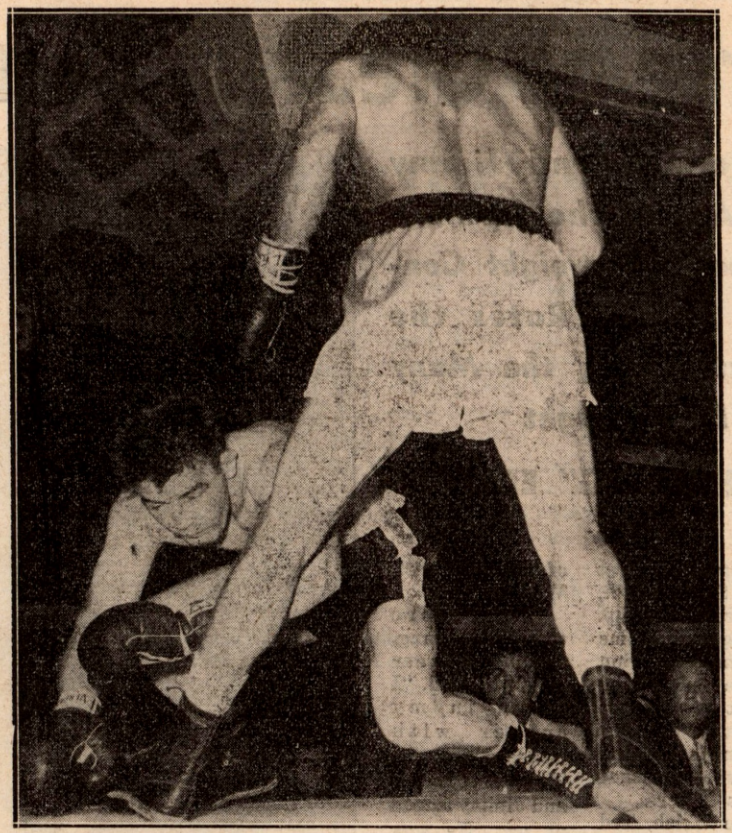
"Feinting, I found an opening and then crashed a right against Wilde's jaw and he was lifted about a foot off the canvas. He landed on his feet with both hands dangling at his sides. He was an easy target for a kayo. I measured his chin and let go another right and down he went.

"The referee started the count. Some spectators started to leave Albert Hall. But they had to return. They hadn't figured on the gameness of their great champion.

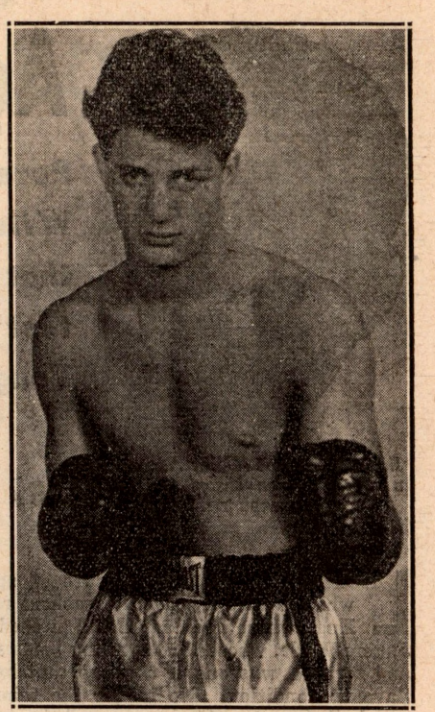
"He got up at the count of nine, I leaped at him and sent him spinning on his head with a right that had caught him while poor Jimmy was off balance.

"This time I thought it was all over, but Wilde had other notions. He got up, though bleary-eyed. His face was bloody. I looked at the referee. I didn't want to go on. But the third man nodded to continue. I walked in and punched, and down went Wilde again, this time on one knee, and then he fell over.

"It was the end of a great battle. I was happy for two reasons—because I knew now that I would get the return bout with Lynch and because a great, game little battler didn't have to carry on any farther. When I went to Jimmy's corner to shake his hand, both he and I had tears in our eyes and so did many of the ringsiders, for their hero was a gory mess and had just been knocked out."



In the House of Upsets, the Eastern Parkway Arena, Brooklyn, N. Y., Pierre Langlois, of France, is dropped in the first round by Joe Giardello, Brooklyn middleweight. Giardello surprised by taking a unanimous ten round decision.



Mel Goldsmith, popular New York, N. Y. welterweight, who is in the army and stationed at Camp Polk, La., with the 37th Division may become that outfit's boxing instructor.

Mel, who has been fighting as an amateur and pro since he was 12 years old—he will be 21 in October—has a world of experience and is well capable of teaching youngsters the science of boxing.

He had twenty-five professional bouts before going into service. This six foot, handsome youngster has now grown into a heavyweight and will campaign in that division once he resumes his career after military service.

An intelligent lad, with a world of promise, his return to New York rings is eagerly awaited by his small army of fistic followers.

Goldsmith is managed by Murray Elkins, who campaigned as a professional for thirteen years.

FROM BUENOS AIRES
By Alfredo Porzio

THE RING'S Argentine correspondent has been appointed Technical Director of the Argentine Boxing Team to the Olympic Games at Helsinki.

Luna Park—May 24—Before an extraordinary gathering, N°l Rafael Meretino, 162, stopped the Venezuelan, Nestor Jackson, 163, in the third round. In the preliminaries, Roberto Costa, 145, stopped Tomás Bisceglia in the sixth round.

Bahia Blanca—May 24—José Santiago, 162, still undefeated, stopped Rafael Miranda, 168, in the fourth round.

Formosa—May 24—Octavie Suarez, 148, was disqualified in the last round of his match against Heriberto Altamira, 148, for use of a rabbit punch.

Luna Park—May 28—Repeating his last performances, after eight even rounds, undefeated Horacio Rodriguez, 136, scored a knockout in the ninth round against Roque Romano, 137. In the preliminary, Paquito Martinez, 130, stopped José Nicolosi, 131, in the seventh round.

Tandil—May 31—Before a large gathering, undefeated Oscar Aceffe, 145, stopped Ernest Tello, 148, in the fifth round.

Rosario—May 31—The new professional, Oscar Pita, 144, stopped the veteran José Rios, 142, in the ninth round.

Luna Park—May 31—Angel Olivieri, 136, beat Horacio Salvarezza, 137, in ten.

Rio Cuarto—May 31—Carlos Romero Luque, 132, won on points from Juan Cruceño, 131, in a very good match.

Mar Del Plata—May 31—A good boxing festival was held in this Stadium, Undefeated "Espinaca Pons," 146, won by T.K.O. in the seventh round over Roberto Fabiche, 148. José Santiago, 161, who was in excellent form, won by knockout in the first round against Miguel Luchessi, 165.

Comodoro Rivadavia—May 31—Pedro Cuevas, 160, seeking rehabilitation after his last defeat, worked hard and beat Roberto García, 160.

Chaco—June 6—Alfredo Aguilar, 148, stopped Raúl Ibañez, 145, in the seventh round.

Luna Park—June 7—Before a large gathering, Cucusa Bruno, 127, stopped the Peruvian, Julio Febres, 128½, in the sixth round. The latter hit the canvas in the first and third rounds but managed to put up a fight until a left to the liver sent him down for the full count. In the preliminaries, P. D'Alessandro, 148, gained a knockout over Donato Castillo, 152, in the second round.

COVERING WESTERN CANADA
By Benny Wilson

THE highlight of Western fight events, since these notes were published in the previous issue of THE RING, was the meeting of two Toronto fighters, at Edmonton. Verne Escoe, Canadian heavyweight champion, and his challenger for the title, Earl Walls, over 12 rounds, in a bout promoted by Jack Berry. Escoe scaled 185 to 191 by his opponent.

Wall took the heavyweight crown by knocking out Escoe at 2:45 of the fourth round. A capacity crowd of 5,000 saw a terrific battle.

In the prelims, Jack Headon, 163, Edmonton, won by a TKO, over Ernie Mazur, 162, of Calgary. Buddy McDonald, 135, Edmonton, won easily over Jerry Fraser, 145, of Calgary. George Klements, 152, of Calgary, won a split decision over Chub Shanks, 162, of Edmonton.

Previous to this championship bout, Berry had brought in the youthful but inexperienced Doug Harper, formerly of Calgary, to battle with Verne Escoe, but it was a bad match for the challenger. Only 2,000 fans were on hand to see Verne Escoe, 187, knock out Harper at 2:55 of the sixth round, Harper's weight was given as 174.

In the prelims, Ernie Mazur got busy at the start of the first round and put Chub Shanks away after 40 seconds. Both boys were billed as from Edmonton, and are middleweights.

Tuppy Tyler, 140, Edmonton, took unanimous decision over George Klements, 145, of Calgary. Lindsay Guild, 190, Strome, Alta., also scored over Leo O'Caro, 184, formerly of Calgary.

In Calgary, Irish Jimmy Nolan, the Calgarian who claims the western middleweight title, appears to be the only headliner that Ernie Farr wishes to feature on his cards. Jimmy won a unanimous 10 round decision over Indiana Dick Wolfe, of Portland, in their last meeting. Tuppy Tyler, of Edmonton, got the edge over Jerry Fraser, of Calgary, in a six-round semi-final. Jimmy Proctor, of Seattle, gave a boxing lesson to Murray Vinje, of Calgary, in the other semi-final. Clint Murphy scored a T.K.O. over Steve Ganger, at 1:35 of the fourth round.

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Order your copy now before it is too late. The greatest book on boxing records ever published is still available if you act fast.

NEW CHAMPS—CURVIS AND JOHNSON BOOST BOXING

Teddy Gardner Keeps It Up

JAMES BUTLER

Jock McAvoy, Johnny King and Jackie Brown are still Fight Fans—Ronnie Clayton's class accounts for Dai Davies in Abergavenny title slam—Tommy Farr beats Jo Weidin and is chasing Johnny Williams for championship match

By JAMES BUTLER

THE best stimulant British boxing could have for the coming autumn season was the crowning of two new champions—Cliff Curvis, who took over the welterweight throne, and Frank Johnson, the young Manchester fighter, who lifted Tommy McGovern's lightweight title.

Curvis's victory over Thom at the Liverpool Stadium caused a surprise in boxing circles. The Birkenhead champion started a slight favourite, but even those who fancied Curvis were astounded by the manner in which the Welsh fighter handled Thom before knocking him out in nine rounds.

I have never been an admirer of "southpaws"—and in fifty years reporting I have seen dozens of southpaws in action, but I can't recall having watched two of them battling for a British title. But I must confess Curvis impressed me. In fact, I think Cliff shapes up more efficiently against an opponent who, like himself, stands the "wrong way round" than he does against an orthodox fighter with a good straight left.

THOM SURPRISED

THOM left his corner confident enough. He was in aggressive mood, and began to throw left hooks at the Welsh lad, but suddenly Curvis, as quick as lightning, counter-punched with two murderous left hooks to Thom's chin. The champion was dazed and dropped. He rose at 2, but obviously didn't know what was going on, and was quickly dropped a second time for 9.

The Birkenhead welterweight fought back with great determination, and it is a credit to his courage that he lasted nine rounds against an opponent who moved too quickly, countered too smartly, and altogether punched too viciously. But there was never any doubt that Curvis won the title in the first round.

Not only was Thom slow to recover from the punishment, but his confidence went, and he always seemed puzzled by the speed of Curvis's counter-punching. Whether the new champion will be as impressive when dealing with orthodox opponents has to be seen, but on his showing against Wally he will take some beating in Europe. He automatically takes the place of Thom as No. 1 contender for the European welterweight crown now worn by Pierre Langlois of France.

The winning of the British and British Empire crowns is a great triumph for Curvis's determination. Although he is only 24 he has been fighting as a professional for eight years. In fact, when he was rather outclassed by Al Phillips in 1946 in a British featherweight championship eliminator, many experts believed Curvis would fade from the top. He was then only 18, and had enjoyed a brilliant and successful career, but he was not ready for Phillips, who outroughed and outpunched him, and because of his greater experience beat the Welsh kid in a couple of rounds.

Cliff himself was disappointed but not unduly disturbed. He put on weight and began challenging for lightweight honours. In 1949 he reached the final of the lightweight championship eliminator, but lost in five rounds to Harry Hughes at Abergavenny. Still he would not give up his pursuit of a title, and in 1950 won his way through to a welterweight clash with Eddie Thomas at Swansea, but he couldn't quite make it, and Thomas retained his 10 st. 7 lb. crown with a points decision.

Nobody could convince Curvis that his luck was entirely out. In 1951 he tried for the welterweight crown again, but was disqualified in the final eliminator against Thom at Liverpool. Thom went on to fight Eddie Thomas, and took the title in a hair-line decision. And so to this year. "Try-Again" Curvis was not to be denied. He handled Thom so easily that he made the Birkenhead boxer appear a very ordinary champion.

AN EASY WIN

FRANK JOHNSON did not win his title with the same dramatic finish as Curvis, but nevertheless the Manchester lightweight beat Tommy McGovern very easily, although full credit must be given to the Londoner for his own fine effort and the courage he displayed.

McGovern only held his own for half-a-dozen rounds. Then Johnson outboxed, and outspeeded him. Round after round was the same with Johnson always that little bit too fast and too strong for McGovern.

Johnson impresses me because he has many moves of the old school. He can ride a blow, and bob and weave without making any great effort. His left lead is good, and he has a fair right, although he wasn't able to put McGovern down for the full count in spite of cracking the champion on the chin with dozens of right crosses.

McGovern, of course, has always taken a punch pretty well, and it would take an exceptional hitter to keep him down. Tommy took a couple of counts in the middle of the fight, but in both cases he

(*Continued on page* 53)

TIMELY CHATTER IN GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHNNY SHARPE

IT seems to me that British Boxing has just about had it. Maybe that is looking on the dark side of things, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new Entertainment Tax ruling seems set to put the skids under the sport in no uncertain fashion.

The facts are that from August 31st 1952, the promotion must pay an extra 16 per cent Entertainment Tax, making a total in all of 32 per cent. With entrance prices already at ceiling level, promoters say that this tax bite cannot be passed onto the public, but add that they cannot absorb it themselves and maintain a paying business.

A protest has already been lodged with the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, informing him that under the old scale of tax, approximately 25 per cent of all promotions in these Isles wound up in the red. The Secretary, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter informed the deputation that nothing could be done at present, but that if in a year's time, convincing evidence could be produced to show that the tax increase had harmed boxing, it MAY be reviewed in the next budget.

Oh well, as I started off by saying . . . "It seems to me that British Boxing has just about had it."

NOTTINGHAM—In one of this year's most exciting contests, European Featherweight Champion Ray Famechon (France) 125, proved that "Black Flash" Roy Ankrah (Accra), 125¾, can be beaten. The Frenchman accomplished this by no means easy feat over 15 rounds, by outsmarting Ankrah at his own game.

Famechon boxing carefully and well, matched Ankrah with peerless footwork in the early rounds that kept him out of trouble, while his counter blows enabled him to keep the points scoring on a level basis. A big surprise was in store for the huge crowd in the tenth session, for it was then that the fans and Ankrah had expected Famechon to begin tiring, but suddenly the Frenchman, throwing caution to the winds adopted Ankrah's own style of ever advancing, and it was Ankrah who was forced to give ground. Ankrah had tried hard but he just did not have the experience to match Famechon who is up there with the all-time greats of the featherweight division.

Alex Buxton (Watford), 162, ran into unexpected trouble when he met Andre de Kersgeiter (Belgium), 161¾, in a scheduled eight rounder. De Kersgeiter, making his first appearance in Britain, made a brilliant debut, his powerful punching making itself felt almost immediately when a terrific right had Buxton on the floor for "six". Buxton rose dazed and worried, and was soon down again, this time for "four". He was given no time to recover, for in the second round he took three long counts and was in bad shape when the referee halted the bout.

Maurice Forni (Featherweight Champion of France), 127½, recovered from a shaky stand to outpoint Alby Tissong (South Africa), 128½, over eight rounds. This was a fast and furious tussle, with Forni taking severe punishment in the opening rounds, but making a sensational comeback to take a narrow but thoroughly deserved points verdict. . . . Johnny Sullivan (Preston), 159, outscored George Roe (Leamington), 160, over eight rounds. . . . Jerry van Wyke (South Africa), 180½, stopped Dennis Fewkes (Nottingham), 174½, in the second round. . . . Peter Guichan (Glasgow), 127, outpointed Brian Jelley (Manchester), 127, over six rounds.

PORTHCAWL—Tommy McGovern (British Lightweight Champion), 134½, was lucky to be judged the winner over Cliff Anderson (British Guiana), 133¼, after 15 rounds fought as an eliminator for the British Empire Lightweight Title. Anderson forced the pace throughout and seemed well set for an easy points victory. However, the referee thought differently.

Vic Herman (Scottish Flyweight Champion), 115, narrowly outpointed Honore Pratesi (France), 114½, over ten rounds, all of which were fought at breakneck speed, with both lads trying hard to land a finishing blow. . . . Ron Cooper (Pyle), 155, outpointed Bob Burniston (Barry), 156¾, over 12 rounds to win the Welsh Middles Title. . . . Kay Kalio (Nigeria), 147¾, took quite a beating from "Bang Bang" Womber (USA), 149¼, but won the applause of the large crowd for his gameness. . . . Eric Thomas (Owmtruh), 157¾, knocked out Billy Owen (Cymmer), 161¾, in the first round.

SAMMY McCARTHY

The 20-year-old Stepney featherweight is still undefeated after 17 professional bouts, but he had a close call against Johnny Molloy.

BELFAST—Billy Spider Kelly (Derry), 129, stopped Bernie Fairbanks (Hanley), 126, in the fourth of a scheduled eight rounder. . . . Tom Johnson (Belfast), 155¼, stopped Pat MacAllister (Belfast), 157, in the third. . . . Billy Ashcroft (Wigan), 128, outpointed Jim Griffen (Belfast), 127¼, over eight rounds. . . . Joe Quinn (Buncrana), 157¾, stopped Billy Hamilton (Belfast), 160½, in the fourth.

CARLISLE—George Nuttall (Stockport), 199, easily outpointed Hugh McDonald (Glasgow), 232, over eight rounds. Nuttall boxed coolly and calmly against his much heavier opponent, and was the master throughout. . . . Jimmy Ford (Newcastle), 137, outpointed Gordon Riding (Lancaster), 134½, over eight rounds. . . . Sid Hiom (Nottingham), 115, stopped Dave Banks (Hexham), 114, in the fifth, when Banks suffered a badly cut eyebrow. . . . Ron Jackson (Newcastle), 148½, was too clever for Jackie Fryers (Lancaster), 146, and won on points over six rounds. . . . Charlie Horner (Stockport), 120, outpointed Jackie McCall (Jarrow), 123, over six rounds.

WEST HARTLEPOOL—Tommy Higgins (Hanley), 128, substituting at the last minute for Stan Skinkiss, was outpointed by Denny Dawson (Sheffield), 129, over eight rounds. . . . Neville Tetlow (Manchester), 119, knocked out Ron Perry (Stalybridge), 119, in the fifth. . . . Joe Elliott (Sunderland), 164½, stopped Ken Millsom (Doncaster), 162, in the second. . . . Paul Dunn (Dublin), 115, outpointed Frank Conroy (Ashington), 111¾, over four rounds. . . . Charlie Grey (Sunderland), 131, knocked out Ted Jones (Manchester), 136, in the first.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE—Mick Angell (Cricklewood), 148, stopped Joe Pring (Bristol), 146, in the fifth of a scheduled eight rounder. . . . Ray Routledge (Southampton), 155½, and Johnny Mudge (Torquay), 157, drew over six rounds. . . . Teddy Mason (Bournemouth), 167, stopped Tommy Harlow (Derby), 170, in the fourth. . . . Buck Taylor (Plymouth), 122, stopped Terry Lumsden, 126½, in the third. . . . Jeff Eagan (Maidstone), 148, stopped Freddie Smith (Weston), 149, in the fourth. . . . Terry Robinson (Southampton), 127, outpointed Eric Hussey (Weston), 127, over six rounds.

WATFORD—Bob Foster (Covent Garden), 142¾, outpointed Joe Corcoran (Huddersfield), 146½, in eight uninteresting rounds. . . . Cyril Evans (Welwyn), 132¾, knocked out Denny Hallett (Islington), 131¼, in the third. . . . Jim Lennon (Ireland), 126, took quite a beating before the referee stopped his bout with Peter Menzies (Scotland), 127, in the fifth. . . . Al Tilley (Northampton), 141, knocked out Tony Haines (Slough), 141, in the second. . . . Ken Brimble (Luton), 128, knocked out Alf Mills (Norwich), 120¼, in the third. . . . Maurice Murfitt (Little Downham), 138, and Billy Kearns (Ashford), 136½, drew over six fierce rounds.

WHITE CITY STADIUM—British and Empire Middleweight Champion Randolph Turpin (Leamington), 162½, won the British and Empire Light Heavyweight Championships, when, as was expected, he stopped the holder Don Cockell (Battersea), 174¼, in the eleventh of a scheduled 15 rounder.

Cockell, although boxing in better form than he had shown recently, was no match for the hard hitting Turpin, who took command from the first bell. Suffering from a weight handicap, Turpin did not start in high gear, but rather took his time in gauging the strength of his opponent, until the third, when a shattering series of punches to Cockell's head floored him for "eight". It seemed to be the end, but the game Battersea lad pulled himself to his feet, and groggy, managed to stay out of trouble.

He tried desperately hard to turn the tide of battle during the rest of the bout, but could not stem Turpin. In the eleventh round, after fighting a valiant battle, Cockell was once more sent to the canvas, this time for "six". He arose only to be battered down once more, for "eight"—and this time, standing dazedly against the ropes, a human punching bag, taking all of Turpin's heavy artillery, referee Tommy Little stepped between the men and brought the bout to a close.

It is rare indeed that I go out on a limb, but I think I am perfectly safe in predicting a brilliant career for "Smiling" Sammy McCarthy (Mile End), 127½, for this twenty-year-old has everything it takes to take him to the heights of his profession. He boxed brilliantly against Jackie Turpin (Leamington), 126¼, boxing and fighting as he wanted, to stop the gallant Leamington lad in the fourth of a scheduled eight rounder. . . . Aaron Wilson (USA), 193, exploded the Ray Wilding "bubble", when he kayoed the Cheshire heavyweight, 198½, in the third. Wilding, who has been hailed as a comer, revealed in this bout that he is still a mere novice.

Yolande Pompey (Trinidad), 169¼, and Jimmy Slade (New York), 172¾, fought ten fierce rounds, with Pompey making a great comeback in the later rounds, to share the honors. Slade showed some of Pompey's limitations, and was able to bustle him as he willed, but the Trinidad battler, game and ever willing to learn, should profit greatly from this bout with his more experienced opponent.

Ansell "Baba" Adams (Trinidad), 200¾, outpointed Johnny Arthur (South Africa), 220¼, over eight rounds. . . . Gordon Hazell (Bristol), 158¼, clearly outpointed Joe Maseko (South Africa), 163½, over ten gruelling rounds.

MILE END ARENA—Now here's one for the "Believe it or Not" addicts. . . . After having knocked his opponent out in the fourth round, Gerry Van Wyk (South Africa), 175½, had to go on and outpoint the same guy, Fred Jackson (Custom House), 171½, over the full eight rounds distance. The mix-up came about because when Jackson was floored in the fourth, the crowd made so much noise that the referee misjudged the count, reaching only "Nine" when the timekeeper had already counted "out". It was unfortunate for Van Wyk, but more so for Jackson who took a h—— of a hiding, including many more counts before the end.

Ron Cooper (Poplar), 134¾, outpointed Ricky McCulloch (Belfast), 135½, over eight hectic rounds. . . . Lew Lazar (Aldgate), 148½, stopped Les Garbett (Birmingham), 144½, in the third of a six rounder. . . .

Garbett started like a house afire, but Lazar boxed his way coolly out of any difficulty, and punished his opponent badly before the intervention of the third man. . . . Len Jones (Kentish Town), 150, outscored Owen Randall (Swindon), 143½, over six. . . . Tom Dewhurst (Southampton), 158½, knocked out Johnny Donn (West Ham), 161, in the fifth. . . . Jackie Leonard (Islington), 131, seemed unfortunate in losing to Brian Goodwin (Fulham), 127½, when after leading on points he suffered a badly cut eyebrow and was forced to retire in the fourth.

BELFAST—Garnett Denny (Belfast), 183, knocked out Len Brown (Harrow), 188½, in the first of an eight rounder. . . . Mickey O'Niell (Belfast), 142½, knocked out Dick Levers (Chesterfield), 139½, in the first. . . . Al Sharpe (Belfast), 136¼, stopped Derek Smith (Harrow), 133¼, in the fifth. . . . Gerry O'Niell (Belfast), 135, outscored Billy Press (Lisburn), 129¼, over eight. . . . Billy Graham (Lisburn), 120¼, outpointed Alex McCready (Conlig), 116½, over four rounds.

LETCHWORTH—Tommy Hinson (Dagenham), 146, outpointed Peter Smith (Huddersfield), 145, over eight rounds. . . . Wally Mays (Hull), 145, outscored Santos Martins (West Africa), 145, over eight. . . . Stuart Finch (Blackburn), 139, outpointed Jimmy Blackburn (Walthamstow), 143, over eight. . . . Paddy Hyland (Northampton), 115, won from Sid Hiom (Nottingham), 117, in a lively six rounder. . . . Gordon Sparrow (Rushden), 130, outpointed Dennis Wild (Sheffield), 130, over six. . . . Tim Hurley (Dagenham), 154, and Alex Whitbred (Finsbury Park), 149, drew over six, while Jimmy Brewer (Kings Cross), 122, outpointed Tommy Bramble (High Wycombe), 122, over six.

CHESTERFIELD—Simon Templar (Burton-onTrent), 217¾, outpointed Noel Reid (Jamaica), 241, over eight slow rounds. . . . Jack Johnson Coffi (Gold Coast), 157, and Stevé Cobra (Nottingham), 157, drew over six fierce rounds. . . . Billy Needham (Nottingham), 131, stopped Peter Newsum (Chesterfield), 136, in the third. . . . Geoff Parsons (Nuneaton), 135¼, stopped Tony Hardwick (Derby), 133, in the first. . . . Billy Cobb (Chesterfield), 134, outscored Allan Hoose (Burton), 140, over four rounds.

WEST HARTLEPOOL—Joe Corcoran (Huddersfield), 146, left handed his way to a points win over Tony McTigue (Wigan), 145, over eight rounds. . . . Mickey Roche (Chester), 114, narrowly defeated Mark Harrison (West Hartlepool), 117, over six rounds. . . . Dave Brandon (Durham), 150, stopped Fred Archer (Hucknall), 147, in the first. . . . Jack Southern (Hartburn), 138, outpointed Johnny Spittle (Barnsley), 135, over four rounds. . . . Charlie Mannion (Middlesborough), 126, stopped Walt Bevans (Manchester), 126, in the second round.

WORKINGTON—Jackie Horseman (West Hartlepool), 126, took a fortunate points decision from Hugh Mackie (British Guiana), 129, over eight rounds. . . . Art Belec (Cockermouth), 130, knocked out Jackie Craddock (St. Helens), 132, in the first round. . . . Ray Anderson (Wigton), 148, outpointed Allan Forrest (Blackpool), 148, over six. . . . Ken Regan (Blackpool), 145, knocked out Billy Kidd (Carlisle), 143½, in the second round.

MANCHESTER—Alex Buxton (Watford), 162¾, was a worthy points winner over Bernardo Pacini (Italy), 175, after ten hard fought rounds. . . . Buxton lasted the pace better than his Italian opponent. . . . Alby Tissong (South Africa), 126¾, received a disputed points verdict over Teddy Peckham (Bournemouth), 127½, over ten rounds. . . . Israel Boyle (Nigeria), 149, convincingly outpointed Billy Wells (Gold Coast), 147¼, after ten exciting rounds. Boyle boxed extremely well and had Wells in difficulties during the seventh, but was just unable to land the finisher and had to be content with a points win. . . . Johnny Sullivan (Preston), 161¾, outpointed Gilbert Stock (France), 161¾, over eight rounds. . . . Al Brown (British Guiana), 126, took a narrow points decision over eight rounds from Tommy O'Niell (Salford), 135½. . . . Jimmy Green (Warrington), 121, outpointed Peter Fay (Bournemouth), 121, over eight rounds.

WEST HARTLEPOOL—British, Empire, and European Flyweight Champion Teddy Gardner (West Hartlepool) retained his European title when he easily outpointed challenger Otello Belardinelli (Italy) over 15 rounds. Gardner was always ahead on points and the referee had no hesitation in awarding him the victory. . . . Ron Crogan (Paddington) stopped Billy Carroll (Doncaster) in the sixth of an eight rounder. . . . Ben Lokko (Gold Coast) stopped Reg Spring (Southall) in the sixth. . . . Irvin Newton (Doncaster) outpointed Billy Daniels (Bow) over six rounds, while Jimmy Teasdale (Middlesborough) outpointed Sid Reardon (Kilburn) after four fast rounds.

ABERGAVENNY—Ronnie Clayton (Blackpool) successfully defended his British Featherweight Championship when he stopped Dai Davies (Wales) in the fifth of a scheduled 15 rounder. Clayton had all the answers to Davies' rough and ready attacking methods, and boxed coolly and cleverly to run up a commanding points lead. Davies received a badly gashed eyebrow during the fourth round, and although he gamely continued, the referee soon wisely applied the closure.

MILE END ARENA—Tommy Icke (Birmingham), 120¼, punched hard and often to kayo Ron Johnson (Bethnal Green), 119, in the second of their scheduled eight rounder. . . . Ernie Fossey (Islington), 135½, stopped Bill Sliney (Kings Cross), 136¼, in the seventh, when a badly cut left eyebrow made the referee intervene. . . . Bernie Newcombe (Dagenham), 144¾, outpointed Bob Foster (Covent Garden), 144¼, over eight rounds. . . . Peter Hill (Leyton), 126, stopped Teddy Mason (West Ham), 129¼, in the fourth. . . . Ronnie Sorrell (Bethnal Green), 139½, knocked out Alby Brown (Islington), 137½, in the fourth.

BELFAST—Billy Spider Kelly (Derry), 127½, made a fine recovery to knock out Jack Walton (Leeds), 125½, in the third round. . . . Walton had victory almost within his grasp in the opening round when a terrific right to Kelly's jaw had the Irish lad all at sea, but the latter managed to hold on to his scattered senses and reversed the issue during the third. . . . Jackie Mitchell (Belfast), 152¾, outpointed Arnold Beaumont (Leeds), 156¾, over eight rounds. . . . John Kelly (Belfast), 119, stopped Tony Kay (Leeds), 119, in the third. . . . Jackie Willis (Lisburn), 120, stopped Sandy Brown (Belfast), 119½, in the fourth. . . . Alex McCready (Conlig), 117¾, outpointed Dave Moore (Belfast), 113½, over four rounds.

GREAT YARMOUTH—Kenny Taylor (Norwich), 134, knocked out Al Gunning (Trinidad), 135, in the opening round. . . . Dennis Fewkes (Nottingham), 175¾, and Jim Hockley (Covent Garden), 170½, drew over eight rounds. . . . George Adams (Beccles), 148½, stopped Johnny Broadbent (Burton-on-Trent), 144, in the sixth round. . . . Alf Price (Worcester), 176, outscored Tommy Harlow (Derby), 171, over six rounds. . . . Johnny Hall (Dunstable), 168, stopped Steve Cobra (Nottingham), 161, in the third when Cobra received a badly gashed cheek. . . . Ken Ashwood (Derby), 144, outpointed Tommy Finlay (Boyton), 139½, over six rounds. . . . Dave Lewis (Nottingham), 130, outpointed Charlie Jary (Great Yarmouth), 131, over six hard rounds.

NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB—Cyril Donnelly (Hackney), 135½, knocked out George Neville (Romford), 139¾, in the first round. . . . Morry Bush (Harrow), 180, outpointed Dinny Powell (Walworth), 179¾, over six hard rounds. . . . Ray Routledge (Southampton), 154½, outpointed Teddy Gee (Chelsea), 156½, over six rounds. . . . Len Jones (Kentish Town), 149½, outscored Jeff Eagan (Maidstone), 147, over four rounds. . . . Freddie Balio (West Africa), 152½, knocked out Alec Whitbread (Islington), 150½, in the second.

CARLISLE—Ronnie Wormall (Birmingham), 136½, outpointed Jimmy McLachlan (Hackney), 136, over eight rounds. . . . Jimmy Quinn (Kirkintilloch), 113, took a close points victory from Colin Clitheroe (Preston), 110¼. . . . Bobby Kilpatrick (Kilmarnock), 139¼, stopped Johnny Cross (Horwich), 142, in the fourth. . . . Chris Roberts (West Hartlepool), 143½, was no match for Sammy Gibbinson (Choppington), 144, the referee stopping the bout in the first round. . . . Ronnie Iveson (Gateshead), 175, outpointed Harry Ott (Edinburgh), 173, over six rounds.

WEST HARTLEPOOL—Neville Tetlow (Manchester), 119, stopped Chic Brogan (Glasgow), 121, in the sixth. . . . Brogan had been on the receiving end for the two last rounds and was in a practically helpless position when the referee intervened. . . Hogan Bassey (Nigeria), 121¾, knocked out Ivor Davies (Neath), 122, in the second. . . . Dan Collie (Nigeria), 136, knocked out Derek Clarke (Burnley), 133, in the second. . . . Charlie Grey (Sunderland), 132, outscored George Henderson (Chopwell), 139¾, over six rounds. . . . Jimmy Teasdale (Middlesborough), 169¼, outpointed Tom Porter (Chopwell), 172¼, over six rounds.

WILLENHALL—Alan Buxton (Watford), 135, recovered well after taking some punishment in the first two rounds of his bout with Johnny Mann (Birmingham), 137, and won a comfortable points decision over eight rounds. . . . Eric Skidmore (Wednesbury), 150, stopped Cliff Edwards (Dudley), 150, in the fifth. . . . Johnny Britton (Tipton), 129, stopped Tony Hardwick (Derby), in the second round. . . . Denny Bonsor (Wolverhampton), 140, gained a close six rounds points decision over Alan Hoose (Burton-on-Trent), 137, while Gordon Feredy (Wednesbury), 153, outpointed Reuben Blairs (Oldbury), 151½, after six hard rounds.

LIVERPOOL STADIUM—Bruce Crawford (Thornaby), 161¼, outpointed Joe Maseko (South Africa), 161¼, after ten fierce rounds. . . . Jack Armstrong (Gold Coast), 135½, was disqualified in the fifth round of his contest with George Bailey (Liverpool), 137¾, for alleged use of his head. . . . Steve Trainor (Manchester), 125, stopped Percy James (Southport), 128, in the fifth. . . . Jackie Standring (Ashton), 143, knocked out Ron Kilshaw (Blackpool), 143, in the sixth. . . . Joe Taylor (Leyland), 124, and Wilf Atherton (St. Helens), 112, drew over four rounds.

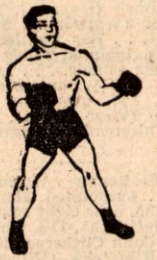
BRITISH EMPIRE RATINGS

(Up to and Including August 1st, 1952)

HEAVIES	LIGHT-HEAVIES	MIDDLES	WELTERS
1—Johnny Williams (E)	Randy Turpin (E)	Randy Turpin (E)	Cliff Curvis (W)
2—Ansell Adams (T)	Yolande Pompey (T)	Dave Sands (A)	Wally Thom (E)
3—Tommy Farr (W)	Dave Sands (A)	George Angelo (SA)	Armand Savoie (C)
4—Earl Walls (C)	Don Cockell (E)	Alex Buxton (E)	Johnny Greco (C)
5—Johnny Arthur (SA)	Garnett Denny (I)	Jimmy Davis (E)	Tommy Burns (A)
6—Ray Wilding (E)	Dennis Powell (W)	Duggie Miller (SA)	Len Dittmar (A)
7—Frank Bell (E)	Dave Williams (W)	Joe Munro (SA)	Fritzie Pruden (C)
8—James J. Parker (C)	George Walker (E)	Al Bourke (A)	Israel Boyle (WA)
9—Reg Andrews (E)	Brian Anders (E)	Wally Beckett (E)	Peter Fallon (E)
10—Paddy Slavin (I)	Don Scott (E)	Ron Pudney (E)	Jackie Braddock (E)

LIGHTWEIGHTS	FEATHERS	BANTAMS	FLYWEIGHTS
1—Arthur King (C)	Roy Ankrah (WA)	Vic Toweel (SA)	Teddy Gardner (E)
2—Armand Savoie (C)	Ronnie Clayton (E)	Jimmy Carruthers (A)	Terry Allen (E)
3—Frank Johnson (E)	Sammy McCarthy (E)	Peter Keenan (S)	Jimmy Pearce (E)
4—Tommy McGovern (E)	Teddy Peckham (E)	Frank Williams (E)	Vic Herman (S)
5—Cliff Anderson (BG)	Alby Tissong (WA)	Jimmy Green (E)	Taffy Hancock (A)
6—Al Browne (BG)	Dai Davies (W)	Tommy Proffitt (E)	Marcus Temple (SA)
7—Frank Flannery (A)	Freddie King (E)	Fernand Gagnon (C)	Henry Carpenter (E)
8—Joe Lucy (E)	Benny (Kid) Chocolate (BG)	Eddie Carson (S)	Eric Marsden (E)
9—George Barnes (A)	Ray Coleman (A)	Jackie Fairclough (E)	Johnny Black (E)
10—George Dunn (C)	Johnny Butterworth (E)	Tommy Icke (E)	Johnny Gleeson (A)

Legend—(A) Australia; (BG) British Guiana; (C) Canada; (E) England; (I) Ireland; (S) Scotland; (SA) South Africa; (T) Trinidad; (W) Wales; (WA) West Africa.



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GAVILAN'S PRESTIGE SOARS WITH VICTORY

(*Continued from page* 12)

for their money. That's why he's a good drawing card.

He can add to his prestige by accepting the challenge of Billy Graham for a return title bout. Perhaps he'll see the light and fight Billy in the Cuban's next title defense.

But if not Billy, who then? There's Chuck Davey of Chicago, an International Boxing Club club fighter. There's the undefeated Johnny Saxton and Florida's ace, Bobby Dykes, with whom Gavilan also fought a split decision championship contest which the Keed won. The division can and should be kept busy because it has as its leader a boy who can fight, does fight and can keep the ring interest at high pitch when in action.

Prior to the bombardment that came as sudden as it was furious, it was anybody's fight. Going into what proved to be the final session, I had Gavilan ahead by 5 to 4 and one round even. Judges Charles Daggert and Lou Tress gave each five rounds and the Referee favored Gavilan 6 to 4. But in the eleventh when the Cuban Kid found the opening as Turner dropped his guard after receiving a powerful right hand punch to the jaw, the end was in sight. Turner hitherto had never fought beyond ten rounds and he was not destined to fight an eleventh this time.

WHEN the round got under way, the Philadelphian who had been giving and taking wallops, shot a right to the Cuban's body. Then came a savage exchange of rights and lefts in which the Cuban had a little the better of the milling. But until a hammering right crashed against his jaw, Gil seemed none the worse for the punishment he was taking at close range battling.

That blow turned the tide. Turner was badly shaken. His legs quivered and signs of bewilderment were noticeable.

Gavilan was quick to take advantage of the situation. He had awaited the time for just such a situation and here it was.

He opened up with a bombardment of body and jaw smashes including several bolo punches and soon had Turner against the ropes where the boy from Strawberry Mansion, the Negro section of Philadelphia, who had never before been beaten either as an amateur or pro, tried to roll with the punches or block them but without success. Turner, with a record of thirty-one straight victories including 25 knockouts, was now set by the champion for a kayo.

The round didn't have much more to go. Gavilan seemed to sense it as he waded away, then stepped back to get one clear shot at his opponent. But Turner suddenly came to left and for a few seconds he fought back throwing punches while his followers rent the air with their cheers. But the steam was gone. The power behind the blows was too weak to do much damage though the rally did enable him to get away from the ropes.

AFTER a few tosses, Gavilan, unhurt, rushed forward again. Turner's stamina was gone and he couldn't stave off the new attack.

Viciously the champion pounded away with lefts and rights until he had Gil against the ropes again and with Turner reeling, one hand grasping the upper strand, out on his feet, the referee rushed forward and stopped the action with only thirteen more seconds to end the round. Gavilan had fought like a true champion and no one begrudged him his well-earned victory. He fought a crafty battle, to give his youthful opponent his first ring setback.

IN several rounds Gavilan fought as did Jersey Joe Walcott against Joe Louis—a back stepping battle in which he let Gil tire himself by trying to tag his man. But that was part of the strategy mapped out by Gavilan's directorate and it worked well. It made Turner reckless in his determined effort to become a champion in his thirty-second pro fight so that when Gavilan suddenly halted the backward movement and stood his ground to fight at close range, he battered Gil's body with greater punishment than Turner was able to hand out in the toe-to-toe milling.

The Cuban's experience was clearly reflected in his battle plan. He let Turner do the rushing, while he met the bull-like advance with straight, stiff lefts and occasional bolo body blows that took a lot of steam out of his adversary's attacks. Biding his time, sharpshooting as he was waging a running battle, Gavilan upset the calculations of the challenger by weakening him sufficiently to enable him to put the finishing touches to Gil's aspirations once the opening was found.

The finish in many respects was a duplicate of Sugar Ray Robinson's closing in on Randolph Turpin which ended eight seconds before the completion of the round. In that fight as in the Philadelphia contest, the winner was aided by the referee who came to the rescue of the challenger following a concerted, wild attack by the defending title holder.

LEFT hooks did tne greatest damage for Gavilan. They sank into Gil's mid-section and were the cause of setting the Philadelphian up for the final vicious attack. It was the Cuban Hawk's most powerful weapon. Four times Turner surprised Gavilan and the fans by whipping the bolo punch into the Cuban's body. Pilfering the Keed's best weapon brought gleeful shouts from Turner's followers.

The jeers that had greeted Gavilan when he did the back-pedaling performance, suddenly turned into shouts of admiration for the champion when the tide had turned. Gavilan had proved his championship mettle to the satisfaction of all and the fans greeted him as a title holder should be.

Now all he has to do to add to his prestige as a fearless, fighting champ is to give Billy Graham another shot at his crown.

TIMELY CHATTER IN GREAT BRITAIN

NANTWICH—Billy Billington (Golbourne), 144, narrowly outpointed Billy Devonport (Bolton), 142, over eight rounds. . . . Ernie Price (Conway), 157¾, stopped Bryan Sharples (Lancaster), 160, in the fifth. . . . Des Capper (Chester), 133½, outpointed Don Scott (Carlisle), 136, over six. . . . Art Beloc (Cockermouth), 127¾, outpointed Tony Green (Warrington), 126, over six rounds. . . . Harold Rowlands (Warrington), 121, dealt out heavy punishment to Tony Green (Wrexham), 122, before the referee halted the bout in the third.

MILE END ARENA—Freddie King (Wandsworth), 127¼, was forced to pull out all he knew to gain a close points decision over Charlie Simpkins (Bridlington), 127½ at the end of eight hard fought rounds. . . . Jack Armstrong (West Africa), 134½, was too forceful for Harry Herbert (Bethnal Green), 131¾, in an eight rounder. . . . Danny Gill (Bethnal Green) stopped Tommy Cottman (Bridlington) in the fifth. . . . Jack Thornaby (Covent Garden), 148¼, gained a hard earned points decision over Lawson Thaine (Poplar), 148½, in six.

SZUZINA WINS

Dusseldorf, Germany—A first-rate programme was topped by the compelling performance of Franz Szuzina, the rough house German middles star, who stiffened Horst Kemena in the opening round. Charlie Anglee was again in evidence, and obliged his foe, Hans Motzelt, to surrender at the end of round five after undergoing a beating. Winnfried Heen won a good cruiser eight from the Belgian, Eli Elandon, and in two lightweight slams, Herbert Glaeser thumped out a convincing win over Virgilio Andressi, of Italy, and Albert Mueller was lucky to gain a draw with Valde Fusaro who endangered his points lead by committing many irregularities.

Marseilles, France—Ray Grassi continued his winning way with a first-rate win against the unorthodox Spanish feather, Jesus Rubio, who was nearly kayoed in the ninth but survived to make the distance. At the Salle Wagram, Louis Carrara turned in something of an upset by outscoring the French feathers champ, Maurice Forni, in a lightweight duel in which Forni suffered from carrying extra poundage. Umberto Paccagnella drew with Roger Sansonnet in a middles six and Robert Cohen did well to halt durable Andre Jasse in the ninth frame of a bantam showdown.

(*Continued from page* 49)

fell mainly because he was caught off balance. He was obviously tired, and glad to take a rest on each occasion.

Johnson's rise to the top has been quite swift. Although he started boxing as a professional in 1946 it was not until the beginning of this year that he was considered a championship prospect when he outpointed Allan Tanner in January, and followed up with a victory over Elis Ask, the Finn, who held the European lightweight title.

He came under the management of Sam Burns about twelve months ago. At this time Johnson was having difficulty in getting fights in the North—particularly in his home town of Manchester. He was not sufficiently well known to attract the attention of Southern promoters.

Burns didn't find it all that easy to get fights for Johnson at first, and pleaded with Joe Shepherd, the match-maker at the St. James's Hall, Newcastle, to give the boy a chance. The obliging Joe agreed, and Johnson was matched with Jim Kenny nearly a year ago.

A PROMISE KEPT

AFTER winning in five rounds, Johnson and Burns told Joe that if ever they got their hands on a British championship they would come back and fight at Newcastle. They have kept their promise.

Johnson's real name is Williamson. When he decided to become a fighter he decided to call himself Johnson. His brother, Jackie, chose to box under the name of another former world heavyweight champion, and called himself Braddock.

The new lightweight champion has learned some of his smart boxing from the booths, and still likes to make occasional appearances as does Randy Turpin. While some boxing officials frown on the booth boxing, I must say some of our best champions learned their stuff this way. Jimmy Wilde, Jim Driscoll, Freddy Welsh, Tommy Farr and Freddie Mills are just a handful.

Wilde, who had hundreds of fights beneath a tent, maintains it is the best schooling any pugilist can have. Jimmy estimates that in all he had 864 fights, losing only four to Pal Moore, Tancy Lee, Pete Herman and Pancho Villa. He later reversed decisions against Moore and Lee.

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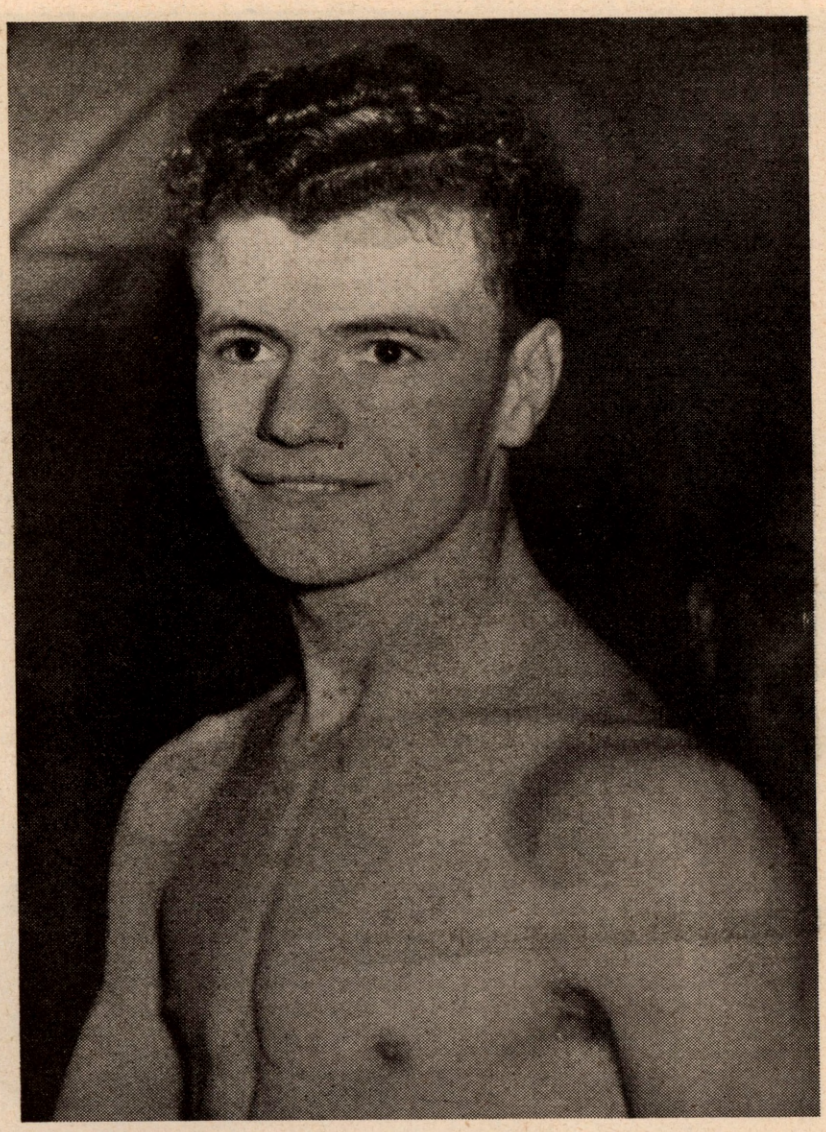
JIMMY boxed as a kid in Jack Scarratt's Booth which used to travel around the Rhondda Valley in South Wales. Once he knocked out seventeen challengers before lunch which consisted of a cup of tea and a bun. He then returned afterwards and knocked out another six opponents. For the task of putting away twenty-three opponents little Jimmy was paid fifteen shillings!

But Jimmy hasn't any regrets. He always considers those hard days of his youth toughened him for later, and the Mighty Atom believes we would still produce some champions like we did in the past if more of them learned their art the hard way—in the booth.

Frank Johnson is the first Manchester boxer to hold the British lightweight title. Odd, too, that he should win the crown in his first appearance at Belle Vue. His victory may start a Manchester boom in boxing, because when Jock McAvoy, Johnny King and Jackie Brown all held titles, the Lancashire city was without doubt the hub of British boxing.



THE NEW WELTERWEIGHT KING

"Try Again" Cliff Curvis wins the British and Empire Welterweight titles with a great knockout win over Wally Thom at Liverpool stadium. The 24-year-old Swansea "southpaw" has been trying to win a title since he was 18. He made previous unsuccessful attempts as a featherweight, lightweight and welterweight, but there were not any mistakes this time. Thom was flattened in 9 rounds.

Recently, I saw all these three great ex-champions at Belle Vue. McAvoy is still unable to use his legs, but he told me he feels so strong and well in the rest of his body that he reckons he could still fight if his legs were O.K.

To McAvoy's credit he is bearing his infliction with great spirit. There isn't any moaning from him, and when he watches an exciting fight he moves excitedly in his seat, clenches his fists, and occasionally snorts as he used to in those days when he was the terror of the middleweights.

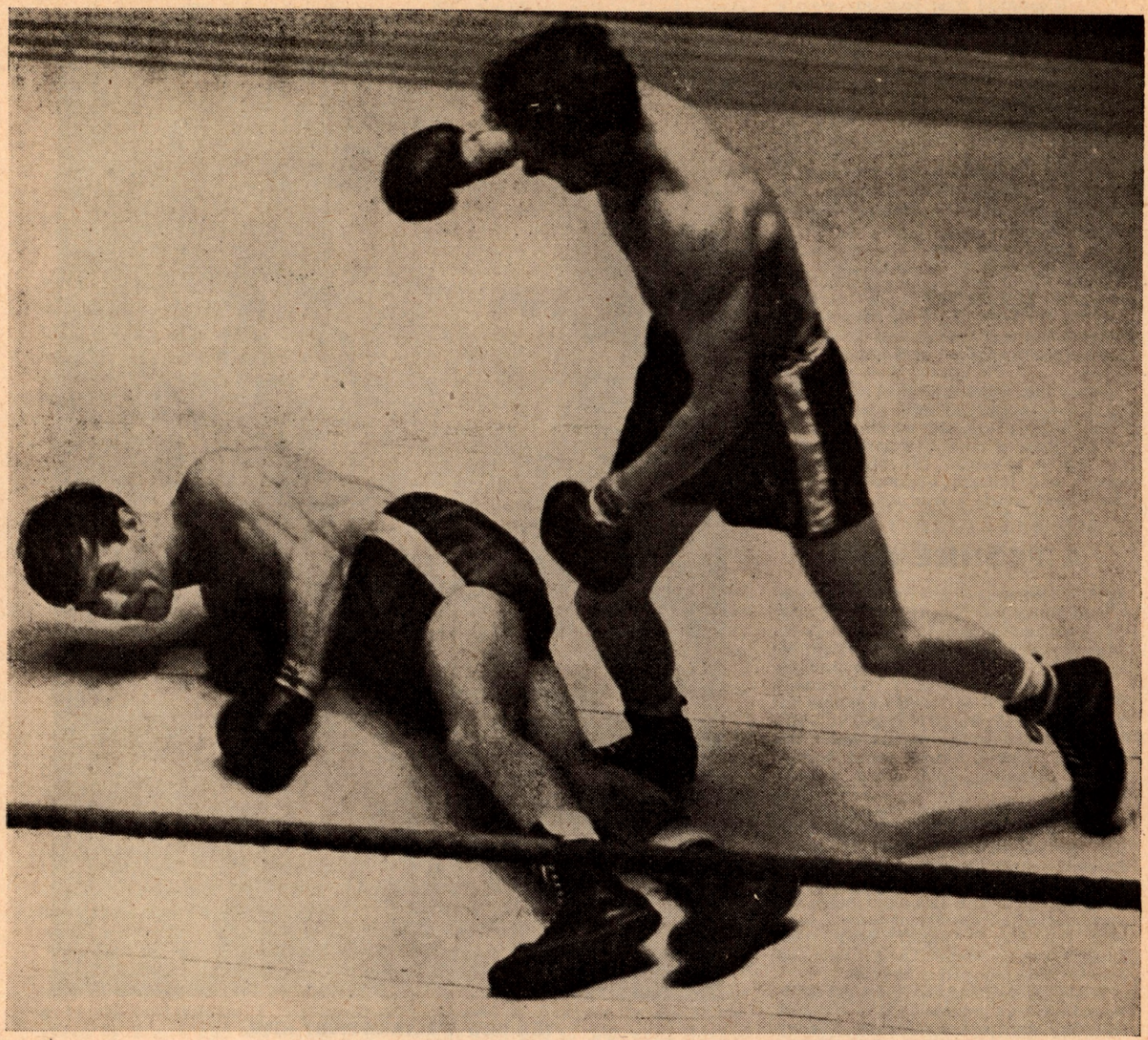
Jackie Brown, also, is not as fit as he would like to be. The former flyweight champion of the world says he has been suffering from anæmia, and has been having a course of injections.

When I look back to those happy days at Belle Vue when McAvoy, King and Brown dominated their divisions I realize how good were the fighters of those days. I am sure that Sugar Ray Robinson would not have done anything with McAvoy, who was one of the toughest middleweights I ever watched.

Teddy Gardner, the 30-year-old West Hartlepool publican, must be one of the most remarkable little boxers of the past two decades. It was extraordinary enough for this quietly-spoken little man with the balding head to win a British title after 14 years battling without ever quite getting the credit due to him.

Some people called it a fluke when Gardner won the British and Empire titles, outpointing Terry Allen at Newcastle in a fight which carried a controversial decision. But Gardner went on to win the European crown from Louis Skena, and more recently defended this title, outpointing the Italian champion, Otello Belardinelli, with an ease that made the West Hartlepool bout a farce as far as the European Championship label was concerned.

Gardner is doing all these things at an age when most boxers are on the way out. Teddy is one of the best boxers I have seen in a long time. For science, defence, and the pleasure he gives students of the Art of Self Defence, he has had few equals. I compare him with Nel Tarleton and Spider



FRANK JOHNSON WINS BRITISH LIGHTWEIGHT CROWN

Tommy McGovern, of London, goes down in the ninth round of his 15-round championship battle with Frank Johnson of Manchester at Belle Vue. The champion fought well, but was never in the race after six rounds. The Manchester challenger was too fast and too strong, and McGovern was well beaten on points.

Kelly, the stylish Irishman who held the British featherweight title some years ago.

Having said all this about Gardner's skill, I must now make it clear that I am not rating him as a better flyweight than Benny Lynch or Peter Kane. On the contrary, Lynch, in my opinion, was head and shoulders above any other flyweight with the possible exception of Jimmy Wilde.

Benny was a pretty fair boxer himself, and as a puncher was in the killer class. He carried the shoulders of a featherweight, and hit harder than many 9-stone boxers, and I couldn't give the brilliant boxing of Gardner a chance of winning him the title when Benny was around.

The same applies to Peter Kane at his best. The Golborne lad with the saucer-like eyes would have moved too quickly, attacked too often, and hit too hard, for Gardner. But we should cherish the little West Hartlepool publican because he is the last of a school that is fast dying, and I would advise any students of boxing who have not already seen Gardner in action to go along and watch the little maestro at the first opportunity that comes along.

Our featherweight class has seldom showed up so badly as now. This is probably the reason why so much fuss was made about Roy Ankrah. The Gold Coast champ was boosted by those easily impressed as a super pugilist in world championship class, but, apart from his astonishing stamina, I failed to see the reason why so many careless superlatives were being showered upon him.

He was judged mainly on his two convincing victories over Ronnie Clayton for the British Empire championship, but Famechon, who had beaten Ronnie four times, showed up the Gold Coast boxer's weakness by clearly outboxing him at Nottingham.

Clayton, it seemed, was on the way out after his overwhelming defeats by Ankrah and Famechon, yet the Blackpool boxer looked a "million dollars" when outclassing Dai Davies, the 30-year-old Skewen featherweight, in five rounds at Abergavenny.

The fact that Davies, who only took up boxing seriously four years ago, was nominated as the challenger for Clayton's British title, emphasizes how short Britain is of good 9-stone pugilists. And also the fact that Ronnie, although not good enough to account for Ankrah and Famechon, has now collected a second notch on his second Lonsdale Belt is further proof of the sorry state of our featherweight division.

Ronnie is now anxious to get another title match in order to clinch that second belt. One challenger who would jump at a chance of a championship battle is Teddy Peckham, of Bournemouth. This fight could be clinched for Belle Vue, Manchester, because Peckham has quite a following in the Lancashire capital following good losing bouts with Luis Romero, the Spanish southpaw, Tony Lombard, and Alby Tissong.

Peckham is willing to tackle Clayton in an overweight match first and has £100 backing from his manager Jack Turner—the man who looked after Freddie Mills in his early days—"I think I can beat

(*Continued on page* 56)

REPORT FROM THE PHILIPPINES

By Felipe J. C. Galang

WILLIE BROWN, 113, of Cebu, proved too fast and too clever for fast stepping Angeles Alberto, 109, at the Grace Park Stadium under the BAL promotions on June 14. Willie outjabbed and outmanuevered his younger opponent from the very start. Willie copped all the rounds except the third.

In the supporting main event, Baby Garcia, 130, badly outpointed Berting, Jr., 132, in six rounds. Berting, who substituted for Tommy Lerma, gave a good account of himself.

In a special event of four rounds, Chinaman Ray Ming Chan, 117, won over Montalban, Jr., 117. The Chinaman was the aggressor and nearly sent his rival to the canvas in the third canto when he landed his left and right to the face. Rinty Galauran, 130, who substituted for Baby Gabiola, proved too tough for the heavy slugging Kid Asiong, 132, of Cavite. The bout ended in a draw.

Leo Alonzo, 130, did not have a hard time in disposing of King Von Nelson, 135, in the second round with a left and right to the chin. Nelson proved no match for his younger opponent.

Young Bacalla, 118, of Campo's stable, drew with Young Mariano, 118, southpaw slugger of Mariquina, Rizal, in four rounds. Rudy Mariano, 110, lost to Baby Galauran, 103, in the opening four rounds.

Small Quintin, former featherweight contender during the reign of Tirso del Rosario, is now on the comeback trail. He badly outpointed Tenejeros Boy, 120, Mindanao and Sulu bantam champion, in a ten round main event at Davao City. Quintin was more experienced with his younger rival and won all the rounds.

Bob de Guzman, 112, drew with Young Cobra, 110, in four. Speedy Mata, 115, beat Battling Zamboanga, 118, in four. David Redundo, 120, lost to Star Zambo, 124, in four. Young Cabig beat Nick Denciax and Junior Bacala outpointed Tomey Pakermo in the curtain raiser.

Raytranco Boy, flyweight champion of Rizal province stopped the veteran, Little Medina of Cabanatuan city, in the 6th round, at the Mandaluyong stadium. The 19-year old flyweight sensation has been fighting only one year as a pro. It was only last year, February 10, 1951, when I first saw Raytranco, who fought that time as the Little Mendiola of Tondo. I was invited in Cabanatuan to judge the fight between Willie Brown vs. Puyas Boy. Ray easily disposed of his bigger and older opponent in the second round.

Baby Martinez, 110, and Tony dela Cruz, 112, fought no-contest when the referee decided that they were doing a brotherly act in the first two rounds. Speedy Reyes, 118, outpointed Baby Alcapone, 120, in six. Star Boy, 124, taught Cunning Garcia a neat boxing lesson in four rounds. Small Doro, 112, and Grocery Boy, 112, fought on even terms in four, Clever Verso, decisioned Fighting Lacson, 110 in the opening four rounds.

Flash Elorde, 120, of Cebu City, badly outpointed Tanny Campo, flyweight and bantamweight champion of the Philippines in eight rounds at Grace Park Stadium. Tanny was very much puzzled by the fighting tactics of his southpaw opponent. Referee Al Cante did not have a hard time in awarding the decision to the unknown fighter from Cebu.

Tony Aldeguer, 148, scored a clean cut decision over Henry Dave, 149, of Mindanao. Tony was too fast for the slow moving slugger who always found himself in the receiving end. Young Tony, 114, lost to Camilox Silva, 113, by disqualification for fouling his opponent in the fifth round. Young Rosenberg, 114, decisioned Johnny Labay, Jr., 114, in the four-round special event. Baby Galauran, 102, drew with Bino Manalo, 110. Young Marino, 122, won over Strong Maya, 130, in four. Rocky Pablo, 112, bested Kid Tawidi, 110, in the four-round curtain raiser.

Tanny Campo, fly and bantamweight champion of the Philippines, decisioned Raytranco Boy, flyweight champion of Rizal province in an eight-round main event at Pateros, Rizal. Many believed that a draw decision would have been more satisfactory. The crowd booed and hissed the referee and nearly created a riot. Raytanco has challenged Campo for a return match at the Coliseum.

Dommy Gaviola, 130, of Davao City,kayoed Bagumbayan Boy, 130, in the first rond. Tony dela Cruz, 114, decisioned Villeza Villar of Cabanatuan City in four. Young Bacalla, 116, and Guevarra Junior, 115, drew in four. Clever Sancho, 118, kayoed Star Villa, 117, in the second round. Julie Bert outpointed Speed Jesus in the curtain raiser.

Star Gony, 135, is again in the fight game. In his first comeback he decisioned Kid Independence, 130, in a ten rounder at the Davao City Stadium. Star had been always a thorn in the side of Speed Cabanela, the lightweight king. They had already met twice, when Speedy was not yet a champion and Cabanela lost both.

Little Campo, former flyweight champion of Marianas, taught Tannery Boy a boxing lesson in a ten round supporting main event. Campo is now invading Mindanao as he always fails in his fights in the city.

Kid Independence, 130, retained his featherweight championship of Mindanao and Sulu but outpointing Small Quintin, 130, in a 10-round main event at Davaco City Stadium. The wild swinging Quintin failed to land his haymaker as the bid baby fought him in close range and bombarded his breadbasket that weakened the swinging fool. Danny Kid, 110, defeated Larry Angeles, 110, in four. Bob de Guzman, 112, bested Eddie Mendoza, 116, in four. Young Cobra, 115, outpointed Star Aseno, 116 in four rounds. Bonni Elizalde, 116, outscored Joe Godilos, 115, in four. Degradis and Young Cabig fought to a draw in the opening four rounds.

Flash Eldore, 121 beat Paulito Escarlan 122, of Northern Luzon, in a six-round main event at the Grace Park stadium. This was Elorde's second appearance in the local ring. Elorde is an excellent prospect.

Cunning Andy, 115, of Tondo, outpointed Young Tony, 115, of Cebu, in six rounds. The victory of Andy was a sad day for the gamblers, as he was the underdog in the betting. Dommy Gabiola, 122, of Dabao city, kayoed Kid Aske of Cabanatuan in the second round. Rusty Ginete was rusty when he was badly outpointed by Baby Galauran, 102, in four rounds. Ginete was the older and more experienced battler. Cisco Kid 122, and Strong Maya, 124, drew in four. Henry Aldequer, 121, lost to Young Mariano, 120, in four. Young Bacalla, 115, won over Frankie Mondon, 116 in the opener.

Strong Ravalo, a trial horse among the lightweights, decisioned King Tut, former lightweight champion of the Philippines in an eight-round main event at the Mandaluyong Stadium. King Tut was a mere shell of his former self. He lacked his former speed and punching power. Tut quit for good and now is a poultry man in San Juan.

Little Ibanez, 118, defeated Vergara Boy, 119, in four. Delfin Castueras, 120, and Cunning Garcia, 120, drew in four rounds. Montalban, Jr., 118, decisioned Clever Verso, 118, in four. Frankie Mordon, 115, beat Mambusco 117, in four. Grocery Boy, 116, kayoed Boy Brooks, Jr., 119, in second round. Star Boy, 112, and Fighting John, 110, drew in the curtain raiser.

NEWS FROM SUNNY AUSTRALIA

By Ray Mitchell

GEORGE BARNES, number one contender for our National lightweight title, caused the upset of the year in Melbourne when he outpointed U. S. Negro Wallace "Bud" Smith. Smith, in his debut in this country, thoroughly trounced our champion, Frank Flannery. George quickly gained the upper hand and several times had Smith wobbly at the knees. Barnes deserved his win and immediately challenged Flannery to a title bout. George, by virtue of wins over leading welters, is also the number one contender for the 147 lb. crown.

In Sydney, U. S. bantam, Johnny O'Brien, who was beaten by our champion Jimmy Carruthers in his debut in Australia, had a good win over Ray Coleman. It was a hard bout and there was not much in it at the finish.

O'Brien then journeyed to Melbourne but was comfortably outpointed by Bluey Wilkins. At 124½ lb., Wilkins was half-a-pound heavier than his opponent.

Jimmy Carruthers leaves for South Africa in a few weeks to battle Vic Toweel for the latter's world title in October. Carruthers should have a couple of warm-up bouts before he leaves, but it is unlikely that he will meet anyone before Toweel.

In Wagga, a referee set a precedent, when he stopped a six-round bout as the bell sounded for the beginning of the last round, and declared a draw. Reason was it had been a hard fight and both boys were exhausted to the point where they could scarcely hold up their hands. So, rather than risk the boys' welfare, he gave his decision a round early. His action is to be commended.

Pran Mikus and Alfie Sands, who fought a gruelling draw in Melbourne last month, met in a return, another hard contest. Sands tired over the last few rounds and Mikus, who is improving with every start, gained a points decision.

The sixth Sands brother, Russell, has begun a professional boxing career. Unlike his brothers, he is a southpaw, and, again unlike his brothers, who are or were all welters and middles, Russell is a flyweight.

Al Bourke, Victorian middleweight champion, whom Dave Sands knocked out in five rounds last month in defense of his British Empire middleweight title, is now in New Zealand and, in his debut there, conceded Chubb Keith eleven pounds and outpointed the New Zealand champ. It was Keith who recently suffered a kayo reverse at the hands of Dave Sands, in a contest for the Australasian light-heavy title.

Jack Dunleavy, dean of Australian trainers, has given away professionals and will concentrate on teaching amateurs and others who wish to learn boxing. He said professionals draw crowds of onlookers to the gymnasium and thus he cannot devote enough time to his pupils.

Harry Hayes, in his second comeback bout, outpointed Carlo Marchini at Leichhardt. Marchini had Maxie Rosenbloom in his corner. Maxie, who is having a profitable holiday here, also refereed a preliminary.

In Newcastle, George Kapeen and Frank Donnelly engaged in a wild bout in which Donnelly was disqualified in the third round for butting. After the verdict the two boxers continued to fight and they had to be dragged apart.

A fortnight later Kapeen knocked out Fred Sinn in two rounds.

In Melbourne, Kevin James and Barry Hatcher fought a return. Hatcher had won a disputed decision at their first meeting, but James clearly won the return. In fact, after a few knockdowns, Hatcher was hard put to see out the distance. These boys now rate No. 1 and No. 2 contenders for Carruthers bantam title and strangely, the champion and his two leading contenders are southpaws.

Alfie Clay, our third ranking lightweight, had a hard fight with Dave Landers in Brisbane, until the referee halted proceedings in the sixth round because of a deep gash over Landers' eye, and awarded the bout to Clay. A return match is a natural.

Bobby Sinn, Queensland bantam champion, stopped Ron Peterson in ten rounds in a return bout. Their first meeting resulted in a ten round knock out for Sinn, so his latest effort was a repeat performance for Bobby.

Also in Brisbane, New South Wales lightweight, Pat Ford, having his first fight for over six months, caused an upset by knocking out Jackie Ryan in seven rounds.

Ten nights later Ford met Charlie Dunn at Sydney Stadium. The young, good-looking Dunn last year strung up an impressive list of knockout victories, including the year's quickest main-event win—48 seconds of the first round—and was breaking into the top bracket when he met a kayo reverse at the hands of experienced Jimmy Reeves. One month later he was knocked out again and went out for a spell. His contest with Ford, whom he knocked out eleven months ago, was Charlie's first for nine months. For the first five rounds he was on top, but began to tire a little and Ford's heavy wallops took their toll. Referee Bill Henneberry stopped it in the seventh with Dunn all-in.

Other results, all over twelve rounds:

Melbourne—Tom Kearnes K.O.ed Max Williams in 10 (Junior welters). Henry Bray, 181, of Fiji, K.O.ed Snowy Boyd, 168, in 8.

Brisbane—Col Douglas outpointed Eddie Marks (featherweights). Billy Peters outpointed Ron Miller. (welters).

Newcastle—Mick Analzark outpointed Eric Hinton (Lightweights).

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(*Continued from page* 54)

Ronnie," says Peckham. "If I can prove I am right I would then expect the British champion to give me a return bout for the title." The Boxing Board, however, have decided that Peckham must first fight Freddie King, and the winner to meet the survivor of the Tommy Miller–George Stewart bout, with the eventual winner meeting Clayton for the title.

There is, of course, one outstanding featherweight of the future. I refer to Sammy McCarthy, the 20-year-old Stepney starlet, who is undefeated as a professional. In a couple of months McCarthy comes of age and is eligible for a 15 rounds' title fight. Whether Sammy is quite ready for the experienced Clayton is debatable, but I am sure the London boy will win the 9-stone crown in the next year or eighteen months.

ON MERITS

I often wonder if the twenty-one age limit before a boxer can take part in a 15 rounds' contest is good. I would prefer the Board to study the individual case. For instance, Jack Doyle, although never a great fighter, was physically capable of fighting Jack Petersen for the title when Doyle was still 20. The fact that Doyle never in his life went 15 rounds is beside the point.

Ted Kid Lewis won the British featherweight title from Alec Lambert when he was 17, and Eric Boon was only 18 when he knocked out Dave Crowley to become lightweight king-pin. All these fighters were well developed, and strong enough for 15 rounds. Georges Carpentier, too, was bowling over top European boxers at 19.

I don't like to see youngsters rushed into matches before they are ready. Nipper Pat Daly, for instance, was overmatched against Johnny Cuthbert, the featherweight champion. Daly, only 17, had a brilliant future if he had been allowed to develop slowly, but he was a clear-cut example of a young fighter trying to run before he had learned to walk.

That is why I think the Boxing Board would do well to modify the existing rule, and judge boy fighters on their individual physical condition and stamina.

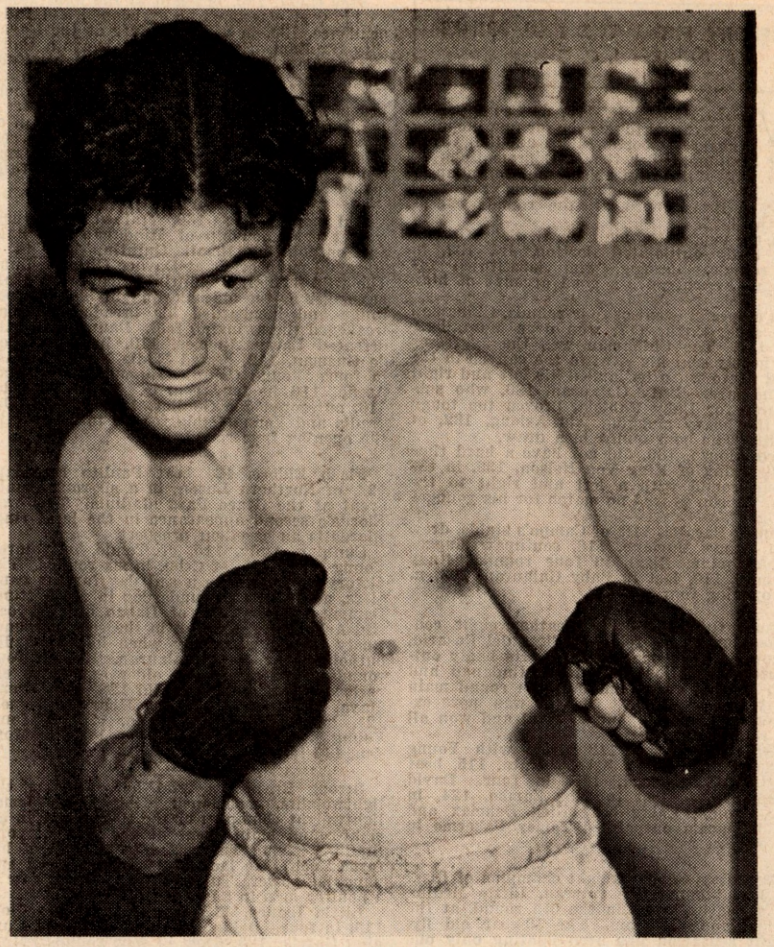
Has our heavyweight division ever been so inactive? The official retirement of Jack Gardner, plus the disappointing knockout defeat of Ray Wilding has left Johnny Williams, the champion, without a young challenger for the heavyweight title. In fact, the 38-year-old Tommy Farr, who holds the Welsh title, is fast becoming the logical contender. Tommy says Williams is one fighter he can always beat, and considers the present heavyweight champion and his manager are ducking him. It certainly would be amazing if Farr ever regained the title he tossed back to the British Boxing Board of Control fourteen years ago.

My sympathies are with Williams. Admittedly, I considered him lucky to receive the points' decision that deprived Jack Gardner of the title, but the fact remains that since possessing the heavyweight title which should be the biggest money-spinning crown in sport, he has not been able to cash in.

Johnny recently took a trip to America. He engaged in one bout which didn't earn him much, but even this was better than remaining idle in England. Williams hasn't the "killer" instinct, and, therefore, hasn't the box-office appeal of more vicious heavyweights. America was not unduly impressed by his presence there, and, I fear, his style will not make him over-popular with tough U.S. fight crowds who love a two-handed fighter and a great puncher.

The British heavyweight champion is also due to fight Heinz Neuhaus, the German holder of the European title, but again this match did not excite promoters in Britain or Germany after the European Boxing Union had declared Williams the

(*Continued on page* 61)



RONNIE CLAYTON

Although the British featherweight champion suffered decisive defeats at the hands of Ray Famechon, the European champion, and Roy Ankrah, holder of the British Empire crown, earlier this year, he looked a "million dollars" against Dai Davies of Wales. Clayton, by beating the Welshman in five rounds, added a second notch on his second Lord Lonsdale Belt, and is now looking for a chance to win Belt No. 2 outright.

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CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

By CHARLIE PARISH

Humez now ready for American invasion—Olek and Kohlbrecher can still hit the Jackpot—Joe Preys among the unemployed—Spanish fistic revival—Peter Mueller bows out of the picture

CHARLIE HUMEZ landed himself right on top of the Continental middleweight line-up when he shattered the blond cherub from Youngstown, Ohio, Tony Janiro, in the fifth round of their mêlée at the Palais des Sports. The stock of the ex-miner has risen more in the light of recent events. Randy Turpin appears to have one eye on the light-heavy crown, Laurent Dauthuille has once more lost face by backing out of his scheduled fight with Gene Hairston, and Robert Villemain, the other top-notcher who might have caused Humez some embarrassment, has been obliged to take a layoff, following his injury caused by Carl Olson in the States.

Even the men nearest to challenger's positions have been upset in recent frays, like Milazzo, who lost to Soldevilla, and Peter Mueller, who cancelled himself out of the boxing picture for good. The Lion of Flanders can well congratulate himself on the progress made since a couple of years ago when he dropped the French welter title to Emmanuel Clavel on a foul.

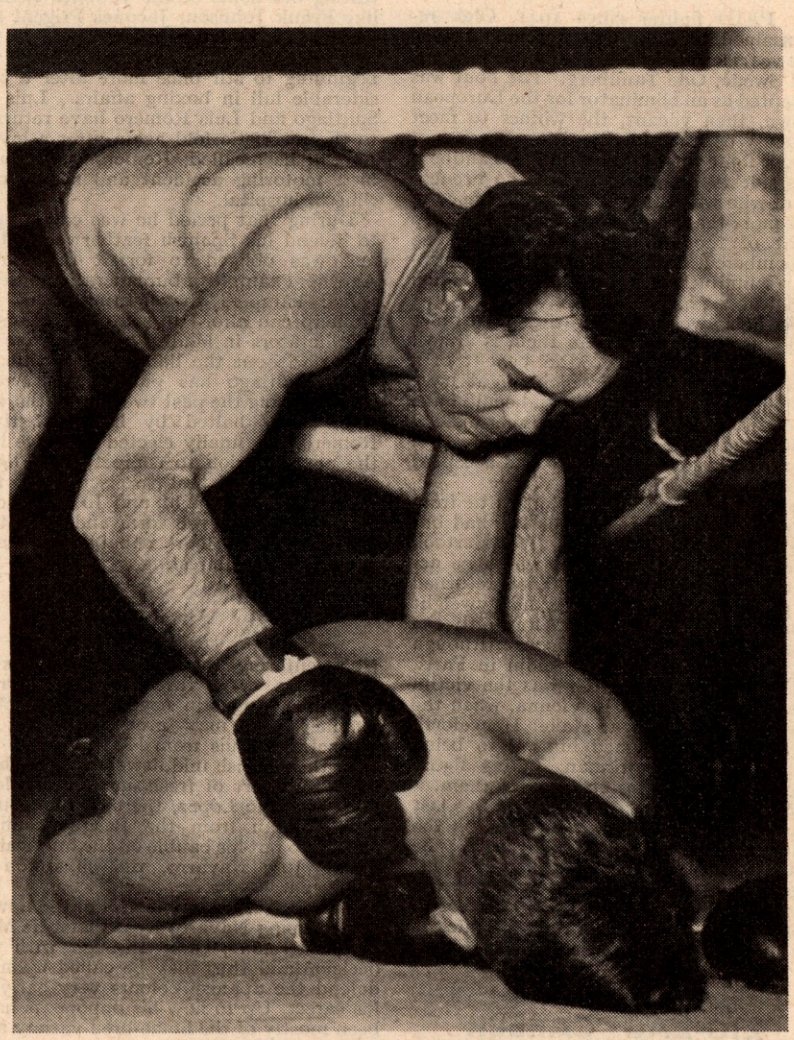
Humez has not avoided anyone. When Dauthuille called off his bout with Hairston, the battler from Henin-Liétard was willing to go in with the silent American, directly against the advice of his handlers. Dauthuille, once a runner-up to Marcel Cerdan in popularity, has lost some appeal since the Hairston incident.

SOBER CHARLIE

SOBER and industrious in and out of the ring, Humez does not achieve the status necessary to become an idol of Paris. Champions of the squared circle who have reached this dizzy height have been men of the temperament of Cerdan and Carpentier, also of Jack Johnson it could be said.

As Humez choses to remain loyal to the training schedules and steers clear of the bistros and leg shows, it seems probable that the Parisians will only lay their worship at his feet when he appears in a ring. Maybe he will last longer as a star in this fashion and possibly reap as much kudos for France as his illustrious and more scintillating forerunners.

When European champion Heinz Neuhaus became champion of Germany with an eighty-second knock-out over the title-holder, Hein ten Hoff, before a 48,000 crowd, an interested observer was Wilson Kohlbrecher. The latter belongs to that hardy section of battlers who never take "no" for an answer.



A KIND AFTERTHOUGHT

Wilson Kohlbrecher, who resembles Max Schmeling, lends a helping hand to Emile Bentz of France after knocking him out in the first round at Dusseldorf. Bentz isn't in shape to say, "Thanks, pal!"

Another Continental heavyweight who has had his hopes reborn is Stefan Olek, whose career resembles Kohlbrecher's to some degree. Both men kicked off to a flying start as professionals, but whereas the German was locked in his own country by post-war conditions, Olek was obliged to travel all over Europe in search of employment for his fists. At the end of 1951 both fighters were on the ash-heap.

Kohlbrecher had lost prestige by being stopped by Karel Sys and Omelio Agra-

monte and was suspended for not having given a satisfactory display on these occasions. Olek was scraping the barrel after his unhappy showing against Ray Wilding, in which he was suffering from a damaged hand. A short while previous he had dropped a debatable decision to Frank Bell.

Since the turn of the year, both fighters have come on apace. As Olek seldom weighs more than thirteen and a half stone, he has been recently opposed to German cruisers. Against men of similar build the Franco-Pole can still throw plenty of fireworks.

After drawing with clever Heinz Sachs, and beating the equally agile Hans Strelecki, Olek crashed the headlines with a tremendous knockout win over the German champion, Willi Hoepner. It was no lucky clout which put the Holsteiner sprawling on the canvas; Hoepner had already tasted the resin in the third frame.

OLEK SURPRISES

A PAID fighter since 1941, Olek remained more or less undefeated until five years later when he was defeated by the tall Swede, Olle Tandberg. The bout was accepted as an eliminator for the European crown, then vacant, the winner to meet Bruce Woodcock for the title. Because of a poor fight with Eddie Phillips, Tandberg was sidestepped in favour of the Frenchman, who was not given a dog's chance to last more than a few rounds with the crisp right of the Doncastrian. As will be remembered, Olek showed up the Englishman's limitations in no uncertain fashion and lost a points decision.

As heavyweights are rarities in France and the public interest in them is almost nil, Olek did not have the benefit of a building-up campaign which might have netted him some fat purses and could have made him concentrate on training instead of farming. As it was, he devoted his chief attention to horses and land and accepted fights as a sideline.

Since he captured his national title from Georges Martin in 1948, Olek has had but one bout in a French ring. He undertook a tourney in South Africa, where he acquitted himself quite well, then returned to partake in the Brussels heavyweight competition, losing in the finals to the then unknown Aaron Wilson. Although later victorious over Jo Weidin in Paris.

The Polish-born battler was the victim of a doubtful verdict in Vienna, when the European title was at stake. Henceforth he apparently resigned himself to being just a jobbing workman, taking fights wherever offered, losing most of them.

When I saw him against Karel Sys last year in Ostend he appeared to be on the slide. Against Hans Strelecki last May he was a different man, speedy and efficient. The victory over Hoepner may put the French Pole back on the road to better prospects, even at the age of 32, which is not too advanced for a heavyweight.

ZIG-ZAG CAREER

KOHLBRECHER has meanwhile fought his way back to the position of challenger for the German title, after pursuing a zig-zag career. He is the only fighter to have put Stef Olek and rugged Heinz Seelisch out for the count. At one moment he appears to be the best fighter in Germany, in his next outing he could well be the worst. Heinz Neuhaus barely outpointed Emile Bentz; a short while after Kohlbrecher flattened the Alsatian in the opening round.

Yet he nearly had the fans dozing during his bout with Richard Grupe. Ten Hoff knocked him out in two rounds a couple of years ago. When Kohlbrecher enters the ring as challenger to Neuhaus he had better make good; it will probably be his last chance as the youngsters just coming along are of excellent calibre.

PREYS IS IDLE

JOSEPH PREYS, the Belgian lightweight, has been surprisingly inactive of late. Offers do not come in to this polished fighter, who has been in the game for seventeen years. Last year he lost only one bout out of four, that to Johansen, and this year has seen the Tournai tactician only twice in the ring.

He stopped an unlucky clout from Herbert Glaeser in Germany and then defeated young Delabassee for the lightweight crown which he has held for years. Always a workman when he has warmed up, Preys could be usefully employed testing out some of the younger element like Frank Johnson, Jacques Prigent and Duilio Loi, to name a few.

Way beyond the Pyrenees things are beginning to stir once more after a considerable lull in boxing affairs. Luis De Santiago and Luis Romero have returned to the pugilistic fold again after a layoff. As will be recalled, Romero was injured in a motoring accident and spent some time in hospital.

During that period he was called upon to defend his Spanish featherweight title and was obliged to forfeit the crown. Another example of bureaucratic nonsense which hampers the fighting men, but Romero can afford to snap his fingers at the dictators in Madrid and continue his career without the liability of a title.

De Santiago has pursued an erratic course during the past twelve months, and after being halted by his chief rival, Romero, has finally elected to move into the next division to compete as a lightweight. In his first two scraps at this weight, against Mokhfi and Jo Fernandez, he showed improved form and his future outings against more capable opponents should prove interesting.

A THREAT

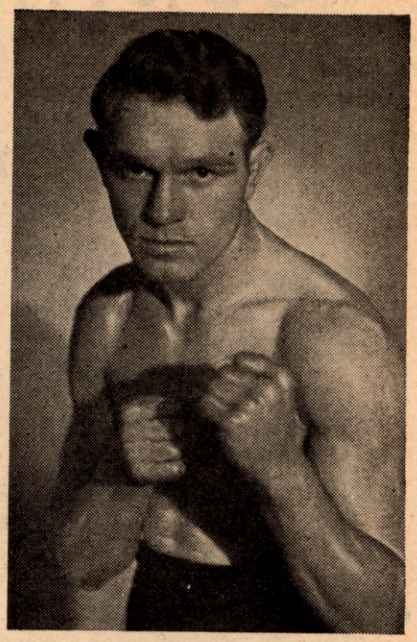
BY entering the lightweight ranks he appears as a threat to the current champion, Augustin Argote, a destructive puncher who may prove too stiff an obstacle for Luis from Madrid.

In the Spanish middleweight class there is also a spurt of fresh activity. At long last, Eduardo Lopez, the crab-like southpaw veteran from the Basque country elected to put his bauble on the line against young Jose Navarro, the champion of Catalonia.

Although more or less still in the novice stage, young Navarro from Canet de Mar, near Barcelona, came through with the decision and thus may be called upon to defend the Spanish colours very early in his career. Up to now his opponents have been mostly of the home-bred variety and there are several other youngsters who have a good chance of dislodging Navarro.

He has crossed gloves with Domingo Lopez on four occasions, winning the first two encounters and drawing in the last pair, whilst Pedro Jiminez has beaten him and Mariano Medina drawn with him. The new champ has also dropped decisions to Julian Humanes and to the cruiser champ, Ramon Martinez.

Owing to the political situation, as well as to the natural geographical frontiers, Spain is rather isolated from the rest of



JOSEPH PREYS

The Belgian lightweight champion has been forced to take an idle spell. Promoters home and abroad have passed him over when looking for lightweight talent.

Europe's fistiana, and the visitors who arrive there are usually second-rate French or Italian scrappers. For this reason, Navarro, Medina, Lopez and Martinez are pitted one against the other in supporting bouts.

Once a Spaniard can assimilate enough experience to undertake a jaunt into the outer world he is often successful, like Antonio Soldevilla, now wreaking damage in France and Italy, or Monzon, who is on the trail of Kid Gavilan in Cuba.

Antonio Soldevilla is, undoubtedly, the best middle produced by Spain since Ignacio Ara. Aged 26, he did not come into the international picture until the beginning of 1948, when the then promising Claude Ritter collided with this unknown champion at Barcelona. Ritter was held to a draw, much to his surprise. As a natural outcome, Soldevilla became a star in Barcelona and foreign opposition was imported for headline bouts.

After defeating Milandri, Poli, Wanes and Ritter in a return clash, the Spaniard was lured to Paris for a tussle with Jean Stock, then at the peak of destruction.

In his first foreign appearance, Soldevilla did very well for himself, but after seven rounds of Stock's mauling, not even raw courage was enough. The earlier rounds went to the Spanish scrapper but when Stock got his second wind there was only one fighter in the ring. In his next Parisian showing, later in the year, Soldevilla was halted by Krawczyk in a similarly crude affair.

LOST CONFIDENCE

AFTER losing the Spanish crown to Eduardo Lopez early in 1950 Soldevilla lost confidence and took little interest in training. As a result he was beaten four times in that year and he was by then reduced to appearing at programmes staged in his home town of Tarrasa, not far from Barcelona, and in other whistle-stops around the Spanish countryside. The big time seemed very distant and it must have vanished altogether when the discouraged Catalan was stopped again by Jean Stock at St. Jean de Luz.

After a layoff of half a year, Soldevilla was invited to make a second visit to St. Jean de Luz by a local promoter, who wished to use the ex-champion against Henri Guègan. The latter is a blond middleweight puncher who made quite a name for himself in Paris last year and the Soldevilla bout was to serve as a springboard to greater triumphs in the metropolis.

This happened in December last. Soldevilla soon measured his man's ability. The long layoff had done its work and the Spaniard cut loose with both hands, pasting the Parisian from pillar to post. Although he took numerous counts, Guègan lasted the limit, but Soldevilla was once more in the public eye.

SPOTTY RECORD

WHEN he knocked out Christian Lunard, another good prospect, a month later at the same venue, offers began to arrive from all quarters. On account of his previous spotty record, it was figured that Soldevilla might give foreign top-liners a good fight without proving too dangerous. He knocked out Pierre Chalono in Bordeaux, then caused a sensation in Italy by handing a tremendous lambasting to Ivano Fontana, a man after his own heart.

The Italian was ordered to retire in the ninth round but thrust the medical adviser aside when the bell went and charged into the Spaniard with blood pouring from his cut forehead. Victory went to the Catalan, and on his next trip to Italy Soldevilla outfought Sandro D'Ottavio. Since then he has beaten durable Aimé Lombard and punched out a decision over France's "Young Cerdan", Claude Milazzo.

Georges Peeters, the well-known French scribe, opined before the fight that Milazzo should win easily. Perhaps the Tunisian had the same idea, but a hard right to the jaw made him revise his opinion. It was an excellent bout, the best of the programme in which Charlie Humez creased Tony Janiro.

As we write, we learn that Soldevilla is now due to clash once more with Fontana, the result of which is difficult to prophesy. Whatever the outcome, the Spaniard can be assured of many lucrative bouts in the forthcoming winter season. At the same time he is doing a service to the fight game in Spain. Nothing succeeds like success, and Spaniards are once more taking an interest in boxing after the triumphs of Soldevilla, Romero and De Santiago, Argote, Young Martin and Antonio Monzon.

K.O. OR T.K.O.?

THE South African publication, "Fight", goes to town on the subject of the "Ring Record Book". According to an article by the editor, Nat Fleischer is incorrect in describing any victory before the limit as a "K.O.", and suggests the series of abbreviations currently favoured in Britain should be used instead.

"The Ring" Editor allows his writers complete liberty of viewpoint and so your humble scribe is not in any way beholden to support his views. But I do not see the point of complicating a system which aims to present the records of thousands of fighters in the most readable and concise fashion.

The South Africans consider that the terminology of boxing record books should fall in line with the cricket annuals and adopt a comprehensive series of abbreviations covering every eventuality in a boxing ring.

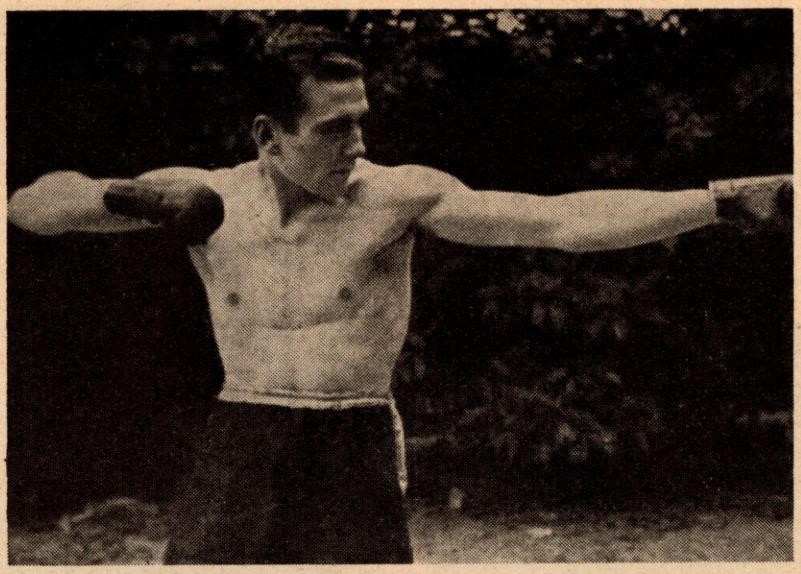
This is impossible anyway. For example, when Joe Grim fought Sam McVea at the Hippodrome in Paris back in 1910, the first-named suffered no less than 66 knockdowns, but survived to last out the scheduled twenty rounds. But no record book can present that result as other than a points decision.

Pride in never having been knocked out is the chief reason why boxers object to the term "KO by" being entered in their records when they were perhaps only suffering from badly-cut eyes which rendered them hors de combat. Yet the most brilliant fighter can be subjected to a lucky knockout wallop, like Ray Famechon, who walked into a beaut in his fight with Eddie Burgin. Famechon was by far the better man and proved it by easily whipping his man in a return bout.

There is no mention of knockouts in the regulations and therefore the term can be used loosely in the compiling of records. Fights are won and lost in the ring and not in the record books. If a truly comprehensive system of abbreviations is to be used then there is no limit to the terms which will have to be invented.

Take a fighter like Harry Bos. Everything happens to that unfortunate, he has seldom suffered a clean knockout, but has had to retire with such impediments as a twisted kneecap, broken hand, cut eyes, or maybe a damaged knee. If nothing like that goes wrong, Bos is a whale of a scrapper. His record would need about three alphabets to cover every contingency.

The records are only intended for general use. Studying them will give the reader no idea of the boxer's style. Promoters and managers who are interested in a particular scrapper can quickly enough obtain clippings and full dope on their man by applying to his handler or to the local representative of "The Ring".



TINO ALBANESE

Known as the "Tunisian Terror" and "The G.I.'s Friend", this contender for the Italian title has yet to fight in Britain.

BLACK PETER

THE eradication of Peter Mueller from the German boxing scene has been a severe blow for the sport in the Fatherland, particularly in the city of the Twin Spires, Cologne, which had adopted the amiable roughneck as a native son.

Black Peter has a rather curious history. As a baby he was discovered by some nuns near the Luxembourg frontier, stranded by the wayside. The nuns took in the waif and brought him up until he was able to earn a living. Thus he began herding goats at a very tender age and grew to manhood without any guiding hand to curb his impetuous nature, relying only on his own wits to make headway in the unfriendly world.

He was already a notable figure when he took up as an amateur boxer. Among the many anecdotes recounted of him is one which dates from these days among the Simon Pures. Mueller went up to the box-office and enquired who was fighting that night. When told that Gustav Eder was starring, the future champion spat derisively. "That old box of tricks! Reckon we'll have to wait until that Peter Mueller turns professional if we want to see a right show!"

Mueller was like that, full of bounce, aggressive, but also open-handed. He made friends and enemies with the same blithe facility. When he was given stocky old Jupp Besselmann as trainer the Cologne fighter was contemptuous. He didn't reckon to learn much from a man he had beaten in the ring.

His greatest chance came last March when he was invited to Paris to try conclusions with Claude Milazzo, the Tunisian youngster who rocketed to fame after whipping Luc Van Dam, though still a novice at the time. The German disappointed his supporters by disregarding the advice of Besselmann and fighting according to the Tunisian's book. The adverse criticism affected Mueller's morale and when he unfortunately fouled Hans Stretz in their title match he was the picture of dejection.

EXASPERATED

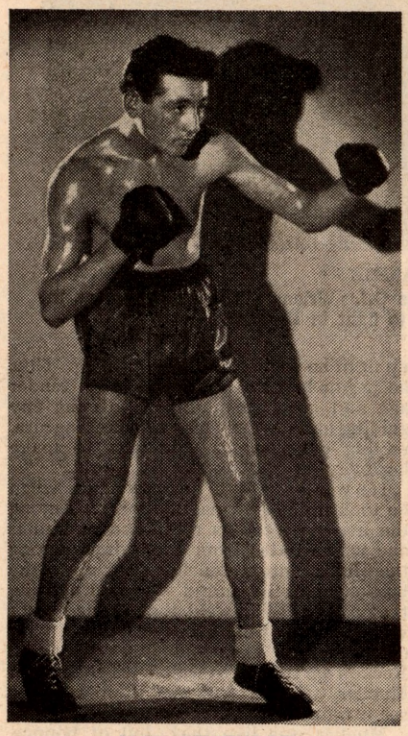
THE return bout was refereed by Max Pippow, who has little love for the Rhinelander. According to several reports in the German Press, including the official organ, Pippow gave Mueller more than his share of attention. If Mueller clinched, he was warned. If Stretz clinched, nothing was said.

Finally, in the fatal eighth round, the exasperated Mueller, never a man of tact and diplomacy, turned to the referee and asked curtly why he was being picked on. Pippow warned him for talking during the fight, which was the final straw. Something snapped and the result was that the third man found himself leaning on a

right hand which laid him colder than an iceberg at Christmas.

When the smoke of action cleared it was apparent that nothing could save Mueller. Not even the loyal public of Cologne. He went out neck and crop, but the argument still sways back and forth in the German Press. Ex-lightweight champ Fritz Rollauf, writing in "Box-sport", admits that he came within an ace of kayoing the referee in a title bout thirty years ago. He kicked one of his handlers in the pants to vent his feelings and thus averted an attack on the third man.

Does it happen often that a fighter hits the referee? Well, more often than one would imagine, across the Channel. Some three years ago I saw a fighter's manager go into the ring, in France, and kick the referee while his charge punched the third man with both hands. Anyway, three days after Mueller's imitation of berserker the Italian Federation published a bulletin which suspended for life the Italian lightweight, Giacomo Simonetti, called Kid Panara, for taking a swing at the referee during a fight at Lucca on May 1st. Maybe it's all a matter of temperament!



JACK LEGENDRE

A classy French featherweight who is making steady progress in Paris.

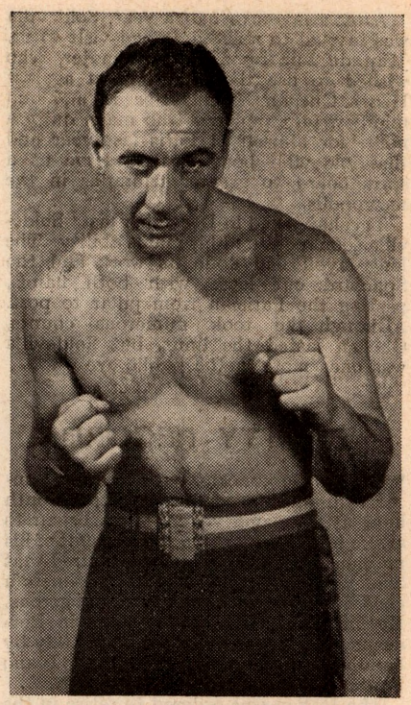
AROUND THE MAP

IT seems likely that HANS STRETZ, the German middles' champ, may make a second tourney in Spain, possibly with Ray Robinson as an opponent. Instigator of the idea is Hans (Juan) Hasse, the German promoter who runs the shows at the Gran Price stadium in Barcelona. . . . Statistics recently published by GILBERT BENAIM show that at the thirty winter programmes held at the Parisian Palais des Sports, a total of 86,000 spectators paid roughly £84,000 at the doors. . . . LOUIS PHAL, son of the old Battling Siki who was killed in New York awhile after losing his world light heavy title, has been imprisoned for peddling drugs in Paris.

After shocking Belgians with his win over Jean Sneyers before the limit, GAETANO ANNALORO may possibly receive some offers of employment. A brilliant glove artist, the Tunisian has been sidestepped continually by the European leaders. . . . Beaten only once, by Neuhaus, since becoming Austria's heavyweight king, KURT SCHIEGL would dearly love a crack at some British opposition. What about it, Tommy Farr and Frank Bell? . . . THEO MÉDINA forfeited his French bantam title by not defending it within the necessary period.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP

THE most unexpected result of the month was surely the knockout of Jean Sneyers, Europe's bantam king, by the Italian Gaetano Annaloro. Apart from that, most of the interesting news came from Germany, where the open-air season is in full swing. Peter Mueller caused a scandal by kayoing the referee during his fight with Hans Stretz, while Gus Scholz, Glaeser, Kohlbrecher and Rudi Langer turned in good performances. Dre De Keersgiter excelled himself by kayoing Alex Buxton in his first British appearance and Nuvoloni, Forni, Ray Famechon, Fontana, Cerasani and Loi also did well during the month. Aaron Wilson, who is almost a Frenchman, upset Mr. Solomons and many others by stopping Ray Wilding in London, while Sergio Imperatore continued to make progress in Argentina.



KURT SCHIEGL

The Austrian heavyweight champion has shown improvement in each outing in Vienna, and is signed to meet leading German heavyweights. Would also like to fight Johnny Williams or any British heavyweight.

Rotterdam—Fritz Van Kempen scored another win before the limit when he halted the rugged Belgian welter, Camille Milo, in the second round of their bout at the Rivierahall. Another Dutch success was registered by Jan Maas, who nodded another Belgian, Marcel Scherens, in a featherweight ten.

St. Jean de Luz, France—The ranking Spanish middle, Antonio Soldevilla, confirmed once more when he punched out a good points win over balding Aime Lombard, sparring-partner to Humetz, over ten rounds. At San Sebastian, Spain, Ramon Martinez outfought Jose Navarro in a middles eight.

Bruges, Belgium—Local boy made good here when young Louis Cabo dethroned the Belgian feathers champ, Jean Machterlinck, in a fast twelve. Kid Eugene outscored another local, Remy Leys, in a welter eight. At Dion, Jacques Lebegue, fragile French cruiser, came through with a surprise win over Vital L'Hoist, who gave up in the fourth round. Charles Colpin, formerly a good lightweight prospect, repeated a previous victory when he outdistanced the Dutch champion,

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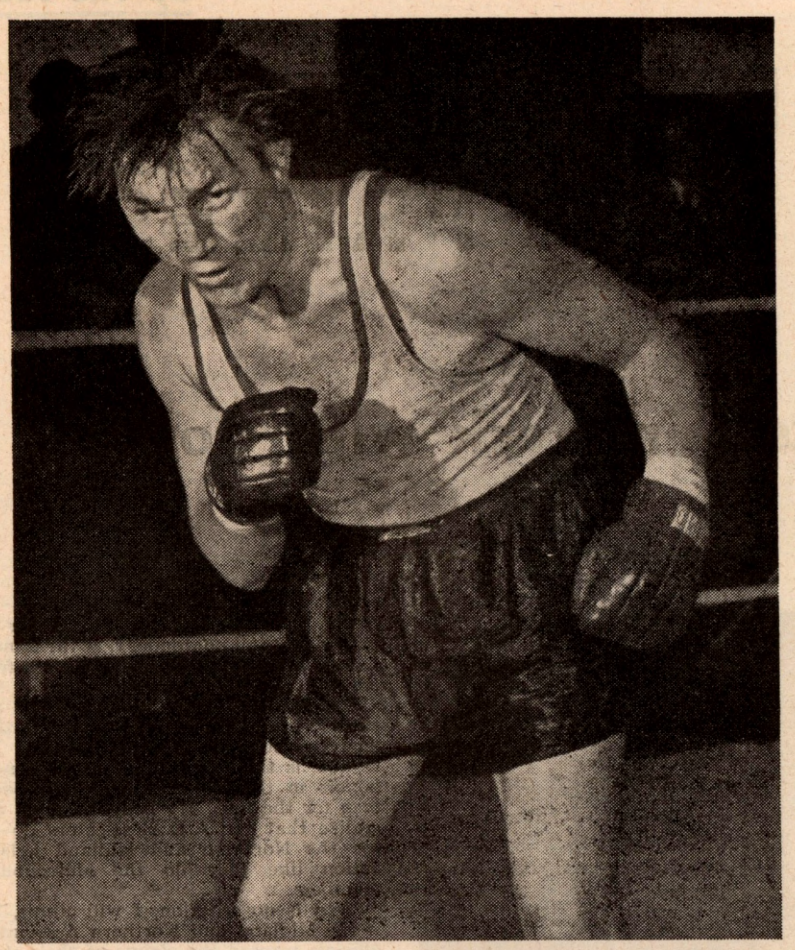

TOMMY FARR

The Welsh heavyweight champion, who gave up his British and British Empire titles fourteen years ago, is now back with a challenge for these championships now held by Johnny Williams. Farr established his claim with a clear-cut victory over Jo Weidin of Austria, a former European heavyweight champion.

Jan Nicolaas, over ten rounds at Wasmes. Jean Serres, Luxembourg heavy, drew with local matador Bernard over eight rounds at Gistel, and at Genval, Marcel Limage knocked out Joe Dax in the fourth heat of a cruiser contest.

Alexandria, Italy—In a good lightweight scrap, Sylvano Locatelli was held to a draw by hard-punching Sylvio Roteglia, over eight fast rounds. In Rome, Luigi Male made a step in the right direction by decisioning Italo Scortichini in a workmanlike ten-rounder. Male held the upper hand throughout and now meets Valentini for the latter's welter title. Primo Venturelli whipped the Roumanian middle, Mario Falescky, in eight at Lugo.

CONTINENTAL RATINGS—By Charlie Parish

(Up to and Including August 1, 1952)

HEAVIES	CRUISERS	MIDDLES	WELTERS
1—Heinz Neuhaus	Conny Rux	Charles Humez	Pierre Langlois
2—Karel Sys	Willi Hoepner	Claude Milazzo	Gilbert Lavoine
3—Hein ten Hoff	Gerhard Hecht	Laurent Dauthuille	Gustav Scholz
4—Werner Wiegand	Renato Tontini	Hans Stretz	Livio Minelli
5—Kurt Schiegl	Willy Schagen	Andre De Keersgieter	Leo Starosch
6—Wil. Kohlbrecher	Robert Villemain	Antonio Soldevilla	Chris Christensen
7—Stef Olek	Victor D'Haes	Ivano Fontana	Luigi Valentini
8—Jo Weidin	J. Hairabedian	Franz Szuzina	Antonio Monzon
9—Heinz Titze	Joseph Roude	Mickey Laurent	Paolo Melis
10—Uber Bacilieri	Heinz Sachs	Franco Festucci	Giel De Roode

LIGHTWEIGHTS	FEATHERS	BANTAMS	FLYWEIGHTS
1—Duilio Loi	Ray Famechon	Maurice Sandeyron	Louis Skena
2—Joergen Johansen	Luis Romero	Gaetano Annaloro	Charlie Bohbot
3—Auguste Caulet	Maurice Forni	Jean Sneyers	Otello Belardinelli
4—Jacques Prigent	Ray Grassi	Andre Valignat	NazzarenoGianelli
5—Elis Ask	Nello Barvadoro	Gianni Zuddas	Young Martin
6—Joseph Preys	Alvaro Cerasani	Alvaro Nuvoloni	Bernard Celestini
7—Augustin Argote	Roger Bruneau	Rudi Langer	Ennio Aroldi
8—Werner Handtke	Artidoro Polidori	Dante Bini	Emile Delplanque
9—Houacine Khalfi	Jean Machterlinck	Theo Medina	Ali Graichi
10—Luis De Santiago	Alvaro Nubolon	Amleto Falcinelli	Honore Pratesi

(*Continued from page* 56)

No. 1 contender for the European heavyweight title.

The fact that Tommy Farr must seriously be in the running for a crack at Williams's championship is not a great reflection on the rest of the heavyweights around. The Tonypandy battler has kept himself in remarkable shape considering he had ten years on the shelf. He has the ringcraft to beat any heavyweight around. Whether his stamina would see him through in a tough 15 round fight is just a matter of opinion, but while Farr keeps winning he can't be denied—particularly as Williams is complaining at the lack of opponents.

When Farr outpointed Jo Weidin of Austria over 10 rounds at Worcester, he certainly took a step nearer his objective. Weidin held the European heavyweight title until he was outpointed by Jack Gardner in London. The Austrian was later knocked out by Johnny Williams at White City.

Just before Farr so clearly outpointed Weidin, Heinz Neuhaus, the European heavyweight champion, scored a sensational one round victory over Hein ten Hoff, the gigantic German, and so added his national crown to his European title.

Farr is willing to tackle Neuhaus or coloured Aaron Wilson, who sent Ray Wilding toppling. He says; "If I can beat either Neuhaus or Wilson I am sure that public opinion will demand Williams gives me a crack at the British and Empire titles which I never lost but returned to the Board of Control in 1938."

Wouldn't it be a remarkable performance if Farr did regain the titles he said he didn't want fourteen years ago! Johnny Williams would, of course, be a firm favourite to beat the Peter Pan of Tonypandy, but very strange things happen in the fight game.

Certainly, Farr has greater ringcraft than any heavyweight in the world to-day. He must wish that fate had seen to it that he had been born fifteen years later. For a young Tommy Farr would not only dominate European boxing, but would be in a position to earn a fortune in American rings.

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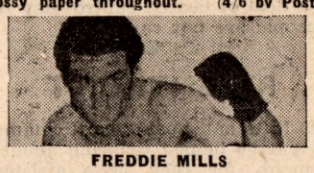

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By The Judge

TWO-FISTED STYLE WILL WIN PRIZES

North wants fair crack with South

WITH the Olympic Games now a matter of memories of what could have been, the lessons taught are going to come in very handy in preparing for the European championships early in the coming season. Yet considering that there is little difference from the more important Olympic Games—the difference being the absence of the Eastern countries—the boys who represented Gt. Britain at Helsinki will have another chance of doing this time what they should have done.

By the time the European meeting arrives, many bright young boxers who missed the Olympic boat will be in line for this event, and I am looking to a dozen or so lads who won Youth championships last season who as seniors are now shaping up like future champions of the right kind.

The fact that in mostly all parts of the country instructors are falling in line with the new but prize-winning style of double-fisted fighting—as distinct from the copy-book style we made so famous—points to the type of amateur battler we shall be seeing next year. And today, it is the winning style.

There is a mustard-keen interest being taken by folk up north who have for seasons had to watch the big prizes go south. This revival is for the good of the game, but it is also bringing with it a sense of being "left out in the cold", a sense of frustration that is going to cause quite a deal of heated controversy if certain people are not careful.

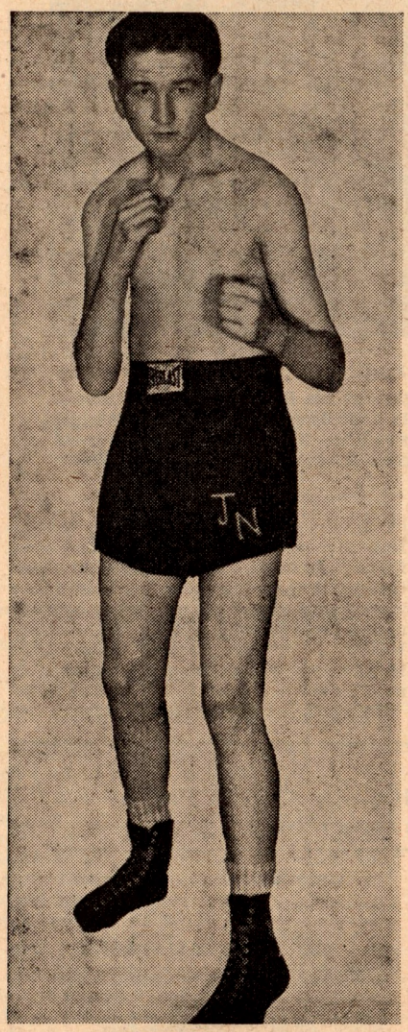
RESENTMENT

THE National Coal Board championships have helped to bring about this resentment, for they have assisted in raising the standard in the Midlands and the North to such an extent that the hundreds of fans of locally hero-worshipped club and mine stars are under the impression that they are not getting a fair crack of the whip where international matches are concerned.

I have received a dozen or so letters from club officials and fans all complaining that during the last season or two, London boxers have been preferred to those outside the Metropolis, especially where national and important matches are concerned.

This is nonsense, and I will tell you why.

The reason is simple. London with well over 200 clubs representing some 2,000 active boxers, has to cater for this great army of amateur sloggers each season, with the result that the London boxer has a greater variety of opposition, has more contests and competitions, and is more in the active boxing world than most of the other parts of the country put together.



JIMMY NEWMAN

This former Youth champion, a member of Stepney and St. George's Club, who produced Sammy McCarthy, is a stylist of the old school. Scaling around 9st. 3lb., Newman carries a good right-hand punch.

The Southerners have the greater experience, so it is no wonder that the London boxer has invariably been in the forefront for so long.

One cannot blame the Midlanders and the Northerners for wanting to see their own pet stars in national teams. The trouble is that until this season, London boxers in the majority, were the better men for the job. My pen pals must also realize that the A.B.A. selectors do not see the Northern and Midland lads in action like they do the Metropolitan members.

That is no criterion, I will admit, but if the Midland and Northern Association officials pressed the claims of their stars, they would be given more priority I can tell you.

But now that there has been such a great improvement outside London, it is a certainty that these lads who feel that they have been left out in the cold will be given their chances in the coming season's internationals.

I know more than a few London councillors who have had their eyes on several boys "up there", and I believe that you will find that our friends in the North will be well in the limelight from now on.

IN HARNESS

BOXERS and officials have been having a well-earned rest during the last six weeks, but now the clubs are getting back in harness again. The ten reserves for the Helsinki team with ideas of their own as to whom was the best man for the job, all seem to me to be eager to meet the champion at their weight.

That top-class club secretaries with a useful bank balance to run a big show will want such matches goes without saying. I could name several matches that would attract capacity houses such as Johnny Maloney, the welterweight, and Les Morgan, good-looking young Rotax member who gave Maloney and some of the critics quite a few shocks in the title show.

Then there are Dai Dower, flyweight champ and Johnnie Smillie, the Scot who is certain that he can beat the Welshman. Can you imagine what kind of a crowd would be attracted at the big Scottish halls for a match like this?

Sheffield, fast coming right into the limelight with light welterweight star Colin Harrison, would want special police on duty for a match with London's Peter

Waterman. Peter was given a terrific fight by Peter Dando of Newport in the Trials, and here again would be a first-class attraction for Wales.

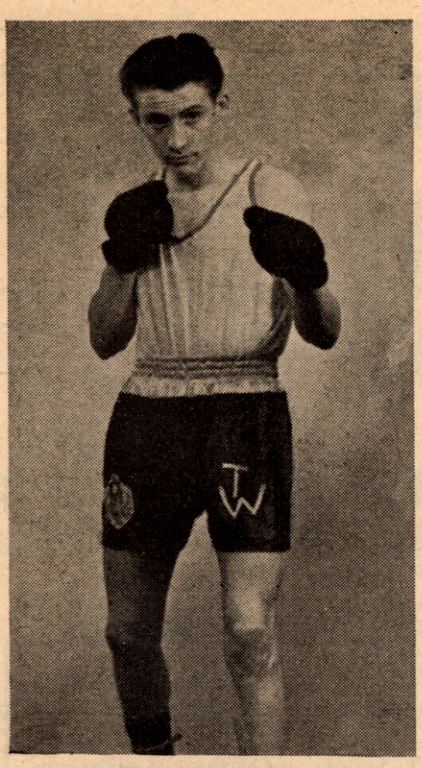
Everyone wants to get Bernard Foster and Bruce Wells into a serious bout again. Half a dozen London secretaries have already sounded both clubs. The match is likely to come London's way within a few weeks.

Then there is a boy, just ending his suspension for mistaking the referee for his opponent, Joe Bygrave, coloured heavyweight who, but for his foolish punch at Tommy Christmas the referee, must have come well into the Olympic limelight.

Joe is one of the most dangerous heavyweights in amateur boxing today. Now that he has simmered down, and is not likely to do such a silly thing again, he will be one of the big attractions against such stars as Al Halsey, former heavyweight champion from Birmingham, and A/C Rowe, the R.A.F. boy who is better now than he was six months ago.

Eddie Hearne the kingpin will, of course, take 'em all on as often as he can, particularly if they take place at the Battersea Baths. Eddie comes from Battersea, sells cauliflowers and gives them away with both hands . . . in the ring.

These are big names, but there are scores more of the lesser-known boys who are attractive in and around their home towns. Inter-city matches are going to be the tasty bits during the next season, and it is here that these boys will come up against opponents of their own calibre; and here it is that they will gain that experience that will fit them for the zone championships later on, that will take them to the front like it has the London boxers.



TERRY WARREN

Another star of the Stepney and St. George's Club. This young bantam has a big punch and a speedy left hand.

Speaking of North *v.* South, I have recently seen two London lads who are to my mind fast coming right to the championship front, and whom many secretaries in the Midlands and the North would do themselves and their public a favour, by inviting to their towns for top-line matches.

I refer to Jimmy Newman, a former Youth champion, and Terry Warren, both members of the famous Stepney & St. George's club that brought out Sammy McCarthy, now boxing so well as a professional.

Newman is a stylist of the old school, and with a real haymaker of a right hander, will be sending quite a few of our better-known top-liners home with black marks on their record sheets. Newman weighs around the 9 st. 3 lb. mark, while Terry Warren, a bantamweight of considerable promise has a better punch than boxing knowledge, although he seldom makes a mistake with that speedy left hand of his.

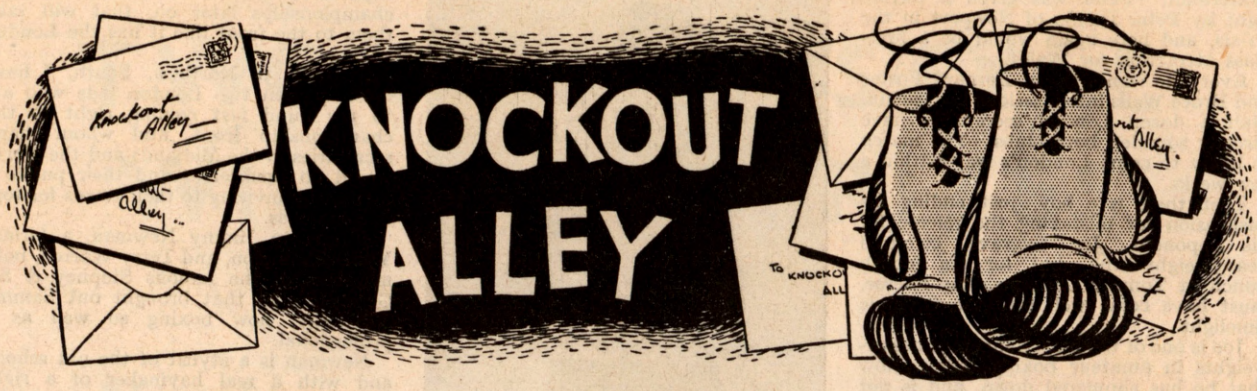
I have seen both boxers in contests, and although Newman is the more experienced, I believe the East End London club will soon have cause to have the greatest faith in their battling bantam Terry.

As I say, here is a chance for some of my Northern and Midland friends to make a couple or more matches with their own club stars, and I believe that when they are seen in action, the London boys will be ever-welcome visitors to the Northern clubs.

BRITISH AMATEUR RATINGS

	HEAVYWEIGHTS (Over 178 pounds)	LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS (Not over 178 pounds)	MIDDLEWEIGHTS (Not over 165 pounds)	LIGHT-MIDDLEWEIGHTS (Not over 156 pounds)	WELTERWEIGHTS (Not over 148 pounds)
	Champion: Eddie Hearne (Battersea), London	Champion: Henry Cooper (Eltham B.C.), London	Champion: L/Cpl Terry Gooding (Army)	Champion: Bernard Foster (Mitchells & Butler, B'ham)	Champion: Johnny Maloney (Royal Air Force)
1	A/C Rowe (R.A.F.)	Jim McLean (Scotland)	Ken Phillips (Warley)	A/C Bruce Wells (R.A.F.)	Les Morgan (Rotax B.C.)
2	Joe Bygrave (Birkenhead)	Johnny Erskine (Victory Cardiff)	Johnny Williams (West Ham)	Peter McAleer (Birkenhead)	Paddie Berry (Army)
3	Alf Halsey (Kyrle, Birmingham)	Peter Toch (Gainsford)	Dave Mooney (Lanarkshire)	Terry Wakeling (Lynn A.C.)	Charlie Budge (Premier)
4	Jack Fairley (R.A.F.)	2/Lt. Hoppe (Army)	Gerry McNally (Army)	Len Mullen (Scotland)	Johnny Allan (Leith Victoria)
5	George Harrison (Warrington)	Basil Kew (Caius)	Stan Hunt (Birkenhead)	Mike James (Wales)	Jack Highton (St. Teresa's)
6	Ken Gardner (Newport)	Stan Davis (Sherborne)	A/C S. Barton (R.A.F.)	Johnny Pearson (S.P. & T.)	Johnny Thurgood (Army)
7	Joe Cronk (Royal Navy)	Jim Bywell (Shilden)	Jem Bennett (Royal Navy)	Johnny Murphy (Thames Refinery)	Tommy Hall (Crown)
8	M. Cowan (Battersea)	Tom Fallon (Hull)	Ben Griffiths (Pencoed)	Ted Brazier (Ellesmere Port)	Jackie Millar (Riddochill)
9	Wal Holcombe (Oxford)	Dick Bradbury (Hednesford)	F. Parkes (Stoke)	Tom French (Seaton)	Ken Bowden (Chislet)
10	Jack Dorwood (Woolmet)	Artie Jarvis (Orgreave)	E. Martland (N.E. Div.)	Pat Payne (B.S.A.)	Peter Jones (Wellington)

	LIGHT-WELTERWEIGHTS (Not over 140 pounds)	LIGHTWEIGHTS (Not over 133 pounds)	FEATHERWEIGHTS (Not over 126 pounds)	BANTAMWEIGHTS (Not over 119 pounds)	FLYWEIGHTS (Not over 112 pounds)
	Champion: Peter Waterman (Caius B.C.)	Champion: Fred Reardon (Downham Community B.C.)	Champion: Percy Lewis (Trinidad, Ex R.A.F.)	Champion: Tommy Nicholls (Sankeys, Wellington)	Champion: Dai Dower (Roath Youth B.C., Wales)
1	Colin Harrison (Sheffield)	A/C Wallace (R.A.F.)	Stan Trainor (Hulme Lads' Club)	Cyril Salter (Scotland)	Gerald John (Slough Centre)
2	Peter Dando (Newbridge)	Jimmie Reid (Royal Northern)	Tommy Ryan (Senior St., London)	L/Cpl Grant (Army)	Pte. Derek Glanville (Army)
3	Kurt Ernest (R.A.F.)	Len Summers (Newstead)	Wally Barrow (Empire, Swansea)	A. Hatt (Dagenham)	Gordon Heaynes (Willaston)
4	Vic Curran (Leith Victoria)	Frank Hope (Northern Counties)	Fred Woodman (Earlsfield, London)	Rickie Jenkins (Newport)	Johnnie Smillie (Scotland)
5	Tom Molloy (St. Francis Xavia)	Ronnie Hinson (Army)	Allan Sillett (Army)	E. Jones (Caerau, Wales)	Stan Hawyes (Jarrow)
6	Darkie Hughes (Wales)	Nat Bates (Wales)	Harry Thompson (Milton)	Len Goodman (Virginia House)	Albert Jones (Birmingham)
7	Jim Darrock (Royal Northern)	Jimmy Newman (Stepney & St. George's)	A/C Duffield (R.A.F.)	L.A.C. McLaughlan (Army)	Eddie Walker (Stepney Inst.)
8	Pat O'Callaghan (Dagenham)	Nat Gargano (Eton Manor)	Albert Donamechie (Scotland)	Emlyn Lewis (Wales)	Andy Beck (Scotland)
9	A/C T. Ryan (R.A.F.)	Dick Hanwell (Stowe)	Peter Brander (Slough Centre London)	C. Armstrong (Snowdown)	Glyn Davis (Wales)
10	Peter Jones (Sankeys)	J. Ball (Corinthian)	Den. Munden (Leicester)	W. Millington (Belvedere)	Len Hodgson (Durham)



YOUR COLUMN refereed by Charles Courage

L. DOWNTON (Beauty Bank Crescent, Stourbridge).

Q.—Was Len Harvey knocked out in any of his fights in America?

A.—No. Harvey only took the full count once in his career—in his last fight against Freddie Mills. He lost three decisions in America against Vince Dundee (twice) and Ben Jeby.

D. M. MORTON (Resolven, Neath, Glamorgan).

Q.—When was Jack Dempsey born? Who did he beat for the world heavyweight title?

A.—Dempsey was born June 24, 1895. He won the title from Jess Willard.

L. YATES (Yile Road, Wyken, Coventry).

Q.—Did Max Baer ever fight Ben Foord? If so, what was the result?

A.—Baer beat Foord in 9 rounds at Harringay on May 27, 1937.

J. V. GOODYEAR (Tunnel Hill, Worcester).

Q.—Am I correct in saying that Joe Louis never fought Walter Neusel?

A.—Quite correct.

H. E. LOOMES (Mount Gold Hospital, Plymouth).

Q.—Was Sugar Ray Robinson defeated by Joey Maxim in the 13th or 14th round?

A.—The 14th. The bell had sounded for this round and Maxim had left his corner when Robinson declined to continue. Had he made this decision before the bell sounded, the fight would have ended at the end of the 13th round.

MR. MOLTEN (Glasgow, W.3).

Q.—In which round did Rocky Marciano knock out Joe Louis?

A.—Eighth.

C. DANIES (Devonshire Road, Maltby, Yorks).

Q.—Was the first Woodcock–Mills fight a 12- or 15-round contest? Was Woodcock British heavyweight champion at the time?

A.—A 12-round, non-title fight. Woodcock was British heavyweight champion; Mills, the British light-heavyweight champion.

KNOCKOUT ALLEY

Send your boxing queries to **Charles Courage, c/o The Ring, East Street and South Street, Oadby, Leicestershire.** Problems will be answered in this column at the earliest possible. If you require a quicker reply by post, please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B. R. HICKS (Pottery Lane, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield).

Q.—How did Len Harvey become world light-heavyweight champion? Did Bruce Woodcock ever fight Olle Tanberg?

A.—Harvey was never official world light-heavyweight champion. He was matched to meet John Henry Lewis for a second title fight, but Lewis was not allowed to box owing to poor condition of eyes. The B.B.B. of C. substituted Jock McAvoy and called it a world title fight. Harvey won on points, but America did not recognize this as a championship fight. Woodcock and Tandberg never met in the ring.

C. BAMFORD (Bakewell Road, Stretford, Manchester).

Q.—Did Jake LaMotta ever beat Ray Robinson?

A.—Yes. Robinson and LaMotta had six contests. LaMotta only won one—the 2nd bout at Detroit—on points over 10 rounds on February 5, 1943.

J. S. KIRKUM (Upway, Finchley, N.12).

Q.—What are the birth dates of Sugar Ray Robinson and Teddy Gardner?

A.—Robinson was born May 3, 1920, in Detroit, Michigan. Gardner on January 27, 1922, at West Hartlepool.

D. J. LISTON (Daventree Road, Wallasey).

Q.—What was the date of the last Carpentier-Beckett fight? When was Beckett's last fight?

A.—The second Carpentier-Beckett fight was on October 1, 1923, when Beckett was knocked out in first round at Olympia, London. This was Beckett's last fight.

R. WILSON (Park Avenue, Polesworth, Staffs).

Q.—How many world titles did Bob Fitzsimmons win, and from whom?

A.—Three. He won the world middleweight title from Jack (Nonpareil) Dempsey in 1891; world cruiserweight title from George Gardner in 1903; and world heavyweight title from James J. Corbett in 1897.

J. PHIPPS (River Terrace, Henley-on-Thames).

Q.—How did Don Cockell win his cruiserweight titles before losing to Randolph Turpin?

A.—He became British light-heavyweight champion when he beat Mark Hart in 14 rounds on October 17, 1950; and won the European light-heavyweight title, beating Albert Yvel (France) in 6 rounds, on March 27, 1951, referee stopping fight.

J. F. BENNETT, (Witten Lane, Hill Top, West Bromwich).

Q.—Did Bob Fitzsimmons ever kill a man in the ring?

A.—In a contest with Fitzsimmons on November 19, 1894, Con Riordan collapsed in the second round in an exhibition at Syracuse, New York, and died after the bout. Fitzsimmons was exonerated of blame for death.

F. C. DEVONPORT (Lambton View, Leeds, 8).

Q.—Which of the terms "light-heavyweight" or "cruiserweight" is the official one?

A.—The official title for the 12 st. 7 lb. class is "light-heavyweight". The word "cruiserweight" has been used internationally and by newspapers because of its shortness.

J. F. ALLIBONE (Freehold Street, Coventry).

Q.—Where is Jack Johnson buried? What was his last official fight?

A.—Johnson died June 10, 1946, at Raleigh, North Carolina, and is buried there. His last fight was against Bob Lawson at Jaurez, Mexico, on May 30, 1926. Johnson won on a foul in the 8th round.

T. MANNING (Upper Java Dam, Warburton, Australia).

Q.—Has Jersey Joe Walcott ever fought Hein ten Hoff?

A.—Walcott outpointed the German over 10 rounds at Mannheim on May 28, 1950.

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